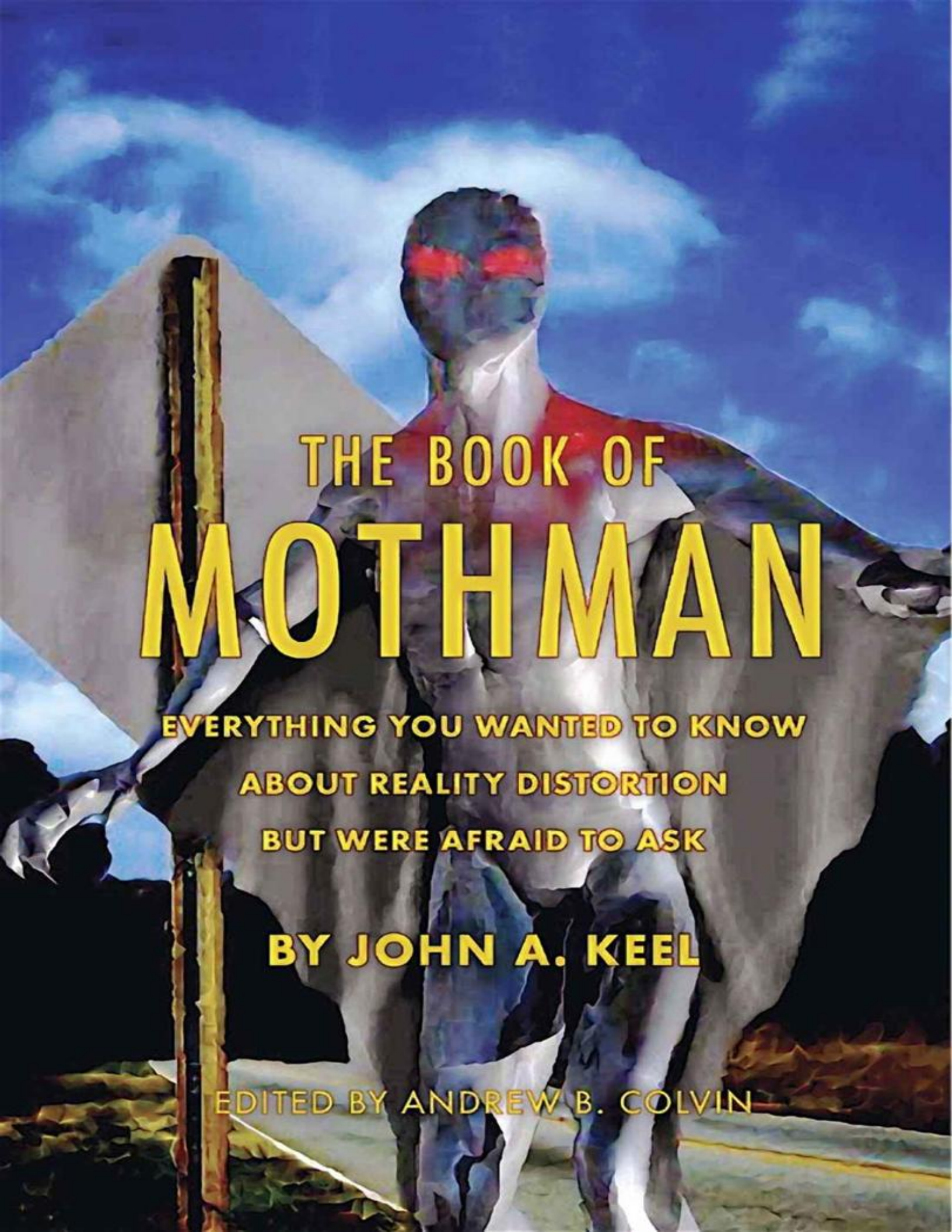
THE BOOK OF
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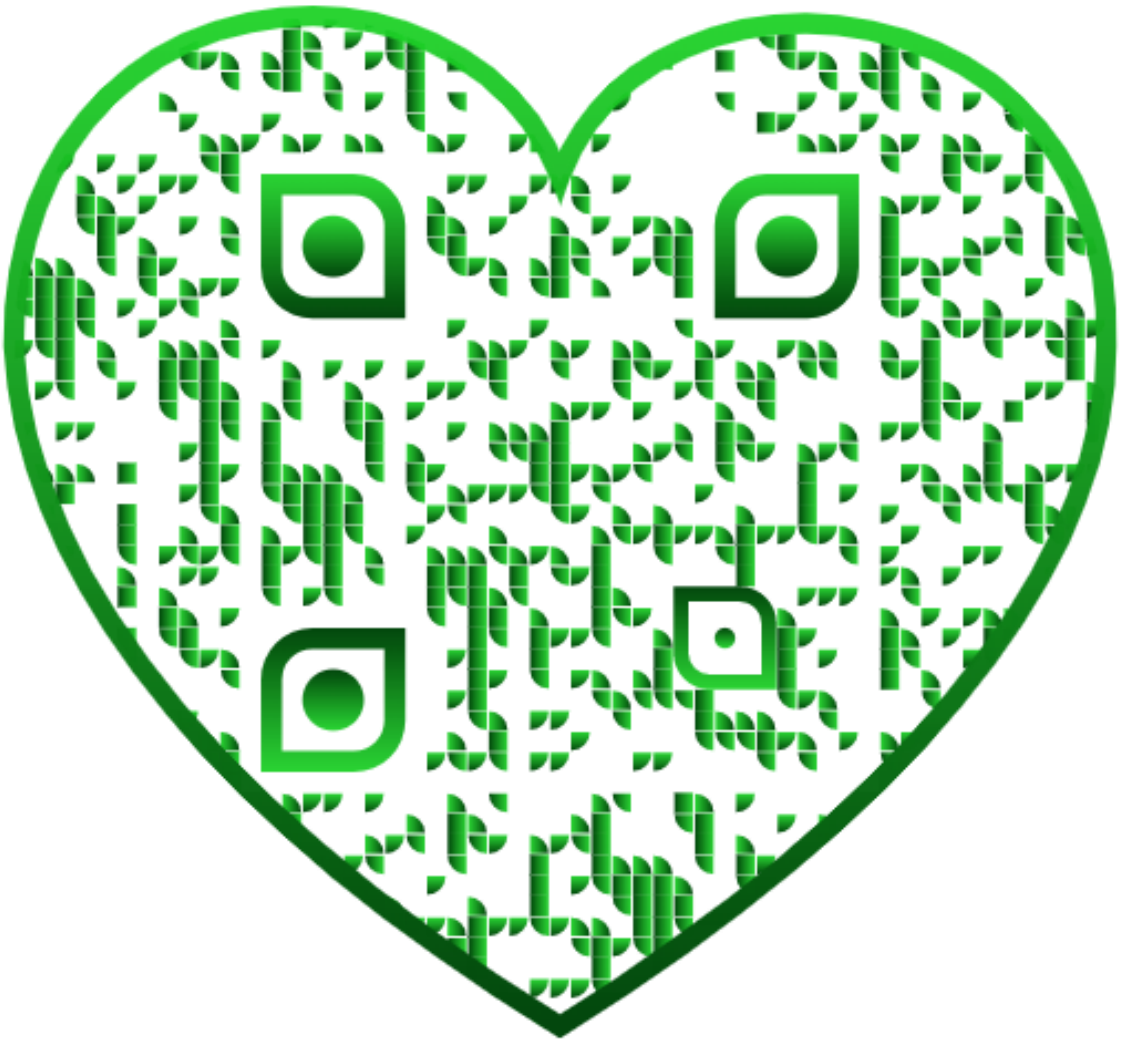
BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK
BY JOHN A. KEEL
EDITED BY ANDREW B. COLVIN



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Books by John A. Keel

Jadoo!

Operation Trojan Horse

Strange Creatures From Time and Space

Our Haunted Planet

The Mothman Prophecies

The Eighth Tower

Strange Mutants From the 21st Century

Disneyland of the Gods

The Complete Guide to Mysterious Beings

Flying Saucer To the Center of Your Mind

The Outer Limits of the Twilight Zone

The Great Phonograph in the Sky

Searching For The String

The Invisible Diet

The Best of Pursuit Magazine

The Best of Anomaly Magazine

The Fickle Finger of Fate

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CONTENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE

INTRODUCTION
- The Man With the Beard
- The Man From Twenty-Nine Palms
- The Golden Boy
- Memo to All Ufologists – Subject: Increase in "Men in Black" Activity
- Memo to All Ufologists – Subject: Telephone Hoaxes

FOREWORD
- The Endless Procession

CHAPTER 1
- Are UFOs Using the Earth For a Garbage Dump? – *UFO Reports* #4 – 1967

CHAPTER 2
- Keel's Speech to the Congress of Scientific Ufologists – New York City – 1967

CHAPTER 3
- The Sinister Men in Black – *FATE* magazine – April 1968

CHAPTER 4
- West Virginia's Enigmatic "Bird" – *Flying Saucer Review* – July 1968

CHAPTER 5
- The Mothman Monster – *SAGA* magazine – October 1968

CHAPTER 6
- Mysterious Voices From Space – *SAGA* magazine – November 1968

CHAPTER 7
- Savage Little Men From Outer Space – *SAGA* magazine – March 1969

CHAPTER 8
- MIB: 1967-68 – *Saucer News* – Spring/Summer 1969

CHAPTER 9
- The Bedroom Invaders – *MALE* magazine – June 1969

CHAPTER 10
The Secret Tape to the Congress of Scientific Ufologists – 1969

CHAPTER 11
UFOs and Abominable Snowmen – *Male* magazine – October 1969

CHAPTER 12
Pornography From the Heavens – *UFO Report* – 1970-1975
The Lustful Giants
Everyone Needs a Good Ley

CHAPTER 13
The UFO Silencers – *SAGA* magazine – May 1975

CHAPTER 14
Electromagnetic Capabilities and Incompatibilities – *Fortean Press* – 1976 Reality Distortion

CHAPTER 15
Are Extraterrestrials Blackmailing Earth? – *UFO Report* – May 1977
Cattle Rustling From the Skies

CHAPTER 16
UFOs: The Medical Evidence – *UFO Report* – March 1978
The Central Problem

CHAPTER 17
Cattle Mutilation For Beginners – 1979 Lecture

CHAPTER 18
UFO "Sleeper" Agents – *UFO Report* – 1979

CHAPTER 19
Contactee Rustling – 1979 Lecture
Type 1: Trance Contactees
Type 2: Post-Hypnotic Contactees
Type 3: Hallucinatory Contactees
Type 4: Astral Projection Contactees
Type 5: Cosmic Illumination Contactee
Type 5 Subgroup: False Illumination
Type 6: The "Genuine" Contactee

CHAPTER 20
UFOs, Mothman, and Me – *High Times* magazine – May 1980
The Birdman/UFO Connection

CHAPTER 21
My Own Private Saucer Crash – 1989 Lecture

CHAPTER 22
The Eighth Tower's Infrared Patrol – 1990 Lecture

CHAPTER 23
A Plethora of Paranormal – 1994 Lecture

CHAPTER 24
The Study of Shit – 1999 Lecture

ADDENDUM
Mothman & Other Curious Conspiracies – Point Pleasant, West Virginia – 2003

EDITOR'S NOTE

It is with great pleasure that we present *The Book of Mothman: Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Reality Distortion But Were Afraid to Ask*. The chapters in this collection were taken from the four *Selected Writings of John Keel* books recently published by New Saucerian Press: *Flying Saucer to the Center of Your Mind*, *The Outer Limits of the Twilight Zone*, *Searching For the String*, and *The Great Phonograph in the Sky*.

As I discuss in that series, Keel suggested to me that a good way to publish a new Keel book about Mothman – given that he was no longer actively investigating or writing about it – would be to collect his magazine articles, lectures, and interviews on the subject. This we have now done.

If you have a specific interest in Mothman and the UFO and MIB events in the Ohio Valley, *The Book of Mothman* is a direct and economical route to acquiring further understanding. I do recommend getting all of the Keel's *Selected Writings*, however, because there are many shorter references to Mothman in them that have not made it into this volume. In addition, you will get a more broad sense of how our particular era of Forteana fits into history, and how different phenomena seem to connect.

For instance, in his Foreword, Keel mentions that phantom policeman have been known to divert traffic, sending the car and its passengers into some remote area for possible hypno-programming. I hadn't really considered that until recently, when I heard about a couple of fresh cases in Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia, where the witnesses were brought to a stop by an "accident" in the road, only to soon find themselves on a saucer, abducted by aliens.

More chilling, I remembered that as a youngster, as my family was driving to New York through the mountains of Pennsylvania, our car was detoured in the wee hours by a roadsign, and a lone "official" standing there, waving us on. We arrived late to my uncle's house in Peekskill, and it seemed like

we had experienced missing time. When I mentioned how we had been diverted in the middle of the night, no one seemed to remember much about it, yet an argument ensued as people came up with alternate explanations.

I have experienced this a few other times, such as when my family was interrogated by MIB in the middle of the night. I was 6 or 7 years old. Everyone was in a trance but me. No one remembered this incident, nor did they remember anything about the night my brother and father were "taken" for several hours, nor the night that my sister claimed a saucer landed and little green men came into her room (even she later denied it, despite having told me the story the next morning).

Eventually, my other sister came to remember our MIB interrogation. Being a little older than me, the MIB's hypnosis had been able to boggle her mind for a time (hypnosis does not work well on kids who are 6 or 7, but has some effect on 10-year-olds).

There were many other such strange events that spun off from our initial Mothman encounters on Bird Mountain in Mound, West Virginia, many of which were reported in the news and garnered some attention. Keel drove right by our house with Gray Barker in 1967, in fact. I sometimes wonder what things would be like now if they had stopped, and I had gotten a chance to talk with them.

I would have told them about how Mothman was giving us visions of the future. Some of them were big, like the impending attack on New York City in 2001, but some of them were small, having to do with our own personal lives. Strangely, it seemed Mothman could shapeshift or become invisible, at will. At night, he would often appear as a dark silhouette with bird or bat attributes. During the day, he seemed to be a glowing woman in a robe, similar to the Virgin Mary.

One day, at the site where he/ she had been seen many times, I received some sort of brief "download" after asking it to send me a message. The gist of the message was that I needed to make "books, music, and movies." If I did that, my life would fill its destiny. Nothing major would happen until I was over 40.

As it turned out, things happened just that way. All of my attempts to "make it" were futile until I was over 40. I finally gave in and started doing as Mothman said, and it saved my life at a time when things were at their worst. (For details on how I came to my senses, please reference my three book trilogies: *The Mothman's Photographer I*, *II*, and *III*; *The Mothman Speaks*, *Shrieks*, and *Speaks*; and *Inside the Prophecies of Mothman*, *Beyond the Prophecies of Mothman*, and *Return of the Prophecies of Mothman*.)

So here I am, almost 50 years after my original sighting of Mothman, and I am still following Mothman's advice.

Rather than see this as any kind of entrapment, I now see it as the practicing of a venerable Native American/ Buddhist tradition. Mothman has become my spirit guide. But Mothman is a decent guru, who will warn you of upcoming travails. While it may not stop all the difficulties from happening, it will certainly soften the blow psychologically. You can always count on Mothman to plant little clues and synchronicity in your path, to help you make wise decisions.

I have a lot to thank John Keel for, because without his insight into the full scope of the phenomenon, I might be a lost soul today, wondering what the hell was going. I still ask that question from time to time, of course, but I don't have to be afraid of asking it or feeling like I may, finally, have some semblance of an answer – some principles I can work with on a day-to-day basis, to help make my community and world a better place.

For those who think they can apply linear rules to reality and others around them, take it from this editor and Mothman witness: time is definitely an illusion, and infinity is impossible to conceive. There is no escape but to try and learn the language of this other, nonlinear world – the Garuda's abode, floating above all the saints and messiahs, permeating all space, from the smallest particle to the largest galaxy, and everywhere in between.

-Andy Colvin, February 2015

INTRODUCTION

THE MAN WITH THE BEARD

“Ah, Mr. Flame, there you are at last!” The phone had been ringing for some time, and my key had stuck in the door as I tried to get inside to answer. I was just returning from out of town, and tripped over a box of books while reaching the phone.

“No, Jim,” I countered, “this is Mr. Tailfeather, and I just went for a tailspin getting here before you would hang up.”

Of course I knew that James W. Moseley was exercising his usual sense of humor. He probably was calling up to hear what I had found out about the latest Mothman cases, in which he was deeply interested. Jim, then the editor of *Saucer News*, earlier had made a joke terming my interest in Mothman as similar to the fable ”The Moth and the Flame.”

Lately, he had been addressing me as “Mr. Flame.”

“I’m calling,” he continued, “because there’s a man coming down there to see you. Don’t get me wrong. He’s one hell of a fine fellow, and you’ll enjoy talking with him. Still, however, he says he is new to UFO research, and would like to ask you some questions.

One odd thing, however, is that despite his newness in the field, he knows too much about it – as much as you or I, and possibly even more.”

“Who is he, anyhow?”

“John Keel. You likely have heard of him.”

“Yes, you mentioned him last week when I talked to you from Point Pleasant.” Then I thought of a book I had read about six months prior.

“Now I place him,” I told Jim. “I read a book of his, one heck of a book that Randy Parks recommended to me. In fact, I couldn’t get rid of the thing until I finished it. As a result of staying up the most of the night, I missed two appointments the next day. I forget the title – some sort of strange name.”

“*Jadoo* is the title. I haven’t read it, but I intend to.”

I recalled the strange, compelling volume. Keel had spent a great deal of time in the Middle East, with the intention of exposing many of the miracles claimed by mystics and holy men there. He did expose some of them, but also encountered many mysteries he couldn’t fathom. Not only had the events been fascinating, but they had also been described by a fluency of writing style that could come only from a highly talented author.

“Maybe Keel’s just a better researcher than we, and has covered a lot of ground in a short time,” I said, referring to his apparent wide knowledge of the UFO field.

“That’s entirely possible. But maybe it’s just the general aura of mystery he carries with him. He has a full, black beard, and a very striking general appearance. Or, maybe it’s because he gives you the impression of not only knowing as much as we about flying saucers, but actually knowing a lot more – a lot that he is not telling.”

Some beeping sounds and then a series of clicks temporarily interrupted our conversation.

“That’s the Silence Group again,” I joked. Then I told him, in an exaggerated manner, that I had just discovered the “secret” to the saucer mystery, and planned to announce it the next day. I also threw in details about some bridges I planned to blow up.

“You shouldn’t bait the Men In Black in such a cavalier manner,” Jim warned with mock seriousness. I knew that, despite our kidding, Jim, as I did, took some of the new cases involving threats by strange visitors very seriously. He had long been plagued by threatening telephone calls, and by annoying noises on the line.

I had been receiving similar calls, but privately felt that if I expressed fear, the situation might get worse. So I had bugged the callers by giving them some funny business, and laughing in their ears. The calls had decreased in frequency.

As Jim hung up and I was replacing the receiver, I heard a deep, baritone voice on the line.

“Hello! Hello! Gray Barker?”

I put the receiver back to my ear and answered.

“This is John Keel. Say, are you psychic? You answered the phone before it rang!”

I explained that I had just finished a call, and that his must have come through just as the other party hung up. “You must be psychic, too, John. I was just talking about you, with Jim Moseley.”

After some pleasantries, John explained that he would like to interview Woodrow Derenberger. He would be in the Parkersburg area the following weekend, and needed directions to the home of the now famous contactee. Also, he would like to meet me on the trip. I suggested that we meet in Parkersburg the following Saturday.

On Saturday, I arrived in Parkersburg, but Keel was out of his room at the Green Acres Motel. So I walked to the adjoining Seddon’s Restaurant to look for him.

From Moseley’s description, there was no doubt about the identity of the man sitting at a corner table. He had a copious black beard and was, I could see immediately, a ruggedly handsome man. He was dressed in a corduroy hunting jacket, and gave the appearance of being long and lean with a pronounced “writer’s stoop” from years bent over a typewriter.

He was having coffee and poring over the local newspapers. Later I learned that, like many writers, he was a “night person,” who usually had breakfast around 3 or 4 in the afternoon. As I approached, he looked up at me with

intently piercing eyes, which changed to pleasantness when his face broke into a warm smile. We shook hands.

“I see you’re not wearing your black suit today,” he chided, and I knew I immediately liked Keel. Unlike many UFO investigators, he had a good sense of humor. As I had dinner and he finished his afternoon breakfast, I felt out his knowledge of the UFO field, and like Moseley, was impressed.

I asked him point blank how he had learned so much in so little time. “Simple,” he explained. “I employed a particular discipline that not too many people have. I simply read practically every UFO book ever published—and you, as an editor and publisher, know that’s pretty rough medicine. Some of the dullest stuff in the literary world appears between covers with brightly colored saucers on them.”

“I know what you mean,” I agreed. “Unfortunately, I have to read them before I publish them.”

We swung off Route 50 a hundred yards from the restaurant, onto the short, newly completed section of Interstate 79. Since I had arrived, a cold drizzle had set in. I told Keel it was the same kind of night during which Derenberger had allegedly experienced his initial contact.

“That, in itself, is odd,” he told me. “I suppose you’ve noticed that only a small percentage of sightings take place during rain or snow.” I confessed that I had not thought about this.

“Here’s another item for your ufological mill. This involves only one year, 1966, the only one I have been able to tabulate so far. Out of roughly 700 sightings I have analyzed for that year, 20% of them took place on Wednesdays, for some incomprehensible reason. Thursday was the next best day to see a saucer, with around 17%. I consider 700 to be a large enough sampling to make these figures meaningful.”

Those two facts, though puzzling, impressed me further about Keel: they showed that he was not just a mere UFO buff, or professional writer—apparently he had conducted laborious statistical research.

“You’ll find Derenberger an affable, hospitable man,” I told him. “You can still be skeptical, but if you demonstrate that you have an open mind, he’ll answer most any question you put to him.”

“Well, I do have a lot of credentials,” he remarked, flourishing a leather folder that contained letters from several leading magazines, including *True*, *Playboy*, *Saga*, and *Science Digest*, all verifying that he was working on UFO assignments for them. He also had a wallet filled with official press cards. I glanced through these credentials, impressed.

“What?” I grinned. “No NICAP card?”

“I don’t get along very well with NICAP,” Keel confessed. “I’ve met Major Keyhoe several times, but he frowns on my interest in the contactee aspects. It’s interesting that most of the professional writers and reporters I’ve talked with claim that they’ve had better cooperation from the Air Force than from NICAP.

Some journalists bypass NICAP altogether, and deal mainly with the Air Force. Others, like the New York *Journal-American* reporter who investigated the Michigan flap, have hinted darkly that they are very suspicious of NICAP’s real motives in all of this.”

“It’s just as well,” I said. “Waving a NICAP card at Derenberger is like waving a red flag in front of a bull.” I presaged my explanation by pointing out that the Pittsburgh sub-committee of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) was not necessarily typical of the UFO club as a whole, though it was the official investigation arm for the area.

Members of the NICAP team made contact with Woody shortly after his story got on the newswires. They immediately stressed that he shouldn’t tell his story to any other group.

Fortunately, I had been able to reach him and warn him beforehand about them. The investigators first subjected him to what he termed “the third degree,” and insisted that one of the group, either a professional or stage hypnotist, be allowed to put him into a trance so that he would have “complete recall.”

Woody, who had once, when a youngster, participated in such an experiment, could not be hypnotized, and was told by the performer that he was "not a good subject." Next, one of the NICAP group suggested that he take a written psychological test, supervised by a local psychiatrist.

Woody hastily agreed, but with the stipulation that all members of the NICAP team take the same test at the same time, under the same controls. The group quickly reneged, and soon retreated, but with another adjuration not to give information to any rival group.

Derenberger's initial annoyance with the visitors was aggravated when a local member of the organization managed to obtain his unlisted telephone number, and persisted in calling him, night after night, always inquiring if he had talked with other UFO investigators.

(Later, Derenberger would voluntarily retain the services of a well-known Parkersburg psychiatrist, who would give him clinical psychological tests. Although the reports were "privileged" due to medical ethics, the doctor did state in an on-the-air telephone conversation on *The Long John Nebel Show*, over WNBC, New York, that he had found the Derenberger to be sane, with no obvious neuroses.)

I slowed the Ford Wagon as the section of completed interstate highway ended. We pulled onto U.S. 21, and then took a left on a side road that would lead us to Derenberger's home. The cold drizzle had stopped, and the sky was clearing. I saw the inviting lights from Woody's large, two-story farmhouse beckoning from a rise in the terrain.

We swung off onto the graveled driveway, and then slowed to a creep as we inched our way between two lines of cars, parked on both side of the narrow strip. People were sitting silently in the vehicles, appearing only as dark forms. Some of them quickly turned their faces from us, and some seemed to huddle lower. Taken within the context of the evening, their immobility and silence produced an unreal effect – as if they represented scores of window dummies in darkened department stores at midnight.

Only one such vehicle displayed signs of animation. A gaunt shadow of a man in a station wagon – apparently filled with electronic gear – seemed to

twist knobs on a blue illuminated dial. The blue was of a very peculiar shade. Was this just a radio or tape player, or some advanced technology from the stars? Faint strains of weird music (I thought I recognized Danse Macabre) emanated from the vehicle.

“Although some of the press and a lot of people around here have given me a bad time and called me everything from a nut to a bunko artist,” our host remarked, “I think those cars out there will testify that some people take this seriously.”

Woody explained that after some Parkersburg residents had reported seeing a low-flying UFO near his house, people came there every night, hoping the saucer would return. They didn’t annoy him greatly, however, for they usually sat quietly in their cars, without bothering him or his family. He was disturbed, though, by a few of the visitors, who had been seen with rifles in their cars.

“I must warn you of one thing,” he adjured. “I know you’ll want to get out and look around, but I wouldn’t stray into the woods if I were you. A few people hide out there with guns, and I suppose they would shoot at the ‘space people’ if they appeared. Naturally, Indrid Cold and the others know of this, and just don’t come around when there is danger.”

“Indrid Cold?” I asked. “You never did mention a first name in your reports! You referred to the spaceman only as Mr. Cold.”

As Keel’s mouth opened in amazement, and as I dove for a notepad in my briefcase, Derenberger began to unfold a tale almost unique, even in the fantastic lexicon of saucer contact stories.

One night late in December 1966, weeks after his initial saucer sighting, Woody had come home much later than usual. The usual saucer watchers had gone home, and he was locking his Ford Econovan, when he saw two figures standing near his car.

“Do not be frightened,” one of them assured him telepathically. “I am Indrid Cold, and this is my ‘panion, Carl Ardo.” (In their many conversations,

Cold spoke of Ardo, obviously an outer-space form of co-pilot, as his *'panion* – not "companion.")

They told him they came from a planet called Lanulos, 30 light years away, near the constellation Ganymede. Lanulos was very much like Earth, except its people never had wars, and during the summer they wore no clothing. Due to their skills at mental telepathy, they had no secrets between one another, and that was the reason for their peaceful existence.

Cold had a wife, Kimi Cold.

During later visits, Cold and his "panions" accepted Woody's hospitality, and came inside his house. At one point, they even sampled his Earth food, but complained that it tasted "bland."

Two other crewmen were named Tonni and Daryl. During one contact, Cold was accompanied by a man named Clinnel, from the planet Ceranabus, and a woman, Elvaine Kletaw.

When Derenberger complained of ulcers, Cold gave him medicine that completely cured him. After several preliminary contacts, the spacemen took him aboard their craft, and flew him to a mothership, which crossed the vast distances to their planet in minutes, and set him down for a visit.

The people of Lanulos, however, appeared apprehensive and even fearful of the Earth visitor, until Cold and Ardo convinced Derenberger he should remove his clothing so he would appear more like them. After he agreed, the people accepted him more warmly.

"Have you had any visits lately, say in the past week or so?" John queried. Derenberger answered in the negative, but did feel that one or more of the ships were in the general area at that time.

"When they are near, I can contact them mentally. I can't promise anything, but if it's at all possible, I'll concentrate and ask him to appear." I could detect a look of obvious skepticism on John's countenance, and I, myself, suspected that Derenberger would get out of this one by saying he could not make mental contact that particular night. He excused himself and left us,

while we talked to Mrs. Derenberger and some neighbors claiming to have seen the ship land (though they had not been close to the occupants).

After some time, possibly a quarter hour, Woody quietly rejoined the group, smiled, and told us, “I can’t promise it, but I believe that if you’ll come out into the yard, you will see something very unusual.” He invited us to look closely toward the end of a long valley. Gradually, we could make out twinkling lights.

“Let’s walk down that way,” John suggested. At closer proximity, and with the further clearing of the atmosphere, it became obvious that the lights were not the heralds of some otherworldly visitation, but quite mundane torches of Terra: lights from the nearby city. I think that John, as I, was somewhat disappointed; for despite our zeal for objectivity, I believe the both of us at that moment would have liked to have proved Derenberger’s claim.

Suddenly, John’s dejection was interrupted by surprise. “Look up there!” he cried. Moving up a ridge, in front of us and at the right of the valley, was a series of blinking lights. “Let’s go up there,” he urged.

We took off across the field, but were temporarily delayed by a wire fence. John reached it first and started to throw his long legs over it. Suddenly he let out a yelp and sailed over the fence, sprawling headlong in a big mud puddle on the other side. “Don’t touch it!” he yelled as he struggled to his feet. “It’s an electric fence!”

“Are you hurt?” I asked, backing away from the fence.

“Just a little soggy,” he grunted, brushing at the mud that covered him from head to foot. He looked around uneasily. “Well, as long as I’m here I might as well check out those lights.”

He started off alone into the darkness, rapidly disappearing up the ridge. A moment later Woody and his friends joined me. “He shouldn’t go up there alone,” Woody said worriedly. “There’s a bull in that field.”

“I’m glad you got here when you did,” I groaned, thinking that I had almost joined Keel. We could occasionally see glints of his flashlight as we worked

his way up the hill. The rest of us clustered around the fence and waited. Off in the darkness we heard some animal-like snorts, and the sounds of cattle lowing and hoofs trotting across the soggy turf. The flashlight flickered on and off.

An eternity seemed to pass before Keel's tall, stooped outline reappeared. He glared at Woody across the fence. "You neglected to mention there's a bull out there," he said.

It turned out that Keel had been reared on a farm near Perry, N.Y., and that he had later lived for two years in Spain where he had attended many bullfights. He knew that it was a serious mistake to run from a bull. So he stood his ground when the animal appeared, flashing his light directly into its eyes. The gambit worked. The bull stopped a few feet away from him and the two glared at each other. Keel said he slowly walked toward the animal, rather than away from it, went past and headed slowly for the fence again. The bull followed at a respectable distance. Keel jumped over the fence and rejoined us.

At least some of the lights appeared to be coming from a distant highway on the other side of the valley, he reported, and were auto headlights flickering through the trees along the top of the ridge. This did not explain the small lights that seemed to be directly in the field, though, he admitted. He also wondered if maybe the cattle weren't the shadowy forms we had seen earlier. We returned to the house, but still stood outside looking for more lights.

Suddenly I pointed at the sky. Derenberger either had a lot of luck going for him that night, or some weird otherworldly matters were truly transpiring. A large red globe, half the apparent size of a full moon, appeared. It would fade in, then vanish, fade in again and out. By that time, however, the haze was moving back in, and no doubt this represented some bright planet or star, distorted by the atmosphere.

I believed John was quite skeptical of the additions to Derenberger's original story, although, like myself, he probably viewed the initial contact account with an open mind.

As we drove back to the motel, I hesitated to ask his opinion, for I didn't want to pin him down. Besides, he had lapsed into a silence and probably was thinking out the whole affair. However, I couldn't help bring up an odd part of the story.

"I don't think you buy it, John, but there are little things that make you wonder. For instance that strange little detail of the ordinary bunk beds that he saw on board the craft. And the "CB"-type radio he described as being used by the space men. These were things Woody has often seen right here on Earth. Now if he were making up a science fiction story, surely he could dream up some weirder gadgetry to go with it."

John didn't answer, as if he were still deeply wrapped in thought. I took my eyes off the road momentarily to glance at him. His eyes were turned straight ahead, and, as if noting I had seen the look on his face, he turned his head quickly, completely away from me. I had seen his expression for only a brief instant, and distinctly thought that I saw a look of terror on his countenance.

By that time we were back at the motel, and John was once again his normal self. As we had coffee, he began at last to speak. "If the basic story the witness tells is substantially true, that wouldn't worry me too much – except, possibly, a disappointment at the lack of intelligence Indrid Cold and his ilk demonstrate. After all, they mean us no harm, are all sweetness and light, and so on. Of course, if the witness is simply trying to make up a good story he wants to sell, that's no great worry either, except for a black mark on the world's literary history."

He grew silent again, and I chuckled at his sardonic remark. Then I tried to decipher what he was getting at. "John, level with me. There is something, somewhere in Derenberger's story that shakes you up, isn't there?"

"I think it would be most disturbing if the contacts had been real, but that Indrid Cold, or whoever he actually was, had been deliberately lying to Woody."

I had returned to my hotel room near Giant Rock, California, and had closed the door, when I heard a knock. I repressed a gasp of pleasure at seeing John Keel standing there...

Then I realized that it wasn't really he, but an almost perfect image of my friend. "You look so much like John Keel," I said, "that you could pass as John Keel's brother!"

"As a matter of fact, I *am*," he replied. As I tried to recover from the surprise, he continued:

> Nobody knows this, but John and I are identical twins. If I weren't slightly balding, you'd swear I was John himself. I guess that might be all right if I were he; I suppose he leads a pretty exciting life.

He explained why he had knocked. He had stopped at Twenty-Nine Palms not because of the 1970 flying saucer convention at Giant Rock, but for other reasons. He lived in Anaheim and was on his way north to attend an antique car show – which explained the glistening, like new, 1950s Buick that was parked near the motel office. "Then, you aren't interested in UFOs like your brother John?"

> I very definitely am. I read all of John's stuff. He sends me all of it. I also follow the subject in the papers, and occasionally buy a paperback about it. Oh, I must tell you why I happened to look you up. The desk clerk was looking at one of the magazines you gave him, and I noticed one of John's articles in it. He gave me your room number. I remembered you from talking with John about his investigations in West Virginia.

I couldn't get over the amazing resemblance of Edgar Keel to John Keel, although the manner of speech was quite different. He talked much faster than John and had an odd, "singsong" tonal quality. He said he worked for the U.S. Department of the Interior… I tried to pick his mind about John, who, although quite well known for his UFO investigations and writing, was still a rather mysterious figure, particularly in reference to his personal

life. John lived in semi-isolation, either without a phone or with an unlisted number, and hinted that he was in other work besides writing.

> I'd rather let John tell you about his many other activities that those of you in UFO investigation never dream of. Suffice it to say that John writes on very many other subjects, under another name that you would be very familiar with if I mentioned it. And I might also add that he holds down a very important regular job that he doesn't publicize.

He handed me some typewritten pages. "Anyhow, I must go, but you might be interested in this. I think this is a very good example of UFO sightings that may contain some validity. In fact, it's my favorite of all the reports I have read in some time." With this he departed, and avoided shaking hands (as when he first greeted me) by a quick, nervous wave of his right arm toward his hat, which seemed to be in perfect adjustment.

Then I glanced at the report, closed the door, and sat down to read it. I couldn't help being curious about the sheets themselves. They appeared to be photocopies of typewriting, but with a very odd difference. The sheets seemed to be reproduced in color, for a spelling correction showed up in blue ink. One of the sheets had reproduced a cigarette burn on the original, with a distinct brown color around the burn.

(The 3-M Company had developed a color photocopier around that time, although it was not on the market in 1970. The new machine, which carries a very high price tag, is sold mainly for industrial and military applications.)

The report concerned an unidentified farmer of Walsh, IL, who would not give his name for fear of ridicule. On October 5, the farmer was ready to milk his cows when he noticed that the animals were agitated and extremely frightened. He looked all around for some cause of the commotion, but noted nothing abnormal. Then he saw one of them looking at the sky, and discovered a cloud-like object beaming a light toward the ground.

Suddenly, another beam of light from the mysterious object shifted in his direction and enveloped him. “I felt a tingling sensation come over me, which I could not explain,” the report quoted him. “While standing there in that circle of light, it just seemed as if I couldn’t move. I wasn’t exactly frightened in the usual sense, just sort of stunned, I suppose.” Then the light went out, and the mysterious object disappeared at the same moment.

Finding he could move again, and feeling normal, he turned his thoughts to the cows. It was then that he noted probably what was the most unusual facet of the incident: all five cows were on the wrong side of the barbed wire fence! Even in extreme fright, it seemed impossible for them to have jumped it…

After pondering John Keel’s strange “double” (somehow I couldn’t buy the “twin-brother” bit), I immediately called Keel, who made the following comments:

> I was an only child, Gray. I have no brother named Edgar, and no sister named Mary (a mysterious “Mary Keel” has figured in a number of UFO episodes). Aside from the doppelgangers described in my book *The Mothman Prophecies*, two flesh-and-blood replicas have turned up over the years. One – a dead ringer for me – used to work in Greenwich Village as a waiter. Friends who saw him reacted, “My God! Poor Keel is slinging hash!” The other appeared in a news photo published several years ago. It showed a crowd of people in a subway after an accident; a man in the front of the crowd looked exactly like me. A friend of mine cut the picture out and carried it in his wallet for a long time, believing it was a photo of me.
>
> Believe me, Gray, something fantastic is going on – something that not even the hardcore UFO buffs are ready to believe. You’ve been in this crazy business for years, and you know that there are many wild and unpublicized aspects of this phenomenon – things that simply do not support the whole “extraterrestrial” idea.

> When I first started digging into this, I realized that there were no real "hard facts" or genuine evidence. The whole extraterrestrial idea was built up by wishful thinkers, on speculation and circumstantial evidence. There are hundreds of bits and pieces that just don't fit that idea. Once I understood this, I tried to find a broader concept into which all the pieces could fit. So I had to literally start from scratch and work out some radical new methods for investigating these things.
>
> I've given up all of my other work and have been spending my full time on this. I've been going into debt, and it hasn't been easy, but it's about time that somebody really attacked this mystery from every angle. I think I've got the key now, but it is going to take a lot of hard work to prove anything. In the meantime, I have to keep a lot of my findings quiet. First of all, not many people are willing to believe it. Secondly, if I reveal some of these things prematurely, a lot of crackpots and screwballs will tailor their own stories to fit my findings.
>
> I've discovered that there are many small, seemingly insignificant details in stories from all over the world that actually correlate and corroborate each other. I'm more interested in these little details than in the endless descriptions of funny flying objects.
>
> Frankly, I've concluded that the objects really aren't very important to all of this. There are other factors that are far more important. Those are the factors I'm digging out and documenting. When the time comes, I'll be revealing these things in very small doses.

"There are a great many contradictions," I admitted, "but how can one man ever put the whole puzzle together?"

"That's the problem, Gray," he replied thoughtfully. "I suspect that the ET buffs and many of the serious UFO researchers like yourself have allowed

themselves to be misled and diverted by the controversies and nonsense surrounding this subject. The buffs have worked harder at fighting the Air Force than at investigating UFOs. Groups like NICAP have dedicated themselves to compiling anecdotes rather than facts. They've smothered themselves with what seems like a hopeless cause – trying to prove that UFOs not only exist, but that they come from outer space. You'd think that after twenty years of vain effort they would come to realize that the outer space answer is completely erroneous. It's impossible to prove, and very little observational data supports it."

"But if they aren't from outer space, where could they be from?" I pressed, intrigued.

"That's the sticky part," he continued. "They seem to be environmental, yet under intelligent control. I've done a lot of historical research and discovered that these things were as numerous in 1866 as they were in 1966. In fact, in 1866, a Massachusetts man named William Denton claimed a contactee experience very similar to Derenberger's. He wrote several books about it."

"What do you mean by 'environmental,' though?"

"I mean that they seem to have always been here – that they co-exist with us somehow. Remember in the Bible, the prophet Zechariah recounts a conversation with an 'angel,' and describes seeing a 'flying roll.' The angel pointed it out to him and told him, 'That is the curse that goeth forth over the whole Earth.' That curse is still with us, Gray."

It was not a new idea, of course, but Keel seemed to be able to articulate it in remarkably convincing terms. His research was impressive and much of it was certainly unique. I could see that he was looking at the subject from a broad, overall viewpoint rather than concentrating on random lights-in-the-sky as so many other researchers were doing. He spoke knowledgeably of human history and the apparent role UFOs had played in mythology and legend in all civilizations.

He continued soberly:

> But the thing that is really beginning to bother me, Gray, is that I'm developing a gnawing suspicion that the Air Force has been right all along, and has been telling us part of the truth all along. After all, they've always claimed that there was no evidence of extraterrestrial origin, and so on. If I jumped into print with this kind of conclusion, all the buffs would scream that I've been "silenced" or "bought off " or some such nonsense. But I've got to admit that the Air Force's position makes more sense to me every day.
>
> Maybe the government has always realized that the "truth" can't be proven, and that few people would believe it anyway. So they've done the only thing they could do: they've tried to play the whole thing down and dismiss it. If UFOs were around in Zechariah's time, and in 1866, they'll probably be around in 2066, too—and be just as aloof of us as they've always been.
>
> The UFO buffs keep waiting for them to land on the White House lawn, but I don't think that's ever going to happen. Instead, people like Zechariah, Denton, and Derenberger will continue to undergo wild experiences that can't be proven and which few people will want to believe. And guys like you and I will spend our lives running around trying to find all the pieces to a puzzle that doesn't seem to have any definite shape or borders.

I regretted that the intriguing conversation was ending. I yawned, looked at my watch, and only then realized how late it had gotten.

"If your ideas are valid, John," I added jokingly, "don't be surprised if there's a knocking at your door tonight, and three Men in Black attack you with a billy-club."

"I can't be bothered," he joked. "If the MIB show up, I'll just send them over to your place."

THE GOLDEN BOY

Shortly after I arrived in New York for a recent saucer convention, I shook hands with John Keel once again. We immediately fell into "shop talk" or, more properly, "saucer talk" about the latest events in Pt. Pleasant, where people were still seeing "things," even after the Silver Bridge collapse.

I was not only impressed by Keel's UFO theories, but also genuinely liked the man, especially his sardonic wit. When you could draw it out of him, this changed to a warm, friendly humor. Also, Keel had done me many favors during my investigation of the Point Pleasant "Mothman" cases in 1966-67, giving me much information he had uncovered.

"This is wild," he told me, "but I know these people. I have no reason to doubt them." He related the strange circumstances.

Recently, three different persons, whom he had contacted in Pt. Pleasant by phone, had complained that their files of clippings about the Mothman sightings and other phenomena had mysteriously disappeared – in one case, from a locked file cabinet.

"I really have a good one," I replied. "I doubt if you will 'buy' it, as Long John Nebel would say, but I think it fits into some of your (Garuda) theories."

It was one of the weirdest Mothman sightings I had run across, even during my earlier and extensive investigation. But the witness, the Fox boy, had vowed it was true. Though I had only heard the account recently, it had happened during January of 1967, a couple of months after the first Mothman sighting.

Russell Fox, 16, and two other teenagers, Richard Nutter and Mike Cain, went hunting in a wooded area at Leon, WV, near Pt. Pleasant. They had their dogs with them. Russ wore a new hunting jacket. Although he had received nothing for Christmas from his father (estranged from the family and living in Florida), the jacket had arrived for his birthday. It made up for the lack of a Christmas present, though he would much rather see his dad than get something from him through the mail.

It must have cost a lot of money, though. Mike and Dickey were greatly impressed by the jacket. They examined all the pockets, and Russ felt like a hero. “Trying out” the jacket was the main reason they had gone out. They stuffed it full of shells, flashlights, and some sandwiches. To show his generosity, Russ let each of the two wear it for a short period.

They sighted the unusual creature at the old Perkins barn, part of an abandoned farm complex, now overgrown with weeds and saplings.

Immediately, they thought of “Mothman.” Mothman was a huge bird that walked and waddled in a kind of sideways motion.

The dogs took off after it. But upon close approach, they halted, bayed for a few moments, and then ran back to the boys, whining. As they tried to “sic” the dogs on the creature again, it ran into the decrepit structure. They debated whether they should follow it inside.

Russ loaded the shotgun, hoping to kill the thing. They crept up to the building. A sagging door, open only by a crack and resting on rusting hinges, confronted them.

“We got a feeling of extreme fright. I have never felt anything like that before,” Russ said. Mike backed him up and stood close to the door. But Dickey, the youngest of the three, retreated a few yards.

Mike held the flashlight, and Russ inserted the barrel of his shotgun into the crack of the door. He slowly drew it back, as the complaining hinges creaked. The nervous beam from Mike’s hand disclosed a peculiar sight.

Half squatting in the corner, with one large wing folded across the manger, was a huge, grayish, birdlike creature. The light caught the eyes, which were large and glowing. Mike’s hand was so unsteady that it was hard to get a good look at the thing.

“Hold her steady while I get a bead on it,” Russ whispered. When the flashlight again picked out the creature, Russ got his first clear look at it – over the bead of the barrel.

It was not a monster. It definitely was a bird, though huge, almost as large as a man. Indeed, its torso reminded him somewhat of a man in circus garb, though he could make out large, beautiful feathers covering the entire body.

The thing made no move to counterattack. Instead, it crouched there, helpless it seemed, waiting for whatever he was to do to it. He did not want to pull the trigger. Had it been running, or attacking one of the other boys, he would have done so joyfully; but now, he just couldn't…

"Then, something came over me, as if this thing hypnotized me," Russ told me.

> I threw down the shotgun. Mike screamed and dropped the flashlight. The barn was inky darkness, but I found myself walking, inch-by-inch, toward the creature. I took off my new jacket; I don't know why. I held the jacket out to it, or rather where I presumed it to be crouching.
>
> Finally, I just dropped the jacket and stood there in the darkness. Suddenly a glow lit up in the barn. Instead of the bird, I saw *another boy* there, about *my* age. He was almost naked. He had on a kind of jockstrap or loincloth, like in Tarzan comics. He looked like he was made out of gold!
>
> The glow around him got brighter. He was still crouching there, in the same place, only now the "bird" was gone. Instead, this *golden boy* straightened up and looked at me. Then, he looked at his feet where the jacket was. He picked it up and held it up in front of him – not as if he was covering his nakedness, but more like he was cold, or that he was holding it close, in memory of my father (like I had done when I first got it).
>
> Before he vanished – and that's what he did – I swear to God, this boy started bawling and crying. I could definitely see the tears running down his face. They looked like gold, just like his body!

Keel and I moved to the door to avoid the crowd. We stepped outside for some fresh air before he answered:

> You wouldn't be in on this, Gray, and I don't think it was a hoax, because of FCC regulations. You'll swear I'm making this up, but I am not. I was listening to the first hour of the *Long John Nebel Show* last night. Remember when Nebel asked you to quickly sum up the case of Al Bender and his visitation by the Men in Black? I swear, as soon as you began answering his question, a "skip signal" came in and interrupted the (powerful) WNBC signal! It was some station in the South. Whoever was talking had a decided Southern accent.

Later, other listeners to the same program would report the same thing. I looked at Keel. There was a worried expression on his face, and his earlier humor had completely vanished.

> There's *something* going on, and it *is* serious. I think I have *some* of the answers – enough of them to begin to realize what a terrifying situation we are faced with. Gray, I think the UFO syndrome of the 1950s and 60s has been the "beginning of the end." I think "they" are ready for their next step. Who knows, maybe they have *already* taken us over.

I recalled a statement John had made in *Operation Trojan Horse* (which sounded almost comforting compared to the political conspiracy he was now inferring existed at high levels):

> Our first conclusion is that UFOs originate from beyond our own timeframe or time cycle. Our second conclusion is that the source has total foreknowledge of human events, and even of individual lives. Since time and space are not absolutes (although they seem to be to us), these two conclusions are compatible.

It was one of many extremely quotable and cogent paragraphs written by Keel, in what may be the most important UFO book in a decade…

Keel's "paraphysical hypothesis" is that "many flying saucers seem to be nothing more than a disguise for some hidden phenomenon…"

Keel points out that, until 1848, a religious frame of reference was constantly employed by the phenomenon. But as man's technology improved, and many religious beliefs were discarded, the phenomenon was obliged to update its manifestations and establish a new frame of reference. The phantom armies and angels so frequently reported in the past were replaced by transmogrifications that appeared to match man's own technological achievements.

Within this framework, Keel shed new light on the incredible "dirigible" flap of the 1890s, witnessed by thousands of reliable people. Occupants of the clumsy craft often landed, conversed with people, and purchased food and supplies from them.

The pilots told witnesses during these contacts that the ships were *terrestrial*, and had been built by mysterious inventors. In many ways, the pilots of these craft were similar to the "ufonauts" of today…

In his various books and magazine articles, Keel has given us new insights into the UFOs, USOs (unidentified submerged objects), Men in Black, and hairy monsters. He even covers the tangled, often-overlooked subject of unidentified *airplanes and helicopters*, which appear in many areas during or after UFO flaps (without conventional numbers on their wings, tails, or fuselages).

At night, the cockpits of these unidentified aircraft are brilliantly illuminated (a distinct abnormality, for such would interfere with pilot vision). These mystery planes have been reported to hover, fly without making noise, and navigate close to the ground during severe rain and snowstorms. Frighteningly, they tend to turn up in areas where animals have been found mutilated.

Like the rest of the mysteries he studies so keenly, Keel believes these craft are only *temporary* constructs (or else have the power of invisibility).

They pop into our frame of reference from somewhere we can oversimplify as "another dimension." They can be completely solid as long as they stay here, and then pop right out again – back into the mysterious realm from whence they came…

A most intriguing subject… And maybe something "they" don't want you to know about.

-Gray Barker, 1972

MEMO TO ALL UFOLOGISTS – NOT FOR PUBLICATION – SUBJECT: INCREASE IN "MEN IN BLACK" ACTIVITY

Since the first of February, there has been an alarming increase in the activities of the "Men in Black," and it is now apparent that "they" are deliberately carrying out actions that make them conspicuous and attract attention. This is in direct contrast to their previous methods.

Since "they" do seem to be coming out from undercover and making a bid for attention, we should be especially suspicious and cautious in our investigations, and in our public statements on these activities. In other words, we should counteract their activities by adopting a position of silence.

Both the local police and FBI should be immediately informed of any MIB activity in your area. The identity and location of the witnesses involved should be protected, and should be withheld from the local press.

This is a very serious situation. I have very substantial reasons for believing that the current explosion of MIB activity is directly related to a forthcoming national crisis. The crisis has been developing over a long period of time. The numerous hoaxes, deceptions, and seeming meaningless incidents inherent in the UFO phenomenon have actually served to *cover up* the real situation.

It appears as if two groups of MIB are involved.

One group is extremely dangerous. They have committed murder and arson on a broad scale, operating under the carefully constructed umbrella of ridicule and nonsense surrounding the UFO phenomenon.

The second group is trying to focus our attention on the first group by *imitating* MIB activity through harmless interviews, presentation of obviously false credentials, etc. We must understand and appreciate the efforts of this second group, and learn to discriminate between the two.

Should you ever come into direct contact with any MIB, do *not* attempt to assault them, threaten them, anger them, or detain them. Appear to accept whatever credentials they offer. Do not under any circumstances enter their automobile or go anywhere alone with them. Do not give them any personal articles, photographs, or currency, and do not sign any forms or papers they may display.

-John A. Keel, March 15, 1968

MEMO TO ALL UFOLOGISTS – NOT FOR PUBLICATION – SUBJECT: TELEPHONE HOAXES

For the past several weeks, a large number of telephone hoaxes have been taking place throughout the New York area. Reliable sources have informed me that many of these calls are being made in my name, and that a person identifying himself as "John A. Keel" has been trying to call attention to himself.

This unknown person has called many individuals whom I have never met, and has also called public places such as restaurants, leaving false messages in my name.

I have substantial reasons for believing that these calls are part of a pattern that has been carefully planned by an individual or a group of individuals. Their eventual aim is to discredit my research or to involve me in some kind of "frame-up."

If this frame-up takes place – if I am arrested on false charges, or if I should suddenly disappear – I ask that you investigate the circumstances most carefully. Extensive and detailed records of my current research, giving names, dates, etc., have been stored in a safe place. Trusted friends have access to those records.

Should I be arrested, murdered, or disappear, these records should immediately be examined and placed in the hands of a competent lawyer. Copies should be made and distributed to members of the press and to individuals mentioned in the documents.

I hereby swear that I have not been personally involved in any conspiracies of any kind. Nor have I ever been connected with any groups or organizations whose interests have been contrary to the interests of the United States. Furthermore, I have never threatened any individuals in any way, and I hold malice for no one.

Recently, I held a face-to-face meeting with two members of the FBI, and passed to them some of my information and speculations. I assume that they filed a report, and that my concerns are on record with that organization.

A serious warning has been passed on to me, indicating that I am in personal danger, and that “an attack from ambush” is being planned for me. My telephone is definitely being monitored.

-John A. Keel, July 17, 1967

FOREWORD

THE ENDLESS PROCESSION

> “Man must be prepared to accept notions of the cosmos, and of his own place in the seething vortex of time, whose merest mention is paralyzing. He must, too, be placed on guard against a specific, lurking peril which, though it will never engulf the whole race, may impose monstrous and unguessable horrors upon certain venturesome members of it.”
>
> -H.P. Lovecraft

On a warm June evening in 1430 A.D., four peasants in the village of Jaen, Spain, witnessed a remarkable procession. From four separate locations, they watched an estimated 500 people parade along the dusty roads, led by a tall, beautiful woman in a white robe, carrying an infant in her arms.

She wore a glowing mantle, ablaze with iridescent colors casting so much that it nearly blinded the witnesses. The procession was headed by seven youngsters dressed in white and bearing white crosses, followed by twenty priests marching in two rows, all chanting in an unintelligible tongue. Hundreds of people swarmed behind them, with hordes of barking dogs bringing up the rear.

The procession wound its way through the deserted streets to the church at San Ildefonso, where the glowing lady ascended a silvery throne. Suddenly, at the stroke of midnight, the entire mob vanished, inexplicably, leaving the four amazed peasants standing alone in the darkness. There was not a single footprint or trace of the procession in the dirt along their route.

When they reported their strange experience, the four witnesses were subjected to weeks of questioning and investigation by civil and religious authorities. They had all apparently seen the same identical things, and their report led to the origin of a sacred cult that flourished in Spain for several centuries.

According to the extensive records of the event, one of the witnesses had heard a voice on June 7th and 8th that whispered: "Do not sleep and you will see good things." The procession appeared at 11:30 p.m. on the 10th of July.

Ghostly parades were not restricted to the fifteenth century. In my own investigations, I have heard many bizarre tales from sincere witnesses describing gatherings of strange beings on beaches and hilltops. There have been mysterious convoys of automobiles lacing through small towns in the wee hours, their drivers pale and seemingly entranced.

In one case on Long Island, two witnesses reportedly saw "hundreds of dogs, of all sizes and breeds," blocking roads and converging on a field where UFOs had previously been seen. Oddest of all, phantom police cars and men in police uniforms have appeared in remote places, diverted traffic, and then vanished. During one of their investigative sorties, Ivan Sanderson and his wife were detoured, on a backroad, by a mystery man in a naval uniform.

In a simpler age, the testimony of a solitary witness was sufficient to launch a legend. The thousands of religious miracles, so carefully investigated by religious authorities through the ages, were usually witnessed by one or two people, most often small children. It is probable that a large part of all mythology and folklore has a basis in fact; that a few witnesses actually saw (or thought they saw) the gods or monsters.

In the days before the printed word and electronic media, such incidents were preserved by oral tradition. When a succession of witnesses had reported essentially the same thing, often in the same geographical location, generation after generation, the existence of the god or demon became an established fact. Even the most hardnosed skeptic regarded the cumulative testimony as empirical.

The gods of ancient India and Egypt undoubtedly found life in this fashion, just as Ashtar, Indrid Cold, the MIB, and their various cronies from outer space are now becoming a part of our modern culture.

All of the manifestations of the past have served one primary purpose. They have advanced belief in some theological or philosophical concept, and supported one of the many frames of reference employed to hide the real nature of the phenomenon from us. They engage in what we now call psychological warfare, and they have always exploited our eagerness to believe.

The modern UFO scene is a sociological minefield, because it has produced a worldwide propaganda movement of willing evangelists advocating the existence of people from another planet, who altruistically intend to save us from ourselves. The leading extraterrestrial proselytizers have not had direct experience with the phenomenon themselves. Most have not even seen a funny light bobbling across the sky.

Nevertheless, they are convinced that there is someone out there, and they happily spend all of their time lecturing, appearing on radio and television, and making movies advancing their ideas about the great benign invasion from the cosmos. There are obviously many grave dangers in this kind of blind belief.

Our studies of the UFO percipients and contactees are teaching us that these encounters are more hallucinatory than real, and that some complex hypnotic process is involved. The real phenomenon is hiding behind a carefully engineered smokescreen of propaganda. Those funny lights and their hypnotic waves of energy are part of something that is related to this planet, and to us. But that something may be far beyond our meager powers of comprehension.

There are forces that can distort our reality and warp our fields of space and time. When we are caught up in these forces, we struggle to find an acceptable explanation for them, and then the manifestations begin to conform to that explanation, and so reinforce it.

Every few centuries, however, we abandon the old explanations and come up with new ones. Then the phenomenon obligingly tailors itself to those new beliefs. This factor alone indicates that part of the phenomenon, at least, is directly related to the human psyche, and these events are, in part, the work of the individual and collective unconscious.

Unfortunately, another part of the phenomenon seems to be operating outside of the human race (and often beyond time and space), manipulating us constantly, and with impunity. This is the part that we should worry about.

The gods of the ancients are returning, says Erich von Daniken. But actually they have been there all along. While many millions of people have been having casual sightings of strange things in the sky and on the ground, other millions have literally been abducted by the phenomenon and subjected to a brainwashing process.

They emerge from the experience with total amnesia, or with a vague, dreamlike memory or theory about what happened. But their lives change suddenly and remarkably. Their I.Q. is elevated. Their characters and personalities are altered. In several well-documented cases, their chronic ailments have suddenly been cured.

They divorce their wives or husbands, abandon their families, change their names, and move into new and better jobs. The process is more sophisticated now than it was in the time of the caveman, because we, ourselves, are more sophisticated. We have changed slowly, and improved slowly, over those thousands of years.

In other ages, these experiences were regarded as supernatural and mystical. Today, we try to fit them into a technological or scientific framework. Some view the contact stories with alarm, fearing that an alien race is trying to take us over. One group of ufologists is, in fact, convinced that some of these brainwashed humans have managed to attain top jobs in government and industry, and that the affairs of the world are now being controlled by extraterrestrial aliens (e.g., Reptilians, Grays, Tall Nordics, etc.).

However, the phenomenon does not really seem interested in our mundane, day-to-day affairs, except where they may influence the mysterious, long-range "plan." Darwin was partly right, perhaps, when he speculated about a process of evolution. But he did not see it as a completely controlled process. He lacked the historical perspective needed to view the development of mankind as a series of rungs on a long ladder of knowledge and *enlightenment*. The phenomenon was completely hidden from view in his day, accepted only as the exclusive province of religion or faith – the opposite of knowledge.

The flaw in the "ancient alien" theory is the absence of motive. The story goes that they arrived quietly, gave us some guidance, and then went away just as quietly. Were we just the recipients of an exercise in pure benevolence? Or were they *already* making plans for us?

If we really are biochemical robots, constructed by some mad-scientist "Nephilim" in ancient times, we were undoubtedly meant to serve some purpose. One set of Adam and Eves could not fulfill that purpose. It has taken a very long time, and required the careful conditioning of billions of people.

Today, the nature of that conditioning is slowly being revealed to us, perhaps as a first step toward revealing the entire master plan. The final revelation may not come in our generation, however, or even in the next dozen generations. The phenomenon seems to be in no hurry.

We were first controlled directly by our manufacturers. We called them gods and worshipped them. Before they departed, they set up a system of rule based on "god-kings" – human beings who had been processed and supposedly given hereditary powers not possessed by the general population. The planet was divided up among about thirty of these god-kings. Their system remained in effect for thousands of years, surviving well into the modern industrial age.

But the mode of control gradually became diluted and polluted by human greed, politics, and religion. Finally, it collapsed altogether. The legendary conflict between the "serpent race" (those who would enslave mankind) and the rulers of the biochemical robots has continued, however, and the

situation is now so desperate that both sides seem willing to expose their modus operandi to us, through overt action in the framework of the UFO phenomenon.

In other ages, we accepted this conflict as a battle for the minds of men. Now, it is becoming apparent that there is more at stake. We, the biochemical robots, are the prize! The anti-human forces are now *imitating* the real UFO phenomenon, using hallucinations and distortions to confuse us. Meanwhile, the old gods are – science and fakery be damned – trying to reveal more of themselves and their purpose to us.

Millions of people are now able to "see" beyond the visible spectrum and sense the presence of these awesome forces. Our two very different worlds are beginning to overlap. The future will bring a series of small climaxes, explosions of sudden insights and information, and a gradual strengthening of the communication channels between us and "them." As our awareness increases, we may become more and more subservient to these forces, sliding back to our ancient condition – when they enslaved us.

The process of change is already underway. The UFO phenomenon is rapidly becoming a new religion – a faith based on the premise that we are inferior to some advanced race from another world, coming to rescue us from our own stupidity.

The basic theme of UFO contact has been anarchism – the promise of a marvelous new socio-religious system. It has almost been an election campaign. The promises have been dazzling, but there has been no attempt to fulfill them. The ancient gods, and their successors, the god-kings, lied to us and manipulated us, and there is no indication that the tactics of the modern ufonauts are any different.

If we are biochemical robots, helplessly controlled by forces that can scramble our brains, destroy our memories, and use us in any way they see fit, then we are caught up in a poker game being played with marked cards.

Through prophecy, synchronicity, materializations, messages, and other attention-getting devices, someone clearly seems to be trying to tip us off about the marked deck, but we are like the inveterate gambler who, when

informed that the game is crooked, shrugs and says, “Well, it’s the only game in town.”

-John Keel, 1982

CHAPTER 1

ARE UFOS USING THE EARTH FOR A GARBAGE DUMP? – *UFO REPORTS* #4 – 1967

Spring had come to the quiet back hills of West Virginia. On the evening of Thursday, April 20, 1967, three adults and two small children were sitting in front of their small bungalow on Plantation Creek Road, a narrow strip of ruts and mud-holes a few miles outside of the little town of Pliny, enjoying the unseasonably warm weather. Suddenly, around 8:15 p.m., something came sailing out of the clear, starlit sky and crashed to Earth directly in front of them, barely missing a little three-year-old girl playing in the winter-brown grass.

"We could see for miles," one of the witnesses told me four days later. "There weren't any planes around. There just wasn't any place for that thing to come from. And if it had fallen a foot off, in any direction, it would have hit one of us. And from the way it hit the ground, I'd say it would have really hurt."

"The thing" was a large, tightly packed ball of finely cut metal foil, which splatted against the ground with a loud thud, and spread out over an area about two feet square. It must have been slightly larger than a softball before impact. The startled children gleefully pounced on the glistening mess, which resemble short strips of very thin Christmas tree tinsel. But the alarmed mother hauled them away from it.

Within minutes, both the mother and the two children covered with a red rash, which they said lasted for several hours and itched fiercely. The men, disturbed by this reaction, feared that the substance might be radioactive, so they covered it with a rubber doormat and called the state police.

The next day, Corporal R.W. Porterfield of the Winfield station of the West Virginia State Police drove into the hills, sought out the family, carefully collected most of the foil from the ground, and sent it off to the Criminal

Investigation Laboratory in Charleston, WV for analysis. West Virginia was in the midst of an amazing orgy of flying saucer sightings at the time, and everyone was very interested in anything that appeared in the sky or fell from it. While roaming up and down the Ohio Valley collecting material on these incidents, I had also come upon several "falls" of this metal foil. I already had several samples of it in my briefcase.

A large quantity of the stuff had been found spread over several acres of farmland on Sandhill Road in Point Pleasant, West Virginia in November 1966. Dozens of UFO sightings and several brief landings had been reported in that immediate area. Additional samples had turned up in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Indiana, New Hampshire, and several other spots where UFO sightings were especially intense.

All of the samples were identical: very short, (about two inches long) strips of shiny, silvery tinsel slightly wider than ordinary steel wool. In West Virginia, they called this "outer space grass," and in some places, disgruntled farmers had to shovel it up before they could proceed with their spring plowing. It has a tendency to mat into clumps and fall in concentrated masses. Usually, it was found after one of those mysterious, bobbing white and red lights had slowly and silently passed over.

Such lights were as common as fireflies in the fall of 1966 and spring of 1967. The most recent appearance of the strange material took place in Amagansett, Long Island in early July of 1967. Several small piles of the foil were found there by Mrs. Bernice Lester, and samples were forwarded to me. They proved to be precisely similar to those collected in West Virginia.

Accompanied by Mrs. Mary Hyre, a jovial woman with 25 years of experience as the West Virginia correspondent for the Athens, Ohio Messenger, I interviewed the people on Plantation Creek Road and learned that they, like so many other in the state, had been watching strange aerial objects nearly every night.

"We see these things all the time," one farmer told us. "They look like big orange balls of fire. I guess they must be some of those satellites we're putting up."

That rang a bell. I remembered that two piles of this metal foil had been found at Lapeer, Michigan on December 9, 1965, shortly after numerous witnesses had reported observing a bright orange sphere that seemed to dump something out as it went by. (Incidentally, manmade space satellites appear as tiny pinpoints of light moving rapidly across the sky. They are most difficult to see with the naked eye, unless you know the exact time and place and watch for them.)

Mounds of this foil material have also been repeatedly found in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. And a few years ago, layers of this stuff were found strewn over the greens and trees of a golf course near Camden, New Jersey.

Checking with other framers living along that West Virginia ridge, Mrs. Hyre and I discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson had come upon a small quantity of "space grass" in their orchard only a week before that mysterious ball had plopped down on their neighbor's lawn. It was, Mrs. Hudson pointed out to us, lying directly over a telephone line that was buried in that orchard. (Many telephone companies are now burying their lines instead of stringing them on poles.)

"We didn't give it much thought," Mrs. Hudson remarked. "We didn't even bother to pick any of it up, until after that ball of it came down and very nearly hit the little girl."

In the state police station at Winfield, Corporal Porterfield said that there had been two small strips of paper mixed in with the samples he had collected. He described this paper as being extremely thin, unevenly cut to about four inches in length, with a glossy brown finish. Unfortunately, these pieces go lost somewhere along the way.

But Lieutenant R.J. Barker of the Criminal Investigation Bureau in Charleston ran a spectrographic analysis on the foil sample and, on April 28, revealed that the "particles submitted are composed of aluminum and traces of magnesium." The material was not radioactive or magnetic.

The results of his tests came as no surprise. On September 7, 1956, a large circular machine flew low over Chosi City, Chiba, Japan, and hundreds of

people stood agape in the streets. They reported that it ejected enormous quantities of metal foil, which drifted down over the buildings and parks. One of the witnesses, a dentist named Masatoshi Takita, collected a large sample of the material and sent it to the Industry Promotion Association in Tokyo for analysis.

UFO buffs around the world held their breaths, hoping that the long awaited "physical evidence" for the existence of extraterrestrial flying saucers had finally been found. They were disappointed when the laboratory revealed that the foil was composed of aluminum, lead, silicon, iron, and copper – all rather mundane, earthly materials. The pieces were four to five centimeters in length, one millimeter in width, and ten microns thick – identical to the West Virginia samples. However, since hundreds of people had seen the stuff fall out of a saucer-shaped craft, there seemed to be little question that it had come from a flying saucer.

Aluminum is not mined, but must be manufactured by extracting it from bauxite. A check with the Kaiser Aluminum Company in Hillside, NJ, and the Aluminum Association in New York revealed that the common aluminum foil sold by the roll in supermarkets consists of 99% pure aluminum with minute amounts of magnesium, zinc, copper, silicon, iron, and other random impurities making up the remaining 1%.

Nothing very startling there. Unless, of course, the UFOs were buying aluminum foil in supermarkets, shredding it, and dumping it out all over the American landscape.

Since it has been repeatedly proven that this space grass is plain old Yankee aluminum, there is one other possible source for it. In his investigation into the mystery, Corporal Porterfield had called up the Air National Guard base in Charleston and had been told that the foil was just "chaff," and that Air Force planes "use it to foul up radar on training flights." The explanation made sense, and Corporal Porterfield was willing to forget the whole business. But *I* wasn't.

On my way back from West Virginia, I stopped at the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. and confronted Lt. Col. George P. Freeman, spokesman for the Air Force's Project Blue Book, with the space grass mystery.

Colonel Freeman, a placid, balding man with years of experience in Air Force Public Relations, has been struggling to restore the Air Force's good image after the "swamp gas" fiasco of a year ago. He was most cooperative.

"We get a lot of this 'chaff' in the mail," he admitted. "And we send it on to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base (headquarters for Project Blue Book), but it's just the stuff used against radar on training flights."

If that's all it is, I asked, why did he bother to forward the mailed samples to Wright-Patterson at all? Colonel Freeman started at me wearily. Then I asked if I could see a sample of foil used by the Air Force for radar purposes. "We don't have any of it here in the Pentagon," he said. "You'd have to go to an Air Force base to get some."

"Fine," I responded willingly. "I'll do just that."

He patiently explained that I would be wasting my time. Soon after the development of radar during World War II, our planes began using strips of tinfoil as a countermeasure. This material was cut into long, wide pieces and packed in boxes. As our bombers flew over Germany, the gunners would periodically dump the boxes out of open ports. As the tinfoil fluttered down, the enemy's radar beams bounced off it and it produced false images on their radarscopes.

It was a reasonably effective countermeasure for a time, but as radar became more sophisticated, this technique became obsolete. Besides, the rapid advance in the design of military aircraft made it impractical. The planes flew too high and too fast, and there were no longer openings or "windows" from which the chaff could be dumped.

By the time the Korean War rolled around, we had developed electronic gadgets that did the same job, and did it better. All modern military planes are equipped with these "black boxes," which, according to an Air Force release, are "transmitters designed to radiate interfering signals that either block the receiver or obscure the targets on a radarscope, distort or deny the sound on radio, provide erroneous guidance signals to missiles, place false targets on radarscopes, or alter the course on navigation devices."

Tossing boxes of tinfoil out of lumbering B-17 is one thing, but throwing "chaff" out of a modern jet-bomber hurtling across the skies at 800 miles an hour is something else again. Here's what the Air Force says about that:

> The "chaff " strips are called "tuned" or "resonant" devices. At the lower radar frequencies, these strips become excessively long. Because of this, they are not easily packaged or dispensed from modern, high-speed aircraft. In order to overcome this difficulty, a second form of reflector called "rope" is employed.
>
> Rope, unlike chaff, is a roll of thin aluminum foil or tape, several hundred feet long, which gives strong reflections at low radar frequencies when it unravels in the air. These are called "untuned" or "non-resonant" devices. Modern packages of these expendable reflectors contain both rope and chaff. Since rope is no longer packaged separately, the term "chaff " now describes the complete bundle or unit of reflective material.

In all of the cases in which these very fine and very short pieces of metal foil have been found, not a single piece of this "rope" has been discovered, nor even seen. Since it is now supposedly packaged together with the short chaff, one might ask why these strips "several hundred feet long" have failed to come down with the short chaff. What's more, the "chaff" samples picked up throughout the world stick together in clumps and would not disperse easily, no matter how they were released in the air. The pieces are always found matted together, and such clumps, regardless of length, would certainly fail to reflect to radar in the manner presumably intended.

Colonel Freeman, at my insistence, arranged for me to visit a secret radar installation in New Jersey where I could discuss the matter with experts. He asked the officers there to present me with some samples of the actual "chaff" and "rope" used on Air Force missions. So my next stop was at a setting straight out of a *James Bond: 007* movie: a huge, windowless, concrete building surrounded by a high metal fence, and heavily guarded.

An officer met me at the gate and escorted me through a labyrinth of empty gray corridors, past a gigantic chamber that looked like the War Room in *Dr. Strangelove*, and into a cluttered office where I was faced by a group of taut-lipped officers and enlisted men. A young sergeant spread out a newspaper on a desk and produced a small, beat up paper sack.

"You'll never know what we went through to get this for you," he smiled as he dumped the sack onto the paper.

"What's so difficult about obtaining a sack of aluminum foil?" I asked. The stuff he had poured out was identical to my West Virginia samples, except that it seemed coarser and stiffer, as if it were very old.

"We have to find this on the ground," one of the officers explained.

"Find it? I thought you fellows were dumping it out of your planes all the time!"

"We just keep it around to show it to trainees, so they'll know what it looks like," the sergeant said.

I had the uneasy feeling that this was some kind of put-on.

"Well, how is this stuff packaged?" I asked. The spokesman for the group, a captain, looked at me blankly. "Does it come in boxes, tubes, cartridges, or what?"

"We can't give you that information," he answered warily.

"Then can you tell me how it's dispersed?"

"I think they drop it out of a chute," the captain said slowly.

"Fine. You have a lot of planes here. Could you show me one of those chutes?"

They looked at each other helplessly. I picked up a strand of the "chaff." The whole clump stuck to it. "Since it sticks together like this," I went on, "it looks like it wouldn't disperse well, if at all. I'd like to know how you get it spread out."

“It’s released out of chute,” the captain repeated.

“Is it packed in balls or what?” An air of silent tension settled over the group. “Is it wrapped in paper tape?”

“No, they don’t wrap it in tape,” the captain said unhappily. “It’s just dumped out of a chute.”

I started to gather up some of it. “I’d like to take a sample of it,” I told them, “to compare with other samples.”

“We can’t let you have any of it,” the captain replied quickly. “It’s classified.”

“You mean you ‘classify’ aluminum foil?”

“The length of it can tell someone the length of the frequencies our radar is using,” he muttered.

I held up a piece of it. It was about an inch and a half long.

“That’s a mighty short wavelength,” I noted. Nobody smiled. “Why don’t we take a pair of scissors and cut one of these up. Then I won’t be able to sell it to the Russians.”

“I’m sorry. We can’t do that.”

“But the Pentagon promised that you would supply me with a sample.”

“I’m sorry,” the captain said. “This is classified material, and I can’t release any of it to you.”

When I left that concrete wonderland, empty-handed, I was reasonably convinced that this “chaff” was as mysterious to the U.S. Air Force as it was to me. Since it was being found in such large quantities, it should have been a very easy thing for a major radar installation on an important Air Force base to produce fresh samples of both “rope” and chaff,” *if* the stuff were actually being used by the Air Force.

The next day I called Major Hector Quintanilla, Jr., head of Project Blue Book at Wright-Patterson in Dayton, Ohio, and asked him about "chaff."

"We get a lot of it here for analysis," he told me.

"Could you send me a sample, along with a copy of the results of your tests?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nothing but tinfoil," he declared flatly.

"Tinfoil! Thanks a lot, Major." I hung up. Project Blue Book was obviously on the job. I made a note to send them a junior chemistry set for Christmas.

There are no regular Air Force bases in West Virginia, and only a couple of National Guard units. More specifically, there are no known radar installations in the state. Therefore, there would be little purpose in dumping out "chaff" and "rope," even on training missions. Reporters in West Virginia have failed to find any of this aluminum foil, in any condition, at the National Guard units.

However, there is a huge Kaiser Aluminum factory on the banks of the Ohio River south of Ravenswood, WV, which employs almost 5,000 people. Ravenswood is a hotbed of UFO reports. As a matter of fact, almost everyone there has seen at least one flying saucer in recent months.

Many have complained of the now familiar aftereffect – burnt eyes, similar to the results of staring into a bright welder's torch without wearing protective glasses. One resident, Lester Holly, has kept a careful log of local sightings. According to his records, unidentified flying objects buzzed Ravenswood on March 1, 7, 9, 10, and 17, and on April 15 and 17 of this year.

More important, scores of employees at the Kaiser Aluminum factory have reported a long string of fascinating incidents. I spent two days snooping around the immediate area and interviewed many of the workmen. Since Kaiser is involved in making classified parts for military airplanes, and since the Air Force allegedly informed the plant's management that the objects reported were nothing more than stars and good old reliable "swamp gas," these witnesses were all afraid to allow their names to be published.

One Kaiser employee claims that one night in mid-March, he was driving a truck out to the garbage dump behind the factory when his engine suddenly quit, his radio went dead, and the ground around him lit up with an eerie glow. He climbed out of the cab and looked up, and was astounded to see a large, brightly illuminated disk hovering directly above him.

He ran all the way back to the factory in near hysteria, and refused to return to his truck that night. Numerous other workmen have repeatedly reported seeing low-altitude UFOs around that garbage dump, as well as above the factory's water tower and over the factory itself. The tell the story of another man who quit his job, on the spot, after watching three small, reddish circular objects join a large, luminous cigar-shaped thing directly over the plant.

I visited that garbage dump to see if Kaiser Aluminum was throwing away any waste products or shavings that might resemble "outer space grass." But all I found was garbage.

So we are still left with the mystery of the aluminum strips. While the Air Force is trying to take the blame, they can't produce any proof that they are actually using these tiny strips, nor can they present a convincing case for the possible need of such material in the modern Air Force.

On the other hand, if the UFOs and flying saucers are dumping "chaff" all over the landscape, why? Are these tailings the curious byproduct of some unknown manufacturing process going on in our skies? If so, why don't the mysterious UFO pilots – if they really *are* the culprits – dump their garbage in the remote forests of Canada, or the vast desert wastelands of the Middle East? The farmers of West Virginia are tired of cleaning up after them.

CHAPTER 2

KEEL'S SPEECH TO THE CONGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC UFOLOGISTS – NEW YORK CITY – 1967

I'm sorry but this award, and the plaque you have given me, really threw me off the track... This is a complete surprise to me…

Nonetheless, I have a very sensational speech… I am going to tell you where the flying saucers come from, and I am going to tell you *all* of the secrets of the saucers. *[laughter]*

I have been chasing these things for over a year. I have traveled in some twenty states and talked to thousands of people who have seen these things; and I have seen quite a few of them myself. One of them came down very close to the car I was in and scared the living daylights out of me on the night of April 3rd, down in West Virginia. I spent a lot of time down there, as some of you know, chasing the Mothman, but never caught him. We may do a television show or movie on the Mothman someday.

I started out a year ago to apply the so-called "scientific method" to saucer sightings. I started checking reports from all over the country. I ended up with 10,000 reports for the year 1966. I have tried, and I am still trying to, sort these into categories: the times that the objects were seen, the kinds of objects seen, the type of witness, and so on, in the hope that this kind of information will give us some clue to what they are.

But, as I plunged deeper into this mystery, I discovered that the flying saucers are not the mystery. The mystery is something *else*. The mystery is more in the nature of what we call "contactees" and UFO "landings." I think these objects are doing some things here, stealthily, at low-level all over the country – all over the world – and that they are doing them constantly.

I would like to read to you a typical contactee story from *The Daily Texarkanian*, of Texarkana, Arkansas. The date is April 25. It says that on Friday night, one Judge Lawrence Byrne, who is a distinguished man known for his honesty throughout the community, claims that he was driving along a bayou outside of Texarkana. He saw what he described as a "large aluminum disc" on the ground. He went over to this thing, and there were three people there. And he talked with them, or tried to talk with them.

They couldn't understand him, and he could not understand them. They were speaking in some kind of strange, foreign language. They were slight in stature, and they had Oriental eyes, dark skin, and high cheekbones. He thought they were Japanese. Even though he could not talk with them, they took him aboard this machine and allowed him to examine it. They gave him a guided tour through the machine and, when they let him out, the thing took off and flew away.

Now, there is nothing too remarkable about this story, because we have been hearing them all the time for the last twenty years; but this story is dated April 25, *1897*. It is one of the hundreds of contact stories from 1897. And they all fall into the same category. It has only been in the last year that researchers around the country, and around the world, have begun to go back to old newspapers to try to find out what these dirigible-shaped objects were. There were no dirigibles then. A few years later, Count Von Zeppelin came along with his zeppelin. The experiments with lighter-than-air craft up to that time had been very unfortunate. They crashed, or they went about 20 miles and blew up.

So you all have heard of these famous sightings, and we have all kinds of contact stories. Many of them compare favorably with each other, even though they were not widely circulated at the time. The majority of contact stories describe the pilots as being normal-looking people. The Judge said he thought he ran into some Japanese people, but the majority of them have described normal-looking people who could speak English very well (at least in the United States reports).

There is a mysterious "woman" described in several of these. In fact, in a series of accounts ranging through Texas, Arkansas, and into California, we have three passengers described. One was an elderly man with a beard,

another was a younger man, and the third was a woman. These three people – or three people like them – were apparently seen all over the country during that flap.

Now, you know where this leads us. It sort of indicates that maybe Adamski was telling the truth after all. Maybe a lot of these other people are telling the truth, and yet their stories are contradictory.

All of these witnesses in 1897 were told something different. Naturally, the whole world was in an uproar over this mysterious dirigible. Actually, there were a lot of them, because on the same day, you find a dirigible was seen over Chicago, one was seen over Texas, and one over London. There were *too many* of them. There must have been several of these machines flying around.

You find that when witnesses approached the pilots on the ground and asked them where they were from, they all got a different answer. In only case did the pilot mention outer space, and in that case they said that they had just built this thing, and that they were going to try to fly to Mars in it. In all of the other cases, they claimed they were local inventors from Indiana and/ or Nebraska.

In every case, they gave a different story and said that the full details of the invention would be released to the world "any day now." In a couple of cases, they mentioned the world situation at the time (in 1897). They said that "as soon as Cuba is free," they would release their invention to the world.

The point is that they were deliberately lying to the witnesses. Obviously, all the witnesses, or some of them (the judge, the police officers, and so on) may not have been making up the stories. They may have made up some details, as often happens, but I think that these people were being lied to. And I think that these people today – the contactees – are being lied to.

There is an enormous "contactee" situation gong on right now, this week, throughout the country. These are what we call "silent contactees." You never hear about them. They never make any noise. In fact, their next-door neighbors don't know their stories. As I travel, I dig out these people.

Sometimes it is a lot of hard work. Sometimes it requires two weeks of work to locate or track down one rumor and to talk with people. They all tell me basically the same things, except for the content of the messages they have received.

Woodrow Derenberger in West Virginia says that he was told these "spacemen" come from Lanulos. And you are familiar with other stories where the names of "planets" like "Clarion" and "Maser," and so on, have been mentioned.

The truth is that the "flying saucers" *don't want us to know* where they come from. They are quite willing to contact us, and they do contact us frequently. They contact individuals on highways. They contact people on farms, in isolated spots. And there is a lot of it going on. I can't *prove* any of this in a short talk, but you have to believe that I have the documentation. I have talked to many people.

I have fascinating tape recordings, some made in New Jersey, and some made in West Virginia. If you play them side by side, the people are telling the same story, although they have never heard of each other. Their stories have never been published. These are *not* the kind of stories that people like George Adamski have been telling; these are details about the craft, and about the type of beings that have approached them. There are other details as well…

When I find a new contactee, I have a questionnaire of eight questions. If they answer these questions "right," I tend to believe their story. I find also that the majority of these new contactees are women. There are very few men. I think this probably has been the case throughout. Perhaps we usually think of women as being talkative, but I think women are also less skeptical and easier to approach.

We also have a number of cases where people have become frightened and have gone to the police complaining that these things were landing in their backyards, and that these "spacemen" were trying to talk to them. While the police keep a record of this, they make fun of these people who report.

When I walk into a police station (that is always my first stop), they say, ”Oh, we’ve got a nut down the road who claims these things are landing in their backyard.” So I go and talk with that “nut,” who is usually a woman, and she usually has the same story that I heard a hundred times. I could practically recite it, but I won’t. As I say, these are details that I am keeping to myself (although now I am beginning to spread them among a few investigators; we are using these details to check out and possibly confirm these stories).

An object landed in a rather desolate place on Long Island on April 14, 1967. The witness was driving an automobile, and the car stalled. He saw a door open on the object, and some kind of mechanical device got out of the object. It was not a person, but the witness was able to see inside the object. He said he saw dials and so on. There were a few details in his story that confirmed details we have heard elsewhere. He said this mechanical device got out and shoveled up some dirt, just like the “rover” we sent to the moon.

Two weeks earlier, on March 31st, something supposedly landed on a farm in Wellington, Texas. The witness, Carroll Wayne Watts, said he did not see anybody, but that a door opened, and he heard a voice that invited him aboard. He walked aboard the thing, and a voice told him they would take him for a ride if he would submit to a physical examination. He refused to submit to the physical examination. He got off the thing, and it took off. There was one detail to his story that has gone unpublished. When I learned that one detail, I tended to believe his story was true.

I think we now have many thousands of these stories going unnoticed, because nobody is investigating them. The Air Force investigation, as it has been said here many times, is a joke. If you report a sighting to the Air Force, they will mail you a form that is idiotic. They will mail this form, and expect you to fill it out and mail it back to them, and they will put it in their file. If you fail to come up with one little detail, like what the temperature was when you saw the object, they classify it as “insufficient,” and they put it in their insufficient file. They don’t record it in their statistics.

In some cases – and I have talked with people who have gone through it – they have reported a low-level sighting, or have said that their automobile

was being pursued by these objects. In those cases, the Air Force may make several phone calls. These calls usually come long-distance from Wright-Patterson, and they will sometimes be as long as three hours. Somebody at Wright-Patterson grills these people very carefully about every detail. And it is obvious to the witnesses that a form is being filled out on the other end – a much more elaborate form than the one that is mailed out.

I have gone to the Air Force and said, "I am not interested in this form that is mailed out; I would like to see the other one – the one you use on the phone calls." They'll say, "Oh, we haven't got anything like that." So, then I produce tapes of these people who told me the story and the questions they were asked. Many of the questions asked in these phone conversations seem quite irrelevant to the flying saucer problem.

Obviously, the Air Force and the government are aware of what is going on, but they are not paying attention to the individual sightings. Nobody could afford to. They are, however, paying a great deal of attention to the areas where the sightings are *constant*.

Sightings are constant in West Virginia. They are constant in Indiana, Kansas, and Nebraska. We sometimes have 150 sightings in one day around the country. The scope of this thing is unimaginable, and it goes unreported by the major media. The local newspapers often carry headlines about saucer sightings, and feature editorials asking, "Why doesn't somebody tell us something? (When I write newspaper articles, they often carry them on the editorial page. Many newspapers have dropped the word "UFO" altogether. They now call them "spaceships." They will say, "Another spaceship was seen last night by 89 people.")

In areas with sporadic UFO activity, the Air Force pretends to be out of touch with the situation. However, when we have an area where sightings are constant, we also have constant Air Force activity in the air. This comes in the form of flying boxcars – a very large cargo plane that looks rather weird. These Air Force boxcars fly at treetop level, and are loaded with instrumentation.

In certain areas, whether it be West Virginia, Indiana, or Long Island, these planes fly back and forth, all night long, over areas where UFOs have

landed. They are keeping an eye out, and they obviously have instrumentation. They seem to be trying to do something about the UFOs – trying to make some determination. But they don't want publicity. I have not written any articles on this aspect as of yet, but I have got a whopper coming up soon.

Right now, everybody is accusing the CIA of investigating UFOs. I wish the CIA would begin by investigating *itself*. *[applause]* As you know, they have a very big building outside of Washington, D.C. It has a sign pointing to the "Bureau of Public Roads." Everybody knows this means it is the CIA building. If you really want to go out to the CIA building, there is a limousine that leaves every day from in front of the Soviet Embassy, which will take you there.

The CIA has denied to me, personally, that they have had any interest in the UFO subject since 1953 (i.e., since the Robertson Report). But some other agency (the NSA) *is* very interested, and they are investigating these things in great detail. It is not the Air Force, and it is not the CIA.

This brings us to the Men in Black (MIB), whoever they are. They were out in the state of Washington a month ago. They went through eight communities. It was like a blitzkrieg. There was a tremendous UFO flap out there, including the disappearances of many dogs, which goes hand-in-hand with all of this. You may have heard about it. We always have "dognappings" for some reason. God knows what UFOs are doing with dogs!

Whenever there is a really big flap, these mystery men often turn up. They went through several Washington communities and told the witnesses to keep quiet about what they had seen. When the local newspapers tried to do some UFO stories and went around to the witnesses, the witnesses said, "We were told not to talk."

I talked to the reporter who carried out the investigation. I got the names of some of the witnesses, and called them up. I tried to get something out of them. They would *not* deny that they had seen these things (and it would have been easy for them to do that). They are honest people. They just said they could not say anything about it. They had been warned to keep quiet.

The same thing has been happening out on Long Island and in many other sectors. Within 30 miles of New York, there have been several Men in Black cases in the last two weeks. I have come within a couple of hours of catching one of them impersonating an Air Force officer. I have reported this to the Air Force. I have given them the numbers that were on the phony identification cards these MIB carried. I practically demanded that the Air Force push this thing through.

I have also been to the FBI with this. I am still running around out there, trying to catch these MIB. I have high hopes that one of these days I will. Maybe then, we will find out a little bit more about why they want to suppress the fact that something is happening not only in our skies, but also on the ground – where these things are landing. They must have a reason for it.

The MIB were doing the same thing in 1897. In one case, an object fell out of one of the airships when it flew over a field. The object was simply a piece of pottery with some very strange writing on it. This object was displayed in a local store in Texas. A day or so later, a man no one had seen in town before came through and bought the object. He paid a great deal of money for it, and he looked like an Oriental. His skin was dark. He had high cheekbones. He had narrow, slanting eyes. The full report was in the newspapers in 1897.

Today, the drivers of some of these MIB cars (mostly black Cadillacs) have been described the same way. So, possibly we have been accusing the Air Force, the CIA, and the NSA unjustly. Maybe somebody *else* is interested in keeping these things quiet. I hope that we will very soon have some answers.

CHAPTER 3

THE SINISTER MEN IN BLACK – *FATE* MAGAZINE – APRIL 1968

Mysterious cameramen seem to have appeared repeatedly throughout the U.S. during the summer of 1967 and, according to the testimony of widely scattered witnesses, photographed the homes and families of persons who have reported close experiences with unidentified flying objects. As described, all of these photographers bore a striking physical resemblance to each other. They wore the same kind of clothing and arrived in identical vehicles.

Until now, they have not been mentioned in any major newspaper or magazine. Their identity and purposes remain unknown. To add to the mystery, these peripatetic cameramen managed to single out people who had *not* reported their UFO experiences to any newspaper or official agency. In some cases, they had not even told their neighbors of what they had seen. Despite their total anonymity, they somehow were tracked down by the "mystery men" shortly after their sightings.

As a professional reporter and full-time UFO investigator, I have traveled many thousands of miles in the past two years and have uncovered many unusual cases that otherwise might have gone unnoticed and unrecorded. During my trips, I am frequently approached by people who are afraid of publicity and hesitate to report their outlandish stories to the local authorities or to the Air Force.

The misfortunes of former police officer Dale Spaur, one of the men who chased a UFO through two states in April 1966, were well publicized (he lost his job and suffered marital troubles after his story was revealed), and few persons are willing to risk similar ridicule and anguish. There is self-imposed censorship on the part of many UFO witnesses, which has been the biggest barrier to my investigations.

I sometimes spend days, even weeks, winning the confidence of such witnesses before they break down and tell me their complete story. Often they swear me to secrecy, and make me promise to keep their identity and location confidential. But I do have this information in my files, together with tape recordings, photographs, and affidavits. When I uncover anything in the witness' story or background that might make his or her story even slightly suspect, I file the whole case in my "Uncertain" file and omit it from my records.

Basically, I am concerned with the big picture or overall situation. Each new report adds a small piece to the massive puzzle. The incredible scope and continuous activity of UFOs in many areas seems unbelievable to newcomers to the field, and overwhelms even hardcore UFO buffs, who have convinced themselves of the validity of the oversimplified "extraterrestrial" explanation.

The truth may be that "flying saucers" are merely a symptom of the problem, a diversion to distract us from the many strange things occurring at ground level, and often encompassing entire communities. The activities of the "mystery photographers" may be only one aspect that has gone unnoticed by UFO buffs dedicated to collecting worthless information about the altitude and speed of foreign objects observed overhead…

At first I was willing to dismiss the MIB as the paranoid fantasy of UFO cultists but, in the past year, I have spoken with many persons who claim firsthand experience with these unidentified people.

For example, at 9:30 p.m. on the evening of Sept. 30, 1967, I received a long distance call from an anxious woman, the wife of a prominent politician, in New York State. This woman had called a few days before, after hearing me on a local radio program, to report a series of strange incidents involving a low-flying metal disc around her home in an isolated, wooded area. She said that a large black car was parked directly outside her home while she was talking to me.

She described the action as it took place. Two men got out of the car and proceeded to unlimber some kind of large camera. Both men were the same height, five feet nine inches tall, and both wore identical black suits, black

turtleneck sweaters, and broad-brimmed hats. At first, she thought they were priests of some kind, but there was something about them that frightened her. Their skin was dark and their features had an Oriental cast that seemed evil to her.

When they failed to approach the house but merely busied themselves with their camera, she decided to call me. Her husband was not home at the time. The two men proceeded to take pictures of her house, using some kind of pale red flashgun (remember, it was dark – an odd time to take pictures). After a few minutes, they closed up their camera, got into their car, and drove off.

I have heard this scene described many times before. Three men dressed in this same manner turned up in West Virginia in the summer of 1967, and were seen by several reliable witnesses. Two such men were observed taking photos of the homes of UFO witnesses in broad daylight on Long Island in June.

That same month, I responded to a series of strange phone calls urging me to go alone to an isolated spot on a dirt road near High Hold, the highest point on Long Island. There I found a large black Cadillac containing two dark-skinned, Oriental men in dark suits, apparently waiting for me. They blinked their headlights at me and then slowly drove off. I followed them for several miles, until they went around a bend in the road in a heavily forested area and disappeared.

I had cruised around for several minutes trying to pick up their trail, when suddenly they reappeared behind me and followed me! I stopped and started to get out of my rented car, but they drove slowly on past and again vanished. Apparently the whole episode was staged to convince me that the MIB really do exist. Their car bore no license plates.

Numerous witnesses on Long Island reported seeing the MIB and their black cars throughout the summer of 1967. In many of these cases, the windows of the cars were described as totally opaque – a dark, charcoal color that made it impossible to see the occupants. On several occasions, these cars allegedly attempted to run down witnesses walking across the street.

A large black car containing two men dressed in black came within inches of colliding with a car driven by Mrs. Mary Hyre, a reporter for the Athens, Ohio *Messenger*, in Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia in September. Mrs. Hyre has carefully and meticulously investigated and reported upon the many UFO sightings in her area during the past year.

Sixty miles north of Pt. Pleasant, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, a young family man from Belpre, Ohio had a brief encounter with two blackgarbed, Oriental-looking men on a main street in August. He said they appeared drunk (a common description) and seemed to have difficulty walking. When I interviewed him and his family in November, I learned that a mysterious car had pulled up in front of their home about two weeks before my visit, and that a man in a black suit had apparently taken photos of their house with a large camera. Two of their neighbors also witnessed this. The photographer did not pay attention to any of the other houses on the street.

In April, another Ohio man reported being pursued by a strange flying object while driving along Rt. 2 on the West Virginia side of the river. Months later, toward the end of October, he returned home from work to find a prowler in his apartment. The prowler was about five feet nine inches tall, dressed in black, and carrying some kind of camera. He set off a flashgun, which temporarily blinded the witness, and escaped out the open door.

Are these mysterious MIB part of a large, widespread organization engaged in obtaining information and photos of people who have had close encounters with UFOs? The MIB are openly violating several federal laws. Usually their cars do not bear any kind of license plates. In two cases, the witnesses did see license plates and copied down the numbers. A police check revealed that the numbers were not in use; such plates had never been issued!

In another case, the witness reported seeing a black plate bearing a large gold “V” on the back of the car. A double “XX” has also been reported. Why haven’t the police ever spotted these cars? I’ve checked with the police departments in West Virginia, Ohio, and Long Island where these vehicles have been reported, and found that no police officer has ever seen one of them.

We should also consider the close resemblance of the descriptions given of these men to the descriptions given of the ufonauts: “dark-skinned, with Oriental features.” Do the people said to be riding around in UFOs share the physical characteristics of the men riding around in black Cadillacs? Perhaps it is time for us to reconsider the popular speculations about flying saucers and reexamine the somewhat baseless conclusion that they are of extraterrestrial origin.

A much bigger game may be afoot here. Perhaps we have been deliberately misled into assuming they are not of this planet. There never has been any evidence, either physical or observational, to indicate that they come from elsewhere. Actually, all of the available evidence suggests that the objects are made of earthly materials and piloted by humanoid types not dissimilar from us. We may, in fact, be dealing with a subversive group who are able to live among us unnoticed and isolated from our general society. The UFOs may be used to transfer these unknown people from one surface point to another…

If the Men in Black do not represent our government – and I believe most do not – then they must come from some other secretive group or organization directly related to the UFOs. And they are successfully infiltrating our cities and villages on a large scale. When an innocent citizen accidentally learns of their presence, their representatives zero in on him or her, perhaps to prepare the way to silence the witness at some point in the future. They photograph the person’s home and family. In many cases, they tap the witness’ telephone and tamper with their mail.

Recently, the heavy-handed FBI moved in on three cases I had been investigating. I know they rejected one of these outright, classifying the witness – a distinguished man in his community – as a “nut.” The sober truth is that the U.S. government does not have any kind of law enforcement agency equipped with sufficient funds and trained personnel to investigate these matters properly…

I am sure that for every case I have uncovered, there must be hundreds more that have gone unreported to anybody. The MIB – whoever they are, wherever they’re from – have been able to operate with impunity, without interference, secure in the knowledge that their victims will never talk for

fear of being labeled “insane.” Even if they did talk, no one would believe them.

All of the witnesses I have interviewed have told me that they felt there was something inherently “evil” about these Men in Black. In a number of cases, people apparently have been drugged or hypnotized by the MIB, and several have suffered amnesia and memory lapses after alleged face-to-face confrontations.

Perhaps all of this sounds like a bad plot from *The Invaders* television series, but it seems to be very real. Experience and many in-depth interviews with bewildered people all over the country have convinced me that this is part of the elusive secret behind the flying saucers. And perhaps only a small part, at that.

CHAPTER 4

WEST VIRGINIA'S ENIGMATIC "BIRD" – *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW* – JULY 1968

Approximately 100 miles west of Flatwoods, West Virginia, site of the celebrated appearance of the "Flatwoods Monster" in 1952, a new kind of creature materialized in 1966, and has apparently been lingering around Point Pleasant, West Virginia ever since. Unlike its predecessor, the Point Pleasant critter is equipped with a pair of wings, and is reported to be able to fly as fast as a speeding automobile without flapping them! Local citizens refer to it as "The Bird," but newspapermen from coast to coast have labeled it the "Mothman."

Whatever it is, the "Bird" has managed to frighten a great many people and confound a wide variety of scientists, biologists, and ornithologists. Since December 1966, I have visited Point Pleasant five times, and have interviewed many of the witnesses at great length. Some of their lives have been drastically changed after their fleeting experiences with "Mothman." I have kept in constant touch with many of these people, and have carefully compared developments in West Virginia with the UFO developments in other sections of the country. There is now no doubt in my mind that Mr. Mothman is related to unidentified flying objects in some very special and terrifying way.

Although winged creatures are no strangers to ufologists and have appeared repeatedly since 1878, they – if we can call them "they" – have never before returned consistently to one area, as they now seem to be doing in West Virginia. In almost half of the sightings between November 1966 and November 1967, the creatures either pursued automobiles or made direct approaches to the occupants of parked cars. This is not only a familiar UFO pattern, but is an apparent behavioral trait of the tall, odious, hairy, and manlike "Bigfoot" creatures, which turn up every year in California, Michigan, and many other places around the United States.

Perhaps we should start entertaining the possibility that *all* of these assorted and very elusive creatures are not only related, but that they are also cunning *disguises*, and that the masqueraders are, in fact, more than just curious about the products of Detroit. "They" may have a special interest in the occupants of the automobiles being approached, and they conceal that interest – their true purpose for existing at all – by manifesting themselves in weird guises. There is now mounting evidence to support this somewhat outlandish notion.

The people in Mothman country are *not* hillbillies. Many of the witnesses are intelligent, well-educated people enjoying fine reputations in their community. The Point Pleasant area of West Virginia is quite industrialized. There are many large chemical factories lining the Ohio and Kanawha rivers, employing highly skilled labor. Another factor in their favor is that they are part of the "Bible Belt," and are highly religious. Point Pleasant, a town of about 5,000, has 22 churches and *no* bars serving alcohol.

A "winged man" was first reported in Scott, Mississippi on September 1, 1966. Scott is on the Mississippi River, several hundred miles south of the point where the Mississippi joins the Ohio. Mothman's apparent new home in West Virginia is the area where the Kanawha River joins the Ohio. More than a third of the sighting reports have come from the immediate vicinity of the TNT Area, a World War II ammunition plant located just north of Point Pleasant. The TNT Area consists of several hundred wooded acres adjoined by the Clinton F. McClintic Wildlife Station, a 2,500-acre animal preserve that is heavily forested, very hilly, and laced with artificial ponds and lakes.

The TNT Area contains over a hundred large, concrete domes all sealed with heavy steel doors. Some of them still contain stores of high explosives and are fenced off. There are no guards and no activity in the area today. Former explosives factories now lie in ruins there, as do two large abandoned power plants. A vast network of tunnels is spread out underneath the site. Most of these tunnels are sealed off now, or are filled with muddy water.

The "fourth" Mothman sighting occurred at midnight, November 15, 1966, directly outside one of the abandoned power plants. Mr. and Mrs. Roger

Scarberry and Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mallette were driving along the rugged dirt road that passes by the plant, when they suddenly saw a gray figure as tall as a man, which had large, eerily glowing red eyes and wings. It turned and shuffled awkwardly towards the door of the old plant, they said.

Badly frightened, they accelerated and fled the area. As they hurtled towards Point Pleasant at over 100 mph, all four claimed that the creature appeared overhead and flew along with them without flapping its wings! They reported the incident to the police. Deputy Millard Halstead drove out to the area with them. The creature was gone, but Halstead's police radio began to emit a strange sound – like a speeded-up phonograph album, he said later.

This was the beginning of a long and bizarre chain of events. The Scarberrys, who were living in a trailer home at the time, began to suffer a series of poltergeist manifestations. Although Mr. Scarberry is now in the U.S. Army and his wife, Linda, lives with her parents in Point Pleasant, the poltergeist seems to have moved with her. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Park McDaniel, have been having unusual problems with their telephone, and they suspect it may be tapped by some unknown party. Strange lights have appeared in the McDaniel home in recent months, and objects have moved of their own volition, or seemingly so.

On January 11, 1967, Mrs. McDaniel saw the "Bird" herself, in broad daylight. She was outside her home when she observed what appeared to be a small plane flying down the road, almost at treetop level. As it drew closer, she realized it was man-shaped object with wings. It swooped low over her head and circled a nearby restaurant before going out of sight, she told me later. I might add that Mrs. McDaniel enjoys a fine reputation in Point Pleasant and works in the local unemployment office. I have often been a guest in the McDaniel home, and they show no signs of being overly imaginative.

Both Linda and her parents state that they have received visits from people whose descriptions tally with those of the legendary and controversial "Men in Black" or "MIB." Their reports of these incidents were among those that led me to take the MIB seriously. Their last visit from the MIB was on December 23, 1967.

(A Man in Black of slight stature systematically visited several of the people I had interviewed. All witnesses described this man as resembling an Oriental, such as a Thai or Burmese. His speech was slow and parrotlike. He apparently could only hear the witnesses when they looked directly into his dark, glassy eyes. He identified himself as "Jack Brown." All witnesses said that he was primarily interested in what I had been doing in the area, whom I had been talking to, and where I had gone. He drove a white station wagon that made a lot of noise, as if the muffler was broken.)

The McDaniel home lies just off Route 62, which leads past the TNT Area.

In the majority of the Mothman cases, the witnesses managed only a brief glimpse of the creature. Its most outstanding feature seems to be its glowing red eyes. Few witnesses have been able to describe the Bird's face, but most have noted the eyes and have admitted being terrified by them. While some people have claimed that Mothman was brown, most have described it as being grayish in color. All witnesses seem to agree that the wings do not flap in flight, making its incredible speed all the more unaccountable. Those who have seen it walk say that it shuffles or waddles. Those who have seen it take off claim that it rises straight up, like a helicopter.

Tom Ury, 25, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, was driving along Route 62 at 7:15 a.m. on the morning of November 25, 1966, just above the TNT Area, when he saw a large gray figure floating above a field next to the road. "It came up like a helicopter and veered over my car," he said. He stepped on the gas and accelerated to about 75 miles per hour, but the Bird not only stayed with him, but also *circled* casually above his speeding car. He described it as being about six feet long, with a wingspan of eight to ten feet. Like most of the others, he didn't get a look at its face. He was too frightened. He was driving a convertible, and he was afraid it was going to come down on him.

Another witness swears she saw Mothman's face, but has been unable to find words to describe it. "It was horrible, like something out of a sciencefiction movie," Connie Joe Carpenter told me the first time I interviewed her.

According to Connie, a quiet, sensitive 18-year-old, she was driving home from church at 10:30 a.m. on Sunday, November 27, 1966, when she saw a tall gray figure standing on the deserted greens of the Mason County Golf Course outside New Haven, West Virginia. The figure suddenly spread a pair of ten-foot wings, took off straight up, and flew directly at her car. It had large, round, fiercely glowing red eyes, she said, which gripped her. She couldn't turn away. "It's a wonder I didn't have an accident," she commented.

The apparition swooped over her car and she sped up, in near hysterics. The next day, her eyes were reddened and almost swollen shut. When I interviewed her two weeks later, they were still red and watery. (UFO witnesses often suffer from this eye malady for several days afterward. This is the only case in which a "Mothman" witness has had this problem, however.) As with many of the other cases, this first incident was only the beginning of the nightmare for Connie.

Early in February 1967, Connie married Mr. Keith Gordon, and they moved across the river to a two-family house in Middleport, Ohio. They did not have a telephone. At 8:15 a.m. on February 22nd, Connie left the house to go to school. As she started to walk down the street, a large black car pulled alongside. Since all young people today are very automobile conscious, she said she could positively identify it as a 1949 Buick.

The occupant of the car opened the door and called to her. Thinking that he was seeking directions, she approached him. He was a young, clean-cut man of about 25, she told me later. He was wearing a colorful "mod" shirt, no jacket, and had neatly combed, thick black hair. He appeared to be suntanned, and spoke with no noticeable accent.

When she reached the car, the driver suddenly *lunged and grabbed her arm*, and ordered her to get in with him. He did not get out of the car. She fought back, and there was a brief struggle before she broke away. She ran back to the house (the other apartment was deserted, the occupants having gone to work) and locked herself in, completely terrified. Later in the day, she thought she heard someone on the porch, but she did not look.

After her husband came home from work, she told him the story. He said that *he* had also seen the Buick cruising around the neighborhood. Neither of them had ever seen the driver before.

Connie remained indoors the following day, February 23rd. At 3 p.m., she heard someone on the porch again, and there was a loud knock at the door. She cautiously went to the door. There was no one on the porch, but a note had been slipped under the door. It was written in pencil, in block letters, on a piece of ordinary notebook paper. "Be careful, girl," it read, "I can get you yet."

That night, Connie and Keith went to the local police. They turned the note over to officer Raymond Manly.

One curious and significant thing that Connie noticed about the car involved was that despite its obvious vintage, it appeared to be brand new, inside and out. It was not just well kept, she assured me, but "brand new." (Many MIB witnesses and "silent contactees" have told me of their experiences with old cars that looked new inside and out, and even had a "new car smell.")

The Middleport police force is small (the town has a population of 3,400) and somewhat lethargic. In March 1967, I visited their office and asked to see their file on the case. The police chief produced a printed form containing Connie's name and address, and one scribbled line: "Dark Buick, young man." He told me no such car existed in Middleport, and that it was obviously a case of some maniac trying to abduct a young girl.

Officer Manly assured me that he was keeping the house under constant surveillance. I had to break the news to them that the Gordons had moved back to the West Virginia side of the river shortly after the incident, and no longer even lived in Middleport. Despite my sheaf of credentials from leading magazines and the North American Newspaper Alliance, both men were overly suspicious of me, and asked me repeatedly if I really wasn't from "the government."

Officer Manly conveniently lost the note somewhere along the way.

Connie and Keith moved in with Connie's mother, Mrs. Faye Carpenter, in New Haven temporarily. On the night of March 22, Connie was awakened in the middle of the night by a long beeping sound, which she said appeared to be coming from directly outside her window.

On December 22, 1967, a "Man in Black" type visited Connie and Keith, and talked to them for about two hours. Mrs. Carpenter was present at the meeting but, strangely enough, she can remember only the man's entrance into the house, and his departure. She does not remember *any* of the conversation that took place. For the past year, there have been repeated poltergeist manifestations in her home – strange noises, objects that have been in one place for years suddenly falling off shelves, and so on.

She has also been receiving many odd telephone calls. The phone rings and there is nobody there, or there is heavy static and strange mechanical sounds during conversations – familiar patterns of phone harassment. Mrs. Carpenter leads a quiet life and has received no publicity of any kind. Like everyone else in New Haven, she has seen a number of UFOs in recent months.

A witness to Mothman's "fifth" appearance, Mrs. Marcella Bennett of Point Pleasant, has also suffered a series of traumatic experiences following her encounter.

At 9 p.m. Wednesday, November 16, 1966, Mrs. Bennett drove out to the TNT Area, together with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wamsley, to visit Mrs. Ralph Thomas, whose family is one of the few living in the area amongst the "igloos." Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were not at home, but three of their children, Rickie, Connie, and Vickie, were.

Not knowing this, and having heard of the "monster" sighting the night before, the Wamsleys decided to pull a prank and rap on the windows. They got out of their car quietly and started towards the house. Mrs. Bennett was carrying her two-year-old girl, Tina. As she got out of the car with her sleepy burden, she suddenly gasped. A giant gray figure with blazing red eyes seemed to rise up from the ground behind her car, staring directly at her.

Horror swept the trio, and they all started to run for the house. But Mrs. Bennett stumbled, dropped her child to the gravel, and stood transfixed. “It was as if she went into some kind of trance,” Raymond Wamsley observed later.

After a prolonged and agonizing moment, Mrs. Bennett managed to scoop up the now screaming Tina, and staggered to the house. Hysteria overcame the entire group as the creature moved onto the porch. They frantically called the police. The “thing” was gone when police arrived.

Mrs. Bennett came close to suffering a nervous breakdown after the incident. She could not discuss the experience at all for several weeks afterwards. She refused to see me for months, but finally, mutual friends talked her into meeting with me. During that first interview, she was laconic and quite reluctant. She hinted that the “monster” had returned, and that she had seen it in the immediate vicinity of her house. But it was not until November 1967 that she really granted a fruitful interview.

She had been cautious during our earlier talk, she said, because “something kept telling me to be careful – that you were from the government.” (This anti-government paranoia is one of my biggest obstacles in my research. We can thank the organized UFO groups for this unfortunate public attitude, which undoubtedly cuts the Air Force and government off from much important information.)

Mrs. Bennett recalled that she and the Wamsleys had been watching a strange, large, red light dancing around the sky as they drove through the TNT Area to the Thomas’ place. At that time, no one in Point Pleasant was UFO conscious, so they didn’t know what to make of it.

In the months following the incident, the Bennett home was tense. Mrs. Bennett suffered from bad dreams and heard strange noises, ranging from footsteps on the roof to the sound of things being dropped in empty rooms. On one occasion, she heard what sounded like a woman’s piercing scream directly outside the house. (I have heard both the footsteps on the roof and the pan-dropping phenomenon during my travels. The latter sounds as if a big metal pan has been dropped somewhere in the house. The sound of a

"woman screaming" has also been frequently described to me. In some cases, the witnesses have said it "sounded like a dog being torn apart.")

Early in December 1966, Mrs. Bennett was driving along a deserted backroad with Tina, when she became aware of a red Ford Galaxy following her. It was driven by a large man who appeared to be wearing a very bushy "fright" wig. She slowed, hoping the vehicle would pass. Instead, it tried to *force her off the road*. She stepped on the gas, and the other car accelerated and shot down the road ahead of her, disappearing around a bend.

When she circled the bend, she was alarmed to find that the Ford was now parked crossways on the dirt road, blocking it. Badly frightened, she warned her daughter to hold on, and she jammed the gas pedal to the floor. The other driver, seeing that she didn't mean to stop, pulled over hastily and let her pass. She has never seen him before – or since.

On my first visit to Point Pleasant, in December 1966, I was baffled to find that the newspapers and the police had not received a *single* "flying saucer" report. But in a matter of hours, I discovered that many people had been seeing mysterious objects throughout the summer and fall of 1966. Accompanied by Mrs. Mary Hyre, the local AP stringer and reporter for the Athens, Ohio *Messenger*, a daily with a large circulation in the area, I tracked down and interviewed several UFO witnesses, and she wrote newspaper pieces about their stories. As soon as the stories appeared, the dam burst. Scores of people, ranging from hill farmers to prominent local officials, came forward with UFO stories of their own.

I prowled up and down both sides of the Ohio River, visiting other towns and uncovering many other good UFO sightings. It was apparent that a major "flap" was taking place there and that it was unnoticed by the press, largely because most of the witnesses were reluctant to come forward. But once the door was opened, UFO mania soon gripped the whole region. Since then, Mrs. Hyre has received as many as 20 new sighting reports a day.

I saw so many strange lights and objects myself that I actually lost count. Sightings ran the full gamut, from "flying bird cages" (one of those passed

low over Point Pleasant early in March 1967, and was seen by hundreds) to giant reddish cigars and great spheres that displayed a penchant for hovering over nearby dams and factories. There were dozens of auto pursuits and innumerable brief landings reported, including several around schoolyards.

It would be impossible to recount the situation here. People living on high ground told me of being awakened in the middle of the night by loud thumps against their houses. There was a widespread outbreak of poltergeists cases. Television sets went haywire; new sets "burned out" immediately after they were installed.

Much of the UFO activity seemed to be concentrated in the TNT Area itself. Police officer Harold Harmon told me of seeing a large, dark, metallic object hovering over a pond in the wildlife preserve one night in early March. He said that the watched it for several minutes as it rocked "like a boat on the waves" and glided silently past, just above the treetops.

Harmon was with me on the night of March 31, 1967, when all hell broke loose. Police radios all up and down the Ohio Valley were useless that night, jammed by inexplicable static. The Mason County Sheriff's radio transmitter was destroyed by fire at 7:30 p.m., and the auxiliary transmitters wouldn't work. In front of Harmon and several other witnesses, I flashed a powerful light at some strange looking "stars" overhead, and astonished everyone when the "stars" suddenly skittered about the sky, changed colors, and flew on up the Ohio.

People in the vicinity of the TNT Area began to have the usual trouble with their telephones. By the middle of March, the objects were following a regular schedule, appearing in the TNT Area every night at 8:30 p.m. – *at treetop level*. They were seen by thousands, and were photographed by newspaper photographers and television crews. And yet none of this was mentioned in the national press, except for a seven-part newspaper series I wrote for the North American Newspaper Alliance in June 1967.

As usual, a rash of mysterious fires broke out. An abandoned building in the TNT Area burned to the ground one night in March *in a pouring rain*. Firemen could not figure out how it got started.

Another mystery took place in a large cemetery on the outskirts of Point Pleasant. Huge tombstones were found knocked down in neat rows. Together with the police, I examined the damage. Many of the stones had been securely bolted and cemented in place. Some of them were cleanly broken off. A number of the larger stones must have weighed many hundreds of pounds.

At first, the police suspect teenaged vandals, but it would have taken tractors and heavy equipment, plus a lot of very hard work, to inflict such damage. Similar "pranks" have occurred in other cemeteries throughout the country, always in heavy "flap" areas. (In accordance with routine police procedure, reporters were asked to refrain from mentioning the cemetery damage while an investigation was being done. Police kept the cemetery under close nightly surveillance for several weeks. Strange lights were frequently seen there, rising straight up.)

The enormity of this situation – and there are now hundreds of Point Pleasants in America – has been ignored by the newspapers and neglected by the UFO buffs, who devote themselves to collecting random descriptions of flying objects. It is time for us to stop misleading ourselves and buckle down to the job of investigating the "flap" areas and the strange things that happen to the people caught in them.

There is a definite correlation between poltergeist activity and other seemingly "occult" manifestations, and the UFO phenomenon itself. There is also the disturbing possibility that terrestrials or terrestrial-type beings are directly involved with the phenomenon itself.

By using the standard journalistic procedure of in-depth interviewing and steady follow-up of important cases, I assured myself of the reliability of the witnesses and the reliability of their reports. None of these people had ever heard of the "Men in Black," and few had any knowledge of poltergeists. Most them tried to fit their experiences into a religious framework.

During my visits to "Mothman" country, a number of prominent local businessmen, teachers, and others came to me to tell me – in strictest

confidence – of their own experiences with the "Bird" and UFOs. All of them described essentially the same thing.

But there were a couple of notable exceptions, where the witnesses may have actually seen some kind of huge and unclassified "normal" bird. It may sound preposterous, but there is reason to believe that large, unusual birds may have been *imported* into the area, to spread confusion and to reduce the effect of Mothman's presence.

In late December 1966, a rare Arctic Snow Owl was shot by a farmer in Gallipolis Ferry, West Virginia. This creature was two feet tall and had a five-foot wingspan. "Mothman" witnesses converged on the farmer for a look at the owl, and all of them declared that it in no way resembled what they had seen.

In July 1967, another rare bird turned up. This one was a Turkey Vulture, and it stood over a foot tall. It was found by a group of boys near New Haven, West Virginia. Again, the Mothman witnesses looked and shook their heads. But the big question is: How did the rare Arctic Snow Owl and Turkey Vulture make their way to Point Pleasant in time to coincide with the Mothman sightings?

(We might also ask how deflated weather balloons manage to turn up conspicuously in UFO flap areas, often landing on the front lawns of prominent citizens. This kind of coincidence is becoming too common. Either the UFO skeptics are right – or somehow involved in these charades – or we are all being made the victims of a gigantic plot to deceive and confuse us.)

There are no bears in Mason County, but in November 1966, Mr. Cecil Lucas saw three bearlike creatures sniffing around an oil pump in his field. His farm is located a few hundred yards from the McDaniel home, and is on the banks of the Ohio. When he came out of his house to investigate the situation, the dark, hairy forms ran off – erect – towards the river, disappearing into a thicket. No "bears" have been seen before or since by anyone lese. In talking with Mr. Lucas, I was impressed with his forthright honesty. Besides, why should anyone make up a story about little bears?

All of this is a rather inadequate summary of the situation in Point Pleasant and in West Virginia. The story is not over yet. Mrs. Hyre and the police continue to receive at least one new UFO report daily. Mothman's appearances have been less frequent, but the MIB activity seems to be continuing throughout the Ohio and Kanawha valleys.

In March 1967, I called both the Pentagon and Wright-Patterson Air Force Base and made a direct appeal to them, asking that they at least perform a token investigation in West Virginia. Nothing was done.

Dog disappearances and the mutilation of cows and horses are now common in West Virginia and Ohio. Newell Partridge of Doddridge County said his television started "acting like a generator" on the night of November 15, 1966, and his German shepherd dog, Bandit, "started carrying on something terrible." Partridge shined a flashlight into the field and saw something "like two red reflectors." The dog's hair stood straight up, and it ran into the field. It was never seen again. The police are baffled.

In the past three years, over 20 *people*, all teenaged boys, have vanished suddenly without a trace in Braxton County, home of the "Flatwoods Monster."

One final "Bird" sighting is of special interest. At 10:30 p.m. on the night of Friday, May 19, 1967, two women were driving along Route 62, heading north from Point Pleasant. As they passed the C.C. Lewis farm near the TNT Area, they say they observed a dark form with two brilliant red lights on it. Apparently it was circling a tree. From the general shape, they believed that it was a winged object slightly larger than a man. Suddenly, a larger red light appeared and floated toward the dark figure. The two seemed to merge, and then the large, combined red light flew off to the north.

The two women returned immediately to Point Pleasant and excitedly reported what they had seen. Both were convinced that they had watched Mothman rendezvous with a UFO! At 3 a.m. that morning, several residents reported seeing a brightly glowing UFO land in a field near the junior high school in Point Pleasant. Some of the witnesses reported watching it for twenty minutes before it rose slowly in the night sky and disappeared.

If this report is accurate, then it would appear that the UFOs and "Mothman" could indeed be related.

In November 1967, I visited Point Pleasant again. Even though sightings had subsided somewhat, I saw another UFO hovering over the TNT Area, as did several other people. In talking with the residents, I learned of a peculiar new epidemic. Mrs. Ralph Thomas, Mrs. Mary Hyre, and a number of others claimed they had been having disturbing dreams. Mrs. Hyre said she had dreamed of people crying for help in the icy waters of the Ohio River. Mrs. Thomas said her dreams were also of a terrible disaster on the river. A mood of ominous foreboding seemed to have gripped Point Pleasant.

On December 15, 1967, the suspension bridge that joined Point Pleasant with the Ohio side of the river suddenly collapsed, taking with it 17 trucks and 40 passenger vehicles. Among the scores of people who died were several UFO witnesses, including Marvin Wamsley, teenaged nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wamsley.

Within an hour of the bridge collapse, twelve UFOs appeared in the TNT Area, according to the testimony of the James Lilly family, who were experienced UFO-watchers. No UFOs were seen in the vicinity of the bridge, however.

Point Pleasant, West Virginia is a microcosm. All of the complex groundlevel factors inherent in the UFO phenomenon can be found there. We might even consider the possibility that some UFOs are actually *based* somewhere in the almost inaccessible back hills of West Virginia.

Aside from National Guard units, there are no publicly acknowledged military installations in West Virginia. (Since the Sugar Grove naval base is secret, it can be plausibly claimed that no radar nets exist in the state to locate any interlopers.) Police forces in the Ohio Valley are small and overworked. There are only two FBI agents assigned to cover the entire sector.

After 9 p.m. at night, the major portion of the population is sound asleep. Point Pleasant's Main Street is completely deserted after 7:00 p.m. In short,

West Virginia is most vulnerable to any kind of invasion.

Perhaps an invasion has already begun.

CHAPTER 5

THE MOTHMAN MONSTER – *SAGA* MAGAZINE – OCTOBER 1968

What is battleship gray, five to seven feet tall, has a pair of red eyes two inches in diameter (which blaze like two laser beams), wings that extend to 10 feet when spread, and loves to chase automobiles? Give up? If it is any consolation, nobody else seems to know what it is, either. But over *100* people in Ohio and West Virginia swear they have seen such a creature since November 1966. Included among the witnesses are schoolteachers, businessmen, pilots, and members of the National Guard. They call it "The Bird," but newspapers from coast to coast have dubbed it "Mothman."

I have visited Mothman country five times since December 1966, and have interviewed many of the witnesses in depth. While I have seen quite a few of the strange lights that bob at treetop level almost nightly throughout the area, Mothman has chosen to elude me. But he, or it, has reportedly turned up twice in my immediate vicinity. And those weird lights seem to have followed me from one end of West Virginia to the other.

West Virginia is long established as a haven for assorted monsters. In Sept. 1952 (a very good year for UFO stories), six glowing objects hurtled across the secluded hills of West Virginia. One of them reportedly smashed into a hilltop at a little hamlet called Flatwoods, in Braxton County. A group of residents headed by Mrs. Kathleen May and Eugene Lemon grabbed flashlights and climbed the hill to investigate. On the summit, they came face to face with a strange specter. It was an enormous gray-green figure with no visible arms or legs, but it did have a head (or helmet) shaped like the ace of spades. Two intense, pale blue beams of light represented its eyes, and it was surrounded by a very unpleasant odor.

Lemon passed out on the spot, and the others decided not to linger. They grabbed up their fallen comrade and hurried back down the hill. All were violently ill, apparently from the unknown but toxic gas, for several hours.

A dog that accompanied the group ran around the apparition, then staggered down the hill, vomited, and *died on the spot*. This became a "classic" in the annals of ufology, and is known as "The Flatwoods Monster" case.

The next West Virginian monster was allegedly a giant creature in the shape of a man, covered with black hair. It leaped in front of a bakery truck driven by Charles Stover, 25, on the edge of the Braxton County line in December of 1960. Others also reported seeing this same "Braxton County Monster," and an armed posse searched the area in vain. It left behind giant, humanlike footprints that led nowhere. Another witness, one Hannibal Harper, said it was over six feet tall, covered with glossy black hair, and walked with a slow, awkward shuffle.

Hairy monsters have become rather routine in recent years, with sightings being reported annually in California, Michigan, Washington and, most recently, even in Florida and New York State. But giant birds are another matter altogether.

"A winged human being" was seen and reported to *The New York Sun* back in September of 1877. They claimed it was cavorting in the skies over Brooklyn, New York.

Nebraska was reportedly visited next, in 1922, when two different witnesses in different locales described essentially the same thing. One, a hunter named William C. Lamb, said he observed the landing of a strange circular flying craft, and hid behind a tree. A giant 8-foot tall creature with wings disembarked, and flew off. (There were thousands of UFO sightings throughout the world in 1922, although the newspapers of the period usually referred to them as "mystery aircraft" and "ghost ships.")

At 2:30 a.m. on a hot morning in June 1953, Mrs. Hilda Walker, 23, Howard Phillips, 33, and Judy Meyers, 14, were sitting on their porch on E. 3rd St. in Houston, Texas when, as Mrs. Walker told it, "I saw a huge shadow across the lawn. I thought at first that it was a magnified reflection of a big moth caught in the nearby streetlight. Then the shadow seemed to bound upward into a pecan tree. We all looked up."

According to *The Houston Chronicle*, they saw a 6 to 7-ft. tall man in gray, fitted with wings like a bat. He was surrounded by a dim gray light. Judy Meyers screamed, and the light died out.

"Immediately afterwards," Mrs. Walker said, "we heard a loud 'swoosh' over the housetops across the street. It was like a white flash of a torpedoshaped object."

Almost ten years passed before the unearthly "Bird" was sighted again in West Virginia (in South Charleston and Pt. Pleasant; unfortunately, these sightings were not reported to the police or to the media, and went uninvestigated).

Then, a year later, on the evening of November 21, 1963 (the day before JFK was assassinated), four teenagers were walking home from a dance when they saw what they described as an oval of bright light descend from the sky and land in a thicket close to their path. "It seemed like we were being watched," John Flaxton, 17, told authorities later. "I felt cold all over. Then suddenly we saw a huge, dark figure coming out of the bushes toward us. It shambled."

The four youngsters didn't wait another second. They fled. Under close interrogation, they all told the same story. And they all agreed that the creature had wings like a bat, and no visible head. Giant footprints were found in the area later. They were an inch deep, two feet long, and nine inches across.

That incident occurred near Sandling Park, Hythe, Kent, in *England*.

It's a long ways from Kent, England, to Scott, Mississippi, a little town of 300 just north of Greenville. But at 2 p.m. on September 1, 1966, Mrs. James Ikart of Scott phoned the Delta *Democrat Times* in Greenville and reported "a man with wings" was circling over the town. Photographers and reporters rushed to the scene, but the odd aerial object was gone. There were, however, a number of people who admitted having seen it.

"It got down pretty low, and then would go up," Mrs. Ikart said. "I had never seen anything like it."

A local meteorologist, John Hursh, suggested that it was just "somebody's research balloon that got away."

A few weeks later that "research balloon" turned up hundreds of miles northeast of Scott, Mississippi. This time the "balloon" landed within short driving distance from monster-ridden Braxton County in West Virginia. Five gravediggers near Clendenin, West Virginia were among the first to glimpse "The Bird." Kenneth Duncan of Blue Creek claimed the he and the others were baffled when something that "looked like a brown human being" performed an aerial reconnaissance of the grave site in broad daylight on Saturday, November 12, 1966. "It was gliding through the trees and was in sight for about a minute," Duncan stated.

The real saga of Mothman did not begin until three days later, however. Around midnight on November 15, 1966, two young married couples, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Scarberry and Mr. and Mrs. Steve Mallette, were driving through an abandoned WWII ammunition dump known as the TNT Area, seven miles outside of Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia, when they unwittingly entered the Twilight Zone. As they passed an old deserted power plant, they saw a weird figure standing beside the road staring at them.

"It was shaped like a man, but bigger," Roger Scarberry told me. "Maybe six-and-a-half or seven feet tall. And it had big wings folded against its back."

"But it was those eyes that got us," Mrs. Scarberry declared with a shudder. "It had two big, red eyes, like automobile tail-light reflectors."

"For a minute we could only stare at it," Roger said. "Then it just turned and sort of shuffled toward the open door of the old power plant. We didn't wait around."

Roger, a strapping but soft-spoken and introspective 19-yr. old, stepped on the gas pedal of his souped-up jalopy and headed out of the TNT Area for Rt. 62, which leads into Pt. Pleasant. As they shot down the highway, his wife cried out, "It's *following* us!"

"We were doing better than 100 miles per hour," Roger said.

All four swore that “The Bird” was low overhead, its wings spread out to about 10 feet. It seemed to keep up with the car effortlessly, even though its wings weren’t flapping.

“I could hear it making a sound,” Mrs. Mallette declared. “It *squeaked*, like a big mouse.”

“It followed us right up to the city limits,” Roger said. “Funny thing, we noticed a dead dog by the side of the road there. When we came back a few minutes later, the dog was gone.”

They drove directly to the office of the Mason County sheriff and excitedly poured out their story to Deputy Millard Halstead.

“I’ve known them all their lives,” Halstead told me later. “They’ve never been in any trouble. I took them seriously. They saw *something*. They were *really* scared.”

Deputy Halstead returned to the TNT Area with the excited quartet. As he parked outside the abandoned power plant, the police radio in his car suddenly emitted a strange sound like a speeded up phonograph record. He shut the radio off. “The Bird,” however, was nowhere to be found.

The next day, a press conference was held in the County Courthouse and the four young people repeated their story. One of the reporters there, Mrs. Mary Hyre, Pt. Pleasant correspondent for the Athens, Ohio *Messenger* and a local stringer for the Associated Press, later told me, “I’ve heard them repeat their story a hundred times now to reporters from all over, and none of them have ever changed it or added a word.” News of the Scarberry-Mallette sighting was flashed around the world. It even appeared in the Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes*. Television camera crews from Huntington and Charleston invaded Pt. Pleasant. That night, the normally deserted TNT Area resembled Times Square on New Year’s Eve. Thousands of people from Ohio and West Virginia descended in hopes of getting a glimpse of the new sensation, even though Steve Mallette had announced, “I’ve seen it once. I hope I never see it again.”

The TNT Area was to become the “home ground” of the Bird in the months ahead, and it couldn’t have picked a better base. The area consists of several hundred acres of woods and open fields filled with large concrete domes known as “igloos.” During World War II, these igloos were used to store the high explosives manufactured in nearby plants. A network of tunnels laced throughout the area, but most of these are now sealed off and are filled with water.

Immediately adjoining the area is the McClintic Wildlife Station, a 2,500-acre animal preserve and bird sanctuary. Both places are filled with artificial ponds and dense woodlands. Steep, heavily forested, almost inaccessible hills rise in the background. The entire area is thrown open to hunters and fishermen every year, and nearly every male in the county knows every inch of the place. Its winding, poorly kept roads are also popular as “lover’s lanes.”

Only a few homes are scattered throughout the sector. One of these is the residence of the Ralph Thomas family. Their little house stands on a slight rise surrounded by woods and “igloos.” It was here that the next act of the Mothman drama was enacted. At 9 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1966, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wamsley and Mrs. Marcella Bennett and her daughter, Tina, drove out to visit with the Thomases.

“On the way to the house, we were watching a big, funny red light in the sky,” Mrs. Bennett told me sometime later. “It seemed to be moving around over the TNT Area. It wasn’t an airplane, but we couldn’t figure out what it was.”

Like everyone else, they had heard of the “monster” sighting of the night before, and Raymond Wamsley decided he would play a prank on the Thomases by tapping surreptitiously on their window. However, he never had the chance to play the joke.

They parked in front of the Thomas home and Mrs. Bennett climbed out of the car, gathering up her sleepy 2-yr. old, Tina, in her arms. Suddenly, a figure stirred behind the parked car.

“It seemed as if it had been laying down,” Mrs. Bennett said. “It rose up slowly from the ground. A big gray thing... Bigger than a man, with terrible, glowing red eyes.”

Mrs. Bennett was so horrified that she dropped Tina to the ground, stumbled, and fell. She remained on the ground for a long moment, transfixed.

“It was if the thing had her in some kind of trance,” Raymond Wamsley said. “She couldn’t move.”

Panic engulfed the group. The Wamsleys ran for the house as Mrs. Bennett pulled herself together, grabbed up her bruised child, and followed. They locked themselves in. Ralph and Virginia Thomas were not home, but three of their children, Rickie, Connie, and Vickie, were. Hysteria swept over them as the strange creature shuffled onto the porch and peered into the windows. Raymond Wamsley grabbed the phone and called the police. But by the time help arrived, the thing had disappeared once more.

Mrs. Bennett would not fully recover fully from this horrifying experience for many weeks. Months passed before she was able to discuss what she had seen with anyone, even her own family. Her trauma was so real that she had to start seeing a doctor on a weekly basis.

Now Mothman started to cut crazy capers all over West Virginia. Sightings were reported in Mason, Lincoln, Logan, Kanawha, and Nicholas Counties. Most of the population remained skeptical, but the near-hysteria of the rapidly multiplying witnesses was very real.

Police in the city of Charleston received an excited phone call from one Richard West at 10:15 p.m., Monday, November 21st. Patrolman D.L. Tucker handled the call. West insisted that a “Batman” was sitting on a roof next to his home. “It looks just like a man. It’s about 6 feet tall, and has a wingspread of 6 or 8 feet. It has great big red eyes.”

“Did it fly? Tucker asked.

“Straight up, just like a helicopter,” West replied.

In St. Albans, West Virginia, just outside of Charleston, Mrs. Ruth Foster claimed Mothman appeared on her front lawn on the evening of November 26th.

“It was standing on the lawn beside the porch,” she told reporters. “It was tall with big red eyes that popped out of its face. My husband is six-feet-one and the bird looked about the same height or a little shorter, maybe. It had a funny little face. I didn’t see any beak. All I saw were those red, poppy eyes. I screamed and ran back into the house. My brother-in-law went out to look, but it was gone.”

Sheila Cain, 13, and her younger sister were walking home from the store in St. Albans on the following evening, when they saw an enormous “something” standing next to a local junkyard.

“It was gray and white with big red eyes,” Sheila said, “and it must have been seven feet tall – taller than a man. I screamed, and we ran home.”

The creature is supposed to have taken wing and flown low over the running girls.

By this time, the Bird’s peculiar characteristics were becoming apparent. Whatever it was, most witnesses described it as man-sized or bigger, yet all agreed that it had a wingspan of only 8-10 feet. Such a wingspread would have been inadequate for such a large creature. If you were to attach wings to a normal-sized man so he could glide, you would have to make the wings at least 35 feet long.

Like the bumblebee, Mothman’s flight seemed scientifically impossible. In addition, most large birds require a running start and a lot of wing flapping before they can become airborne. But all of the Mothman witnesses swore that he, or it, took off straight up and flew without flapping the wings at all. Only a few birds in the hawk and eagle families can exceed 40 to 50 miles per hour in level flight, yet Mothman repeatedly demonstrated an ability to pursue speeding autos effortlessly and swiftly.

On November 17th, Steve Farrell, 17, claimed that a “giant gray bird” chased his automobile on Rt. 7, near Cheshire, Ohio, just across the river

from the TNT Area. And a Clarksburg, West Virginia shoe salesman, Thomas Ury, 25, reported a hair-raising encounter on Rt. 62, a mile or so north of the TNT Area. He was driving past the Homer Smith farm at 7:15 a.m. on Nov. 25th, Ury testified, when he sighted a large flying figure.

"It veered over my convertible and began going in circles, three telephone poles high," the frightened young man later told Sheriff George Johnson. "It kept flying right over my car, even though I was doing about 75 mph."

"I've never seen anything like it," he confided to reporter Mary Hyre. "I was so scared I just couldn't go to work that day. This thing had a wingspan every bit of 10 feet. It could just be a large bird, but I certainly have never seen one like it."

Miss Connie Carpenter, a shy, studious girl of 18 from New Haven, West Virginia, allegedly had an identical encounter at 10:30 a.m., Sunday, Nov. 27th. She was driving home from church, she told me, when she saw what she thought at first was a large man in gray, standing on the deserted links of the Mason County Golf Course outside of Mason, West Virginia, on Rt. 33. Those 10-foot wings suddenly unfolded, and the thing took off, straight up, and *headed for her car*.

"Those eyes! They were a fiery red and, once they were fixed on me, I couldn't take my eyes off them," she declared. "It's a wonder I didn't have a wreck."

She said the creature flew directly at her windshield, then veered off and disappeared. Connie stepped on the gas and raced home. She was so upset that she was unable to go to school for several days after her experience, and she required medical attention.

She was also one of the few to claim a close look at the Mothman's face. "It was horrible – like something out of a science-fiction movie."

The next morning, her eyes were reddened and swollen shut, and itched fiercely. This condition persisted for over two weeks. In fact, her eyes were still red and watery when I first interviewed her. I had seen this odd ailment several times before, but only on UFO witnesses who claimed to have

gotten a close look at the luminous objects. Connie Carpenter was the only Mothman witness to come down with "eye burn."

I myself suffered from this phenomenon when, at 1:30 a.m. on April 3rd, 1967, an eerie circle of green and red light swooped down to within 60 feet of my car on a hilltop outside of Gallipolis Ferry, West Virginia. My eyes were swollen and itchy for about five days afterwards.

The next day, I returned to the site with Sheriff George Johnson and Deputy Millard Halstead. We scoured the area with a Geiger counter with negative results. One odd thing did happen, however. As Sheriff Johnson's car neared the spot, his police radio suddenly sprang to life with strange sounds, like a speeded up phonograph record. The startling thing was that his police radio had to be turned on and off with a key; the radio was not only *turned off* at the time, *but the key wasn't even in it!*

The first wave of Mothman sightings in the TNT Area created a crisis for Sheriff Johnson and his small force. Thousands of people, many of them armed with rifles and revolvers, poured into the area nightly, hoping to see the monster and maybe get a shot at it. Swarms of teenagers clambered around the stripped-down old power plant with its many high, dangerous catwalks, and crumbling staircases. The gate leading to the plant was closed, and the place was ruled off-limits. For a time, Johnson and his men banned firearms in the area, fearing that the men might start shooting each other.

Somehow, Mothman always seemed to turn up where he was not wanted. Clandestine lovers, necking in parked cars on the isolated, unlit backroads of the TNT Area reported that the giant gray thing with glowing red eyes lumbered up to their autos. In November 1967, I cruised around the area for the last time and noted that there was not a single car parked anywhere. The local lovers seem to have abandoned the place.

Shortly after the first Mothman stories hit the local papers, a wide variety of explanations were expressed by assorted experts. Dr. Robert Smith of the West Virginia University biology department declared that everyone was obviously seeing a rare Sandhill crane, a bird whose long neck and long legs give it a height of six feet (and it has red patches around the eyes). Yet

no hunter in the area has ever reported seeing such a crane. Members of the zoology department at nearby Ohio University pointed out that the crane inhabits the plains of Canada, and had never been seen in the West Virginia-Ohio region.

For a time, I carried a photo of a Sandhill crane in my briefcase, and showed it to Mothman witnesses. “That’s not the thing we saw,” Roger Scarberry scoffed. “This crane could never chase us like [Mothman] did.”

“I just wish Dr. Smith could see the thing,” Mary Mallette added.

All those who reported having seen Mothman sneered at the crane theory, but the skeptics quickly accepted it and dismissed the mystery. Three groups of witnesses contributed to the confusion by declaring that they were absolutely convinced the “Bird” was really some kind of giant ornithological oddity and not a “monster from outer space,” as some were beginning to imply.

Capt. Paul Yoder and Benjamin Enochs, both volunteer firemen from Pt. Pleasant, revealed that they had seen a very large bird in the TNT Area on Nov. 18, 1966. “It was definitely a bird,” they stated flatly, “with big red eyes. But it was huge. We’d never seen anything like it.”

Seventy miles north of Pt. Pleasant, as the “Bird” flies, four people outside of Lowell, Ohio, spent a fascinating Saturday afternoon watching a group of gigantic birds flutter about the trees near Cat’s Creek. They saw no red eyes, witness Marvin Shock offered, but they did see four very strange winged creatures, and kept them in view for two hours on Nov. 26, 1966. Shock, who was accompanied by his two children, Marlene, 14, and Phillip, 11, first noticed the birds in some tree branches.

“They looked about as big as a man would look moving around in the trees,” Shock said later. “When we started walking toward the for a closer look – we were about 100 yards from them – they took off and flew up the ridge. They had dark brown backs with some light flecks. Their breasts were gray and they had five or six-inch bills that were straight – not curved like those of hawks or vultures.”

Shock thought there was “a reddish cast” to their heads. The birds kept their distance and finally fluttered off into limbo.

At the Gallipolis, Ohio airport, just across the river from Pt. Pleasant, five local pilots got an unexpected look at the bird at 3 p.m. on Sunday, December 4, 1966. When they first saw it, they mistook it for an airplane.

“Look at that crazy character coming in downwind in that plane,” Eddie Adkins commented.

Everett Wedge of Pt. Pleasant, Henry Upton of Leon, West Virginia, and Leo Edwards, Ernie Thompson, and Adkins, all of Gallipolis, stared at the winged form gliding low over the river. It was about 300 feet up, they all agreed, and it was traveling about 70 miles an hour effortlessly, without flapping its wide wings.

As it sailed past the airport, the men noted that it seemed to have an unusually long neck and was turning its head from side to side, as if it were taking in the scenery.

“It was like something prehistoric,” one of them remarked later. “I don’t think it was a crane.”

Wedge grabbed his camera, jumped into his plane, and took off after it. But it had disappeared somewhere downriver. This was the only sighting in which a neck was observed.

A month later, another witness thought she was seeing an airplane, too, when she first noticed a large, winged thing majestically swooping along Rt. 62 at 5 p.m. on Jan. 11, 1967. Mrs. Mabel McDaniel, the mother of Linda Scarberry, one of the original Mothman witnesses, was near Tiny’s Drive-In Restaurant on the outskirts of Pt. Pleasant when she first saw the “Bird.”

“I thought it was an airplane, then I realized it was flying much too low,” she told me later. “It was brown and had a wingspread of at least 10 feet.” Then she added an interesting detail. “I thought I could see two legs – like a man’s legs – hanging down from it. It circled over Tiny’s and then flew

off." She did not see any head or neck. The wings were not moving and there was no sound.

Now over 100 people in the Ohio Valley swear that they have seen this mysterious flying creature. Point Pleasant is part of the highly industrialized Ohio Valley, and is on the edge of the Bible Belt. Its 6,000 inhabitants support 22 churches. There are no bars. Most of the witnesses I talked to were very devout, well-educated, and owned late model cars and color TV sets. They all seemed remarkably honest and sincere, and many requested anonymity. They said they came forward with their stories only because they "wanted to help." They wanted to assure me that "all those other people saw what they said they saw."

Beginning in the fall of 1966, the TV sets and telephones in the region began to go wild as strange globs of crystalline white light appeared in the night skies. Many of these lights moved at treetop level. There were also many daylight sightings of strange, circular metal objects, particularly in the TNT Area.

By the end of 1967, over 1,000 UFO sightings by responsible witnesses had been recorded throughout the valley. As with the Mothman sightings, I often had to "dig out" the witnesses, for many feared publicity and the attending ridicule. For each UFO report that appeared in the Athens *Messenger* and the Point Pleasant *Register*, hundreds went unpublished.

"I'm just getting too many reports," Mrs. Hyre explained. "We can't print them all."

Cars passing along the Camp Conley Road, south of the TNT Area, stalled inexplicably. TV sets and radios, some brand new, burned out suddenly, without cause. In March and April of 1967, the UFO sightings hit an incredible peak, with the objects appearing nightly at low level over the TNT Area – as if they were following a regular flight schedule. Thousands of people invaded the area again to view this new wonder. No one was disappointed. Sheriff Johnson and most of his men were among the witnesses, but soberly refused to comment publicly on the phenomenon.

As the UFO activity seemed to increase, the Mothman reports dwindled off. An Ohio man claimed that a "huge winged something" pursued his car up Rt. 33 on a rainy night in March 1967, and two women swore they *saw Mothman fly up to meet a UFO* on May 19, 1967.

"We were driving past the TNT Area on Rt. 62 around 10:30 p.m." one of the ladies told me, "when we saw two bright red lights on a shadowy form high in a tree just off the road. Suddenly, this big red light appeared and approached the tree, and the form rose up toward it, and disappeared. Then the big light took off to the north."

That same night, twenty persons reported seeing a brilliantly lighted object land briefly in a field next to the junior high school in Pt. Pleasant. Sightings and landings around schools have become common in the past year. They have been reported in Miami, Boston, Lima (Peru), Melbourne (Australia), and many other places.

In November 1967, four hunters told Mrs. Hyre that they had encountered Mothman in the Chief Cornstalk Wildlife Area south of Pt. Pleasant. They said they were so startled when the huge, gray thing with red eyes loomed up in front of them that it never occurred to them to try to use the rifles they were carrying.

Shortly after noon on Nov. 2, 1967, Mrs. Ralph Thomas says she heard a sound "like a squeaky fan belt" outside her home in the TNT Area. She stepped onto her porch and saw what she described as "a tall gray figure, bigger than a man" moving swiftly among the nearby "igloos." It didn't appear to be walking, she said, rather it was sliding or gliding along the ground. She was positive that it was not a man or a bear. Since it was the hunting season, no man in his right mind would wear gray there, she noted, but would wear a red or orange hunting jacket.

The UFO-Monster situation in West Virginia and Ohio is obviously a most complicated one. It may be only a coincidence that the region was "invaded" simultaneously by giant, unidentified birds and unidentified flying objects. No photograph of the "Bird" was ever taken. No single theory seems to fit all of the reported sightings. If a huge winged creature is hiding in the TNT Area, thousands of eager hunters have failed to flush it

out. Perhaps, like the “Flatwoods Monster” of 13 years earlier, it will eventually become part of West Virginia folklore and legend.

“I laughed at those people who said they’d seen Mothman,” John Love of Pt. Pleasant remarked to me soberly. Then on the morning of Nov. 19, 1966, he and four others came face-to-face with the thing in the TNT Area. “I’m not laughing anymore. We all got the shock of our lives. I never want to see that “Bird” again!”

But the winged thing with glowing eyes will probably reappear in the months and years ahead. What it is, where it comes from, where it goes, and why it crops up periodically to chase cars and frighten lovers may always remain a mystery.

Perhaps several different things were on the loose in West Virginia in 1966 and 1967. Perhaps the great brown birds were not even distant kin of the gray giants with luminous eyes. Or perhaps they all slipped through that mysterious door that seals our world off from a world of dragons and elves and things that go bump in the night – a world spun of myth and fantasy and legends going back as far as man’s memory can take him.

From time to time, that door seems to swing open, and monsters and ghouls stalk across the landscape, bringing derision to those unfortunates who glimpse them. Then, as the posses sally forth with pitchforks and guns, the creatures slip back across the dark borderline, and the door swings shut behind them.

The sincere testimony of scores of badly frightened people seems to shift the burden of proof onto the shoulders of the baffled scientists, who typically ignore things that they cannot carry into laboratories for study beneath their microscopes. The mystery is not that such creatures live; it is that we have been able to overlook them for so long.

CHAPTER 6

MYSTERIOUS VOICES FROM SPACE – *SAGA* MAGAZINE – NOVEMBER 1968

You can't say we haven't been warned. Radio signals of undetermined origin have been flooding our atmosphere since 1899. Two generations of scientists and astronomers have argued indecisively about their possible meaning and purposes, even though dozens of carefully worded and very explicit messages from some mysterious source have been received all over our muddled little planet. Those messages have been too "far out" to be accepted by either the scientific establishment or the press. They are allegedly from some alien group in outer space. If they are hoaxes perpetuated by some witty HAM radio operator, he has been risking his coveted license by making such transmissions.

There is now abundant evidence that somebody – apparently a very foreign somebody – has developed a technique for broadcasting not only to HAM operators, but also to civilian band (CB) radios, car radios, cheap walkie-talkies, and even over telephones. Television sets have also begun to chatter in strange voices and Morse-code-like signals everywhere. The activity is now almost universal – and is largely unnoticed.

A good deal of this "interference" is conducted in a rapid-fire, guttural language that sounds like a bastardized mixture of German and Spanish. Some of it can only be described as excited grunting. It is most prevalent on the low frequencies (VLF – very low frequencies), on bands used almost exclusively by a few government stations for the transmission of time signals. But if you own a decent shortwave receiver, you might be able to pick up this strange chatter at the low end of the amateur band, after midnight, during UFO "flap" months (March, April, July, and August).

I have consulted both top-flight radio amateurs and authorities at the Federal Communications Commission (FCC). No one knows what these signals are or where they come from. I have heard the signals myself over

HAM radios, and although I have traveled in over 40 countries and been exposed to all kinds of languages, I've never heard anything even remotely like this "chatter." The strength and clarity of these signals strongly suggest that they are coming from very close by – not some remote galaxy.

From Long Island, New York to Salem, Oregon, citizen-band (CB) operators have told me of the strange signals, unidentifiable voices, and bizarre interference that pours out of their radio sets during local UFO "flaps." In rural America, small, inexpensive CB sets are widely used to supplement or even to replace telephones. Their range is usually limited to 10 miles or less.

Walkie-talkies also operate on the CB channels (usually channels 9,11, or 14, although other channels are used by some American manufacturers), and have very limited ranges – as little as 300 feet for the Japanese makes sold to drugstores, and about two miles for the most expensive models. Yet people with all types of walkie-talkies have sworn to me that they've picked up sounds "like a speeded up phonograph record" while in the vicinity of reported saucer sightings.

Mrs. Bernice Letter, who has a CB radio receiver in her station wagon, claims to have received the eerie chatter during the UFO commotion that struck East Hampton, Long Island in March 1966. In Nov. 1966, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Butler of Owatonna, MN (near Minneapolis), were among the many CB owners who told me of receiving the strange voices and signals while UFOs were being reported in their immediate area. A number of newspapers have also commented on the phenomenon.

"One peculiar sidelight of the UFOs off-and-on appearances," commented the Paragould, Arkansas *Daily Press* on March 16, 1967, "is radio interference in the nearby area. Radio operators have noted unusual communication problems, similar to that of radio jamming."

Police radios often use the CB channels in small communities and, as we have already noted, since 1957, the police in "flap" areas have all kinds of trouble with their radios.

In March-April 1967, I was in Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia, a UFO-plagued town in the Ohio Valley. The transmitter for the Mason County Sheriff's Department is located on a high hill just outside Pt. Pleasant, enclosed in a rugged little building. At 7:30 p.m. on Friday, March 31st, Doris Deweese of Pt. Pleasant observed a large "ball of fire" that seemed to drop out of the sky and land on the hill a few yards away from the transmitter building. At that some moment, Sheriff George Johnson's radio went dead. Miss Deweese phoned the fire department, and police and fire trucks rushed to the hill.

Unfortunately, the steep dirt road that led up to the building was virtually impassible after the damage done by the winter's weather. The police and firemen had to proceed on foot. Although there was a circular burn in the grass, no object or fire was in evidence, and the building was intact and unharmed. *The transmitter locked inside was a smoldering ruin, however, and several key parts were inexplicably burned out*. The sheriff had to switch to an auxiliary transmitter in the Mason County Courthouse, but it was of little use that night.

I spent part of that evening cruising in a police car with officer Harold "Sonny" Harmon. His police radio was completely jammed with loud static for the entire time. He tried switching to several of the 26 available channels, but none of them were working. (Later I learned that police and CB radios all up and down the Ohio Valley were equally useless that same night.) Officer Harmon and I visited a prominent resident of Pt. Pleasant at her home in Gallipolis Ferry, and we found her outside watching mysterious lights bobbing around the sky near a large factory that manufactures fuel for jet planes. I took my large, multi-celled flashlight and signaled the objects. *They instantly shifted position*.

Harmon, a bright, serious young man, was no skeptic. He told me that two weeks previously, he had been patrolling a desolate section north of Pt. Pleasant, an unlit animal preserve called the McClintic Wildlife Station, when he had seen a large, dark circular object with windows hovering a few feet above an artificial pond. It was absolutely silent, he said, and bobbed up and down gently "like a boat in the waves." Before he could get out of his car, it floated quietly away, just above the trees.

The well-known housewife in Gallipolis Ferry, because of her position in the community, was keeping most of her sightings – and she had many – to herself. Harmon didn't tell anyone either. The Pt. Pleasant Chief of Police was anti-UFO at that time. But before that spring ended, many skeptics in the area changed their minds – and quickly.

A couple of nights later, Mrs. Mary Hyre, a reporter for the Athens, Ohio *Messenger*, joined me for a couple of hours of skywatching on top of a high hill in Gallipolis Ferry. It was a great place for UFO hunting. It was dark and quiet, but it was also a good place to scare oneself to death. The nearest farmhouse always went dark at 9 p.m. (the occupants were early risers).

At 10 p.m., strange lights began to appear on top of the neighboring hills, which were not only unpopulated, but also nearly inaccessible. There were no roads of any kind leading to their steep, wooded summits. Nevertheless, we watched red and blue lights flash on and flicker through the trees, and then huge, glowing balls of brilliant white light would slowly bob into the air. These lights are almost impossible to describe. They were crystalline, and had flashing red lights of a similar indefinable quality on top.

I have seen real "swamp gas" a number of times during my checkered life, and I can assure you that these lights were in no way related to the hazy, diffused clouds that glow over dense swamps during the height of summer.

On this particular night, April 2nd, Mrs. Hyre was tired and decided to leave me alone around midnight. An hour and a half later, at 1:30 a.m., April 3rd, I was sitting in my rented car chewing on a candy bar and listening to a Long John Nebel broadcast from far-off New York when I saw the following (allow me to quote from the notes I scribbled at the time):

> Observed descent of red and green object into ravine a few yards north of my position. Object was clearly defined saucer shape, glowing red with greenish upper surface. Red lights or "portholes" around perimeter. Red light on top in center. Not flashing. Unable to determine size but it appeared small, maybe no more than 20-30 feet. At first thought it seemed to descend over a hill in background, but inspection of terrain with searchlight

> indicates it landed directly behind trees only a short distance away.
>
> 1:45 a.m. – Scared. Damn it.

That's right, folks. The fearless world traveler and UFO chaser was scared out of his wits that night! I think I half-expected to see a group of little green men come marching out through those trees and demand: "Are you the nut who's been flashing that light at us every night?" The little men never showed.

At 2:45 a.m., I wrote: "Observed large, brilliant, orange sphere maneuver and descend in northwest in distance. Suddenly disappeared. Was definitely not a falling star."

The next afternoon, I led Sheriff George Johnson, Deputy Millard Halstead, and two others up that hill. We searched the area with a Geiger counter, but could find no trace of whatever it was that I had seen. But a strange thing did happen. As Sheriff Johnson was driving up the hill, a wild sound suddenly blasted out of his car radio. It sounded like the voices of a speeded-up phonograph record. The puzzling thing was that his radio was not even turned on at the time. What's more, it turned on and off with a key, but the key wasn't even in the lock!

Deputy Halstead had heard that sound before, five months earlier. He had been called out in the middle of the night to investigate a "Mothman" sighting in the McClintic Wildlife Station on Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1966, when this noise had come over his radio while he sat in his car with the "monster" witnesses at the site.

Mrs. Hyre, a veteran reporter with 25 years experience as the *Athens Messenger's* chief correspondent in West Virginia (and as the local AP stringer), came to me two days after my sighting, looking slightly bewildered. "You know, I just remembered something," she said.

> I don't know why I forgot it. Or how I could forget it. But that night, after I left you, I was driving up Rt. 2, along the river, when I saw a huge, glowing ball sitting right on

> the water. It wasn't a boat or anything, I'm sure. I didn't stop to see what it was. Frankly, it frightened me. I just stepped on the gas and came straight home. But it's funny that I completely forgot it the next day.

In the weeks that followed, several cars stalled at that exact point on Rt. 2 where Mrs. Hyre saw that object.

These strange phenomena leave little doubt that flying saucers jam and interfere with radios. They've proven it to me and to thousands of others. If you live in the country, away from the interference of power lines and generators, you can easily listen to these sounds yourself. Merely string a long antenna, the longer the better, in your backyards, away from the telephone poles and other power sources, and hook up an ordinary hi-fi amplifier to it. No radio tuner, just the amplifier.

Late at night and early in the morning, you will hear a wide variety of low-frequency noises ranging from hisses to cricket-like chirping sounds. On a day when rockets are launched, you will be able to hear the strange sounds radiated by the rocket as it shoots into the ionosphere.

If flying saucers are frequently reported in your immediate area, chances are excellent that you will also pick up the eerie, guttural voices already described. I have heard these sounds many times, even with a tiny pocket amplifier attached to a telephone coil. If you want proof that there is somebody out there, this is how you can hear it with your own ears.

The guttural voices and the coded signals are not all that have been coming in. There have been most peculiar radio "hoaxes" for years. In Jan. 1954, people throughout the Midwest allegedly heard a strange voice from radios that were turned off. This voice stated, in a dull monotone, "I wish no one to be afraid, although I speak from outer space. But if you do not stop preparations for war, you will be destroyed."

Even stranger, the same kind of message was supposedly picked up at the London airport that month. "Don't be afraid…you will be destroyed" – a pleasant little memorandum from "outer space."

Two months earlier, in November 1953, Project Blue Book received a weird registered letter. The letter read like raw "nut" material, but later events might indicate that it deserves re-examination.

"Our craft have prepared and charted facilities for landing on your planet in numerous remote areas," the writer informed the Air Force.

> We have given sufficient demonstrations of our abilities in speed and performance. We do not expect to convert non-believers at the moment. There is no need to fear or panic among your people at our approach and landings. For we shall previously condition their minds to accept us. The present destructive plans formulated for offensive and defensive war are known to us in their entirety. The surface of your planet is in our photographic records in detail.
>
> Through the control of light forces, we can instantly terminate production, transportation, and communication at any time, at any place upon your planet. Our methods do not require that we destroy any single thing. Our laws do not permit us to take human life. They do not, however, forbid us to control minds. The present trend toward destructive war will not be interfered with by us, unless the condition warrants our interference in order to secure this solar system. This is a friendly warning.

How's that for a nice, "friendly" warning? Desist or "we" will step in and paralyze your whole planet. Say, haven't we heard that someplace before? This particular hoax was heard again as a "prophecy" four years later, in November 1957.

The warning was spread to the UFO contactees of 1957. And on August 3, 1958, HAM radio operators throughout the U.S. reportedly picked up a strange broadcast on the 75-meter international band. A male voice purporting to be "Necoma from the planet Jupiter" warned his listeners that the American atomic bomb tests could lead the world to disaster. He spoke

for *two and a half hours* in English, German, Norwegian, and his own language, which was described as a kind of "musical gibberish."

"It was the most powerful signal ever picked up," one account said. "There was plenty of time during the broadcast for hundreds to listen in, and radio operators called in friends and neighbors, and phoned long-distance to relatives in other states."

The FCC later denied any knowledge of the broadcast. Once again, as in 1924, we are confronted with an "impossible" hoax. Whoever perpetrated this "hoax" had to possess not only knowledge of several languages, but also extremely powerful equipment.

We "answered" the message three weeks later when Project Argus fired a series of atomic bombs into the upper atmosphere. Those space people can't push us around!

Whenever a HAM operator came forward in the 1950s with a report of a strange message from "outer space," he automatically found himself in the ranks of the "screwballs." In some cases, his license was revoked. Early experimenters with this kind of communication learned to keep their activities a secret. Sincere people who honestly believed that someone else "out there" was trying to "break through" ruined their own reputations, and sometimes their lives, when they tried to relate their experiences publicly.

Many of the "nuts" were not born, but made. The only ones who would listen to them at all were the wild-eyed cultists and little old ladies in tennis shoes who gathered each year in Giant Rock, California. So, wellmeaning "radio contactees" found themselves sucked into "disreputable" groups, and were thus instantaneously discredited.

Rather than attempt to correlate all of this, or experiment themselves with the radio techniques that were apparently proving effective, the "serious UFO investigators" thundered and ranted and worked to discredit the growing legions of contactees. The ufologists wanted to believe in extraterrestrial visitants, but they did not want to believe in any of the surprising "evidence" that was materializing.

All of this was suppressed, but not by the government. It was suppressed by the UFO buffs themselves. They didn't want just any "truth" to be made public. It had to be *their* "truth."

Quite a few amateur radio operators have joined the contactee crowd in recent years, and some of them claim they had no interest whatsoever in flying saucers until they began to get messages. And radio amateurs are *still* getting strange messages from somewhere.

Several HAMs in Kansas picked up a strange voice Jan. 1967. The voice carried on a nonsensical conversation with C.V. Robinson in Coffeyville, KS for 20 minutes. Another hoax? An Air Force officer visited Robinson to listen to the tape he made of the conversation. "The voice came on strong at first," Robinson said, "and then it faded out, apparently moving toward the Tulsa area."

During a trip through the Midwest in the spring of 1967, I met a HAM radio operator who had been undergoing a long series of strange experiences. He asked me not to reveal his name or his location, because he is part of the civilian-military communication network known as "MARS," and his radio shack is filled with equipment given to him by the Army. His name and address are in my files, and are available to all responsible researchers. I'll call him "Sam."

Sam has supposedly heard strange voices from his loudspeakers when his receiver was turned off. He lives in a flying saucer flap area, and we might speculate that "they" accomplish this little trick through the use of a directional magnetic beam. A loudspeaker consists of an electromagnet, which vibrates a cone of paper or stiff cloth. When the cone vibrates, it naturally vibrates the air, which creates sound waves. When the electromagnet is turned off, as in Sam's case and many others like it, a modulated magnetic beam aimed either at the wires leading to the speaker, or at the speaker itself, might actually be able to vibrate the cones. So you see, it is possible for a loudspeaker to emit sounds even when the radio is turned off.

Sam owns a rare VLF set, and he had been receiving those guttural "space" voices for months when I visited him. He turned on the set for me around

10 p.m., swung the dial to about 150 kilocycles and presto, a foreign voice boomed in, as if it were being broadcast from the next room. It sounded like two men conversing in excited grunts. I set up my portable tape recorder and recorded several minutes of it. I had never heard anything like it before. But myself and other interested parties have heard it several times since.

Included among those interested parties are some of the major powers having *secret radio stations around the world*. The U.S. Navy maintains several gigantic installations that have cost many millions of dollars and have the announced purpose of communicating with our atomic submarines throughout the world's seas. (VLF can penetrate underwater.)

To give you an idea of their size, the largest commercial broadcasting station allowed puts out 50,000 watts of power. Our official *Voice of America* has stations that broadcast 500,000 watts (ten times more). Yet the Soviet Union has a VLF station that is pouring out 5,000,000 watts (EWB, located in Odessa). And the U.S. VLF station at Cutler, Maine, is putting out 2,000,000 watts.

There are now 150 VLF stations all over this planet and, aside from a handful of nuclear subs, there is no one to listen! Very few amateurs have VLF equipment. It is, in fact, rather hard to come by. World War I sets are highly valued prizes on the secondhand market.

What are all these stations broadcasting? Well, they're sending time signals if you need to set your watch, and teletypes (which sound somewhat musical, like bagpipes, over a loudspeaker). Voice transmission on VLF is very difficult for a variety of reasons, and not much of it is being done. Rather, we aren't broadcasting voices, but somebody *else* is. "All manner of strange (and often unexplained) radio sounds and signals mysteriously appear on VLF receivers," noted the *Radio-TV Experimenter* for April-May 1967.

Perhaps many of those "secret" American and Russian VLF stations are also quietly listening in to all of the unearthly chatter coming through on these low frequencies. Since very few amateurs are attempting to broadcast on VLF, there is little chance that these myriad "mysterious signals" could be hoaxes. The 150 stations mentioned above all broadcast at fixed points

between 13.6 and 27KHz. But these mystery voices have been heard around 6 and 8 KHz. Occasionally, some government experiments for a few hours on a lower frequency, but they always carefully inform all VLF equipped HAM stations of the date and time.

No matter how you slice it, somebody, somewhere has been using our airwaves illegally for years. Does the FCC know about flying saucers? Certainly scientists do. By the late 1950s, scientists and astronomers were clamoring to start a serious probe for intelligent extraterrestrial signals.

In a speech before the Karl Taylor Compton Seminars at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in November 1959, Dr. Otto Struve said, "The probability of picking up a broadcast from another planet circling a distant star is very small, but we must absolutely assume that all radio signals from the sky are produced by natural causes." Dr. Struve was then the head of the radio telescope in Green Bank, West Virginia, and it was there that he, together with Dr. Frank Drake, planned *Project Ozma*. Ozma's purpose was to search for intelligent signals from outer space.

At 4 a.m. on the morning of April 8, 1960, the great dish-like antenna of Green Bank's radio telescope swept across the skies and focused upon the pre-determined target: Epsilon Eridani and Tau Ceti. They tuned their equipment to 1420.4 megacycles (they had calculated that communication over great distances would be most feasible at this wavelength, the frequency of hydrogen), and *eureka!* Even before they could switch on their loudspeakers, a powerful signal blasted in, "knocking the needles off the dials," as Drake put it.

They received a very strong series of pulses, about 8 per second, so uniform that they *had* to come from an intelligent source. After recovering from their initial excitement, the scientists rechecked every part of their equipment but could find nothing wrong. The signals lasted for about five minutes and then stopped abruptly. Later, the Naval Research Laboratory revealed that its staff had been listening to these same signals for the past six months.

Two weeks later, the men at Green Bank tuned into the signals again. This time, they carefully moved their antenna away from the two stars as they

listened, and they found that the signals continued to come in loud and clear. This proved that the transmissions were *not* coming from a local star, but were very probably of local, terrestrial origin.

So now an explanation was in order. The staid *New York Times* announced: "Apparently they were related to a secret military experiment in radar countermeasures, making use of airborne transmitters." This explanation makes less sense than the signals themselves. It is true that modern radar uses very high frequencies (VHF), but radar signals do not pulse at eight times per second, nor do the "black boxes" carried on military planes to jam enemy radar.

Secondly, both radar *and* the radio telescope are extremely directional. The telescope's dish picks up and amplifies only a very small portion of the sky. A transmitter aboard a plane would have to literally be aimed at the dish and as the plane moved out of range, and modern jet bombers move might fast, the signal would fade out. It would not stop abruptly.

Furthermore, unless there is a secret radar defense station in West Virginia that we don't know about, it would be senseless to "experiment" in that area.

> *[Editor's note: there is indeed a secret radar base fairly close to Green Bank, in Sugar Grove, West Virginia. The Sugar Grove naval base is a hardened underground bunker with satellite dishes on the surface, which – in conjunction with NATO's "Echelon" eavesdropping system – "listen in" on phone and email traffic coming to and from the United States*.
>
> *Also, the Atlantic submarine fleet is controlled from Sugar Base, making it one of the most important military bases in the world. The area around Green Bank and Sugar Grove is a "no fly" zone, where cellphones are not even allowed. Residents are limited to using landline phones and low-power CB radios*.

At the time of the Mothman and UFO flaps investigated by Keel, Sugar Grove was being expanded to be able to track all of our commercial and military satellites – a new line of which were deployed between 1965 and 1968. Many of the early saucer sightings happened in towns directly between Sugar Grove and Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, such as Flatwoods, West Virginia.]

Finally, since the government not only knew about Project Ozma but was also paying for it, you would think that an appropriate order would have passed through channels banning all unusual radio activity in the area during the experiment.

No, something else was afoot here. Once again, we had confirmation that unidentified radio signals of great strength were being broadcast by somebody – or some thing – right here on this planet.

Back during that wild week in November 1957, when UFOs were swarming all over the earth, shortwave listeners everywhere were baffled by a strange "tonal pattern" that was being broadcast next to the 20.005 frequency used by the two Russian satellites. Both Russia and the U.S. stated emphatically that the signals were not related to the satellites. "It isn't classified," an FCC spokesman declared at the time. "We just don't know what it is."

They never found out, either. The signals, much stronger than those being broadcast by Sputniks I and II, were worldwide, and they were picked up by stations *at times when the satellites were out of range on the other side of the world*.

This problem plagued NASA, too. During his fourth pass over Hawaii on May 15, 1963, Astronaut Gordon Cooper's voice radio transmission was suddenly interrupted and drowned out by "an unidentified foreign language transmission" on the channel reserved for space flight – a VHF frequency that few, if any, HAM amateurs are equipped to broadcast on. If the signal came from the ground, it had to come from Hawaii, but the FCC never arrested a Hawaiian HAM for the "hoax." NASA recorded that transmission, a voice grunting and speaking rapidly in a language that has never been identified.

In 1967, Dr. Drake and other scientists working at the Arecibo, Puerto Rico radio telescope started to receive new signals from four different points in space. These signals were not coming from any visible object and were pulsing once each 1.3372795 seconds exactly. They were slightly variable and spread over a wide frequency range, from 40 to 2,000 megacycles. An artificial signal, Dr. Drake has pointed out, would probably be confined to a narrower band. Compared to the other apparently coded mystery transmissions that we have been receiving for years, these new signals don't amount to very much. They are just a mild, evenly spaced hissing. It is estimated that they come from points up to 300 light years away.

One of the persistent rumors of the early 1950s was that "a scientist in Washington" had in his possession a tiny box that had been extracted from a "crashed flying saucer in New Mexico," and that this box emitted a loud beep every 15 minutes on the button. No one, so the story goes, could figure out what it was made of or how it worked, but it was supposed to be some kind of timing device.

Could it be, we might wonder, that we have finally hooked into some sort of "time signal" from another world? A signal made necessary because the UFO occupants cannot comprehend our own time cycle?

"Silent contactees" have told me repeatedly that the first question they have been asked in their initial encounters is either, "What time is it?" or "What is your time cycle?" Nearly every contactee, of both the "silent" and the loud-mouthed variety, has claimed that the UFO occupants talked about "time" and their confusion in understanding our measurement of it.

While our scientists have been tuning their multimillion-dollar equipment into remote hisses and squeaks from distant stars, hundreds, if not thousands, of HAM radio operators and teenagers with homemade coils and condensers have been listening with awe to the wild, unidentifiable, and obviously intelligent signals radiating around our own planet. These signals are not a myth. They are not all hoaxes. They exist, and have existed for a very long time.

Somebody not only invented a marvelous "airship" before man himself learned to fly, but they were also probably using radiowaves with impunity

long before we even knew such waves existed. When we started to clutter up the electromagnetic spectrum with soap operas and baseball scores, “they” moved into the VLF and VHF bands. And now that we are beginning to explore those frequencies ourselves, we are certain to be hearing more and more from the “pirate” radio stations.

Why don’t they contact us? Hell, why don’t we contact them and ask, “Is there anybody out there?”

CHAPTER 7

SAVAGE LITTLE MEN FROM OUTER SPACE – *SAGA* MAGAZINE – MARCH 1969

On November 2, 1898, a young woman in Geneva, Switzerland woke up at 6:15 a.m. to find herself enveloped in an eerie reddish light. Her name was Helene Smith, and she had been suffering a series of strange experiences. Mysterious Oriental gentlemen had been visiting her and had allegedly conducted her on trips to another planet – a planet where the people flew about in peculiar vehicles that used neither wheels nor horses. But on this particular morning, Miss Smith was somehow transported to "a section of country peopled by men altogether different from those who inhabit our globe." These men, she later told psychologist Theodore Flournoy, were all about three feet tall, had small eyes and noses, and large hands with unusually long fingers.

Flournoy's bulky report on this early "contactee" was published in 1900, and had very little impact on a world that was unaware of the existence of the phenomenon even then taking place in our skies.

Thirty years before Miss Smith's controversial visions of alien worlds, an American in Massachusetts, William Denton, claimed contact with residents of Venus, described saucer-shaped flying machines made of aluminum, and swore that he was in telepathic communication with the Venusians. That was in 1866. But we can go further back and find contactee reports from 1850, 1846, 1820, etc. While the descriptions given by these contactees vary widely, it seems generally agreed that the majority of the "aliens" had bronzed or reddish complexions, high cheekbones, Oriental eyes, and long fingers.

The Paiute Indians and some of the South American tribes have ancient legends of the "Sky People" that disagree with the descriptions of Smith, Denton, and the others. The Native Americans thought the aliens were tall, fair-skinned, and had long blonde hair.

An enormous mass of documented "creature sightings" from all over the world is now available and is being closely studied by ufologists. It is becoming apparent that the earth is divided into zones of some kind, and that each of these zones is the "turf " for a specific kind of UFO occupant. The tall blondes, for example, seem to prefer the western United States, Argentina, and Brazil. England has had sightings for years of strange beings with unusually high foreheads. Venezuela has had a number of baffling incidents involving tiny humanoids covered with hair. The northeastern U.S. seems to be favored by 5'6" dark-skinned Oriental types.

There are now thousands of occupant reports, even though they are rarely mentioned in your local newspaper, and they cover a wide range of locales, types of witnesses, and types of descriptions. Here, for example, is a recent (July 29, 1968) United Press International story from Mar Del Plata, Argentina:

> Police shot at three creatures aboard a flying saucer, according to a story in *El Popular*, a daily newspaper in the nearby city of Olavarria.
>
> The story said that early Wednesday, a police corporal noted an area illuminated by a strong glare, while an "intense and strange buzzing" was heard. The corporal, with four other witnesses and the police officer in charge, left for the scene in a Jeep armed with machine guns.
>
> According to the story, they found an oval object, with short legs at the edges, and flashing multicolored beams. Standing by were beings "about 7 feet tall, wearing silver uniforms." When the three started walking toward the policemen, the corporal shot at them with a machine gun, but did not hit them.
>
> The beings then showed a small, lighted ball that apparently overwhelmed the policemen, sapping their strength. The beings returned to their saucer and took off.

It all sounds like a science-fiction nightmare, admittedly, yet too many such stories have been received in recent years. We can no longer discount such tales, nor can we find one simple explanation that would fit them all. Weird and frightening things seem to be happening all over this battered globe, and the general scarcity of publicity means that few of the reporting witnesses have ever even heard of distant incidents precisely similar to their own experiences.

Each new case raises uncomfortable new questions. Why do so many of these things seem to happen on Wednesdays? Are the ufonauts using our calendar? Why do so many "flaps" (outbreaks of flying saucer sightings) take place within the boundaries of certain states, going from border to border without lapsing over into the neighboring states? Are ufonauts using our maps, too? And in many, many of the controversial and little-publicized contact cases, the ufonauts have allegedly addressed the witness by name and said things to indicate that they knew everything about the person. Ufologists are beginning to suspect that the elusive ufonauts are very aware of every aspect of our lives, and that they may, indeed, be coming from somewhere on the earth itself.

While all kinds of assorted monsters and freaks have popped out of flying saucers, only one type has been seen universally. This is the amusing "little man" who brought so much ridicule to the subject of UFOs in the beginning, but is now being taken seriously by scientists and lay-researchers alike.

In 1960, Russia's state newspaper *Pravda* went to astonishing lengths to ridicule the "little men" reports from inside the Soviet Union. In April of that year, a UFO reportedly crashed and exploded in East Africa, and hundreds of amazed villagers said that a trio of "tiny little men" had leaped out of the thing and run off just before it blew up. France had a rash of "little men" sightings in 1954, as did several other parts of Europe. In Ireland and Scandinavia, there are "little men" tales going back many centuries, and some of these stories are surprisingly well documented.

The "little men" population has been burgeoning in North and South America for 20 years, according to hundreds of tabulated accounts. Often the creatures are surrounded by a greenish glow or are dressed in green

coveralls. (Incidentally, these reports produced the famous phrase “little green men.”) In addition, some of these characters have been accompanied by unpleasant odors. Either they are using the wrong soap, or they are adding something putrid to our atmosphere during their brief visits.

The U.S. Air Force was weary of hearing about LGMs (“little green men”) as far back as 1955. At a press conference that year, Capt. Robert White, then head of Project Blue Book, admitted that the “little, green, luminous, smelly types” were the kind of ufonaut most frequently reported to the Air Force. Naturally, he didn’t believe in such things, he said, “But, still, people keep insisting they’ve seen little green men.”

Startling cases of LGMs halting motorists on deserted highways to speak to them in their own language are now emerging. This exchange of words has the UFO skeptics scoffing. How, they always ask, can we expect “Martians” to speak English? Actually, there is no real evidence to lead us to think that these characters are from Mars, or from any other distant planet. In the incredible “Varo Document” (an annotated version of *The Case For the UFO* by Morris K. Jessup), which was taken so seriously by the Office of Naval Research, the mysterious and knowledgeable notation writers frequently alluded to “SMs” who were supposedly based at the bottoms of our oceans. Perhaps “SM” meant “Small Men.” How many of these wild and improbable stories are really true? I have personally investigated over a dozen of such cases around the country, and have only uncovered one obvious hoax. Since I have been criticized for not writing about UFO hoaxes (few editors will publish hoax stories because the skeptics pounce on them as “typical frauds”), I will make amends and tell you briefly about the saga of Bagley, Minnesota.

Early in 1967, a man in Indiana wrote to the editor of a UFO magazine in Canada. It seems that a friend of the letter-writer was attending an auction when he *overheard* two farmers discussing something *they had heard* about Bagley, MN, their hometown. According to their story, a flying saucer had swept down Main Street in Bagley, skipped over the top of a school bus filled with children (school was just being dismissed), and landed on the edge of town, where it was seen by all the local inhabitants, including the police. Four small beings dismounted, made some repairs on their craft, and then flew off again.

The story was published in the Canadian publication and repeated in American UFO journals. Ordinarily, I wouldn't bother with such a fourth-hand account, but I decided to write to the Bagley Chamber of Commerce and ask them if they'd seen the little men.

Here is the reply I received from Mr. Harpo Dexter of the Bagley Civic Commerce Association:

> When I first read your request for information concerning a spacecraft sighted over our town, I was tempted to take advantage of the opportunity to get Bagley some free publicity. I even considered taking a torch and burning a hole in one of the streets and telling you that the craft had not only flown over, but that it had also landed, and that we had a hole in our street to prove it.
>
> But as far as I can learn, no spacecraft was sighted over our town. The Chief of Police, Almer Olson, can recall nothing about such an incident. Nobody I know can recall it, and the town is small enough that if anyone saw anything, everybody would know about it.
>
> But in my search, I did find a lumberjack south of town who saw something last June. He says that toward evening that day, he watched a glowing something-or-other move back and forth above the highway that leads to Itasca State Park.

I believe Mr. Dexter, but there are undoubtedly many UFO buffs who have read the exaggerated tale of Bagley's incredible UFO landing who will just nod their heads knowingly and say, "The government silenced them; this Dexter is probably with the CIA."

Luckily, I didn't fly out to Bagley to investigate the "panic in the streets" there firsthand. But I did go to Gaffney, SC, to interview two police officers who have gone on record as having seen *and spoken to* a flying saucer occupant. Their strange experience was one of two extraordinary sightings that took place on the morning of Nov. 17, 1966. This was a special day for

me, too, because I was using it to test one of the popular theories of the UFO skeptics.

Throughout the night of Nov. 16-17th, the Leonid meteor showers were visible across the United States. The Air Force and the UFO critics had been telling us for years that most UFOs were really meteors and fireballs, so this was a perfect opportunity to test that theory. Could the American public tell the difference between a meteor shower and a UFO invasion? I thought they could. And I was right. My clipping services failed to unearth a *single* published UFO report from that night, other than the story of the two policemen.

I did, however, eventually come across one other extraordinary low-level sighting that took place that night, in the little town of Cheshire, Ohio, hundreds of miles north of Gaffney. (Cheshire hosts a major coal-burning power plant, and is directly across the river from Point Pleasant, West Virginia's TNT Area – home of the Mothman creature.) Mrs. Roy Grose, a music teacher in Cheshire, told me that she was awakened by the barking of her dog at 4:45 a.m. that morning. She got up to see what was wrong and sleepily looked out her kitchen window. The moon was out and was very bright, she noted, but there was something else in the air as well. It was a huge, brightly colored object the size of a small house, and it was hovering at treetop level just across from her home on Route 7. Mrs. Grose, a quiet, well-spoken woman, described it as being divided into sections or compartments of red and blue windows.

"It was the prettiest thing I've ever seen," she remarked. "I was stunned."

She was afraid to wake up the rest of her family, so she just watched it in wonder for 30 or 40 seconds before it zigzagged and suddenly disappeared. She told no one about it, fearing ridicule, and her story went unpublished. I stumbled across her a few weeks later as I roamed up and down the Ohio Valley investigating the monumental but little-publicized UFO flap there.

At approximately the same time Mrs. Grose was watching that eerie, multicolored object hovering over a field only 100 yards from her home, the two police officers in Gaffney, SC were having an even more bizarre experience. They were meeting a "little man" face-to-face. Their story

appeared in only a single local newspaper. In that account, the two men were quoted as having described a “little man” with a “greenish complexion.”

A year later, I passed through Gaffney and tracked down one of the witnesses, Patrolman Charles Hutchins. He turned out to be an ebullient man in his early thirties. He regarded me with some suspicion at first, asking for reassurance that I was “not with the government.” Like most people who keep up with the news, he had heard of the tragedy of the Ohio police officer, Dale Spaur, who had lost his job and suffered all kinds of unpleasantness after being involved in the celebrated Ohio UFO chase of April 1966.

Hutchins examined my press credentials and we retired to an empty room in the Gaffney Police Station, where he began our interview with a confession. The “little men” had not had a “green complexion” as was reported in the local newspaper, he said. When he and officer A.G. Huskey had first told their story, they had been subjected to so many jeers that they impishly added the “green complexion.” Actually, he admitted, the creature’s face seemed rather ordinary and human-like, but neither officer was able to tell whether his complexion was light or dark.

Hutchins had been on the Gaffney Police Force for about six months at the time, and Huskey had been a policeman for about five years. Sometime after 4 a.m. on the morning of Nov. 17th, the two men were making a routine patrol along the isolated and unpopulated West Buford Extension Road outside Gaffney. As they neared a right-angle bend in the road, they suddenly saw a metallic object directly in front of them. This object was descending when they first saw it. It was completely dark, reflecting a dull gold color in the headlights of their police car, which did not stall.

As the object settled to within a few feet of the ground, both men got out of their car in a state of benumbed amazement. Later Hutchins estimated that the object must have been about 20 feet in diameter. A small door suddenly opened on the underside of the sphere, he said, and a short ladder, four to six feet long, dropped down. White light poured out of the opening, but neither man could see anything in the interior. A figure appeared in the doorway, descended the ladder, and walked slowly and deliberately toward

the two officers. When the figure reached a point about 15 or 20 feet from them, it stopped.

“He didn’t move stiffly,” Officer Hutchins told me. “He moved just like anybody else, but kind of slow, like he was taking his time. He wasn’t scared of us or anything like that.”

In appearance, he “was about the size of a 12-year-old boy – maybe four feet tall.” He wore no helmet or headgear, and was dressed in “a gold suit with no buttons or zippers.” His costume was shiny, like metal, in the reflection of the headlights. It was not self-luminous.

“We were both kind of shaky and scared,” Hutchins admitted frankly. “So he did most of the talking. When we asked him questions, he wouldn’t answer us. He just went right on talking.”

Hutchins could not remember seeing the feet of the creature. It was standing in high grass, and the feet must have been hidden. Unfortunately, since my interview took place a full year after the incident, both men had understandably forgotten small details. They could not even remember the full context of the “conversation.”

“He talked real good, like a college graduate,” Hutchins claimed. “He didn’t have an accent or anything. He acted like he knew exactly what he was saying and doing. He didn’t make any quick or false moves. He just stood there and talked to us.”

What exactly was said? Officer Hutchins recalls that he stammered out a question like, “What are you doing here?” The humanoid didn’t reply, but asked a question of his own.

“He wanted to know why we were both dressed alike,” Hutchins said. “So I guess we told him we were police officers. His speech was very, very precise. He pronounced each word very carefully. I can’t remember everything he said now, but it wasn’t very important. I asked him where he was from, but he didn’t answer. He just laughed. He had a funny kind of laugh.”

The confrontation was brief, perhaps only two or three minutes. Then the entity announced, “I…will…return…in…two…days.” He turned, walked slowly back to the ladder, and climbed into the object. The door closed quietly, and the craft began to whirr.

“It wasn’t like those whirring sounds in science-fiction movies; there was no screeching to it,” Hutchins noted. “It was soft, like an engine with a muffler on it.” The object rose slowly and vanished into the star-covered sky.

The two policemen said they stood there for a few minutes in stunned silence before they pulled themselves together and returned to the police station.

They went back to the site the next day with a local councilman named Hill, and found several fresh footprints in the exact spot where the “little man” had stood.

“They looked like children’s footprints,” Hutchins remarked. No casts were made.

Hutchins appeared to be a straightforward, honest witness. There were many details he could not remember, and he did not seem to attempt to embellish his story at all. His reputation in Gaffney is excellent. Careful cross-examination failed to uncover any discrepancies in his narrative. Later, I spoke to A.G. Huskey on the phone (I didn’t meet him). He confirmed Hutchins’ story, but said he wanted to forget the whole thing. He had left the police force and now operates how own business in Gaffney, a town of about 10,000.

Neither Hutchins nor Huskey had read any UFO literature before that incident, nor do they seem very interested in such literature now. They were not aware of the numerous other far-flung contactee stories in which the witnesses also reported that the ufonauts declared they would return at a specific time. Many other contact claimants have mentioned to me that the ufonauts have an odd, hysterical, or “inhuman” laugh.

Both men revisited the landing site nightly for two weeks after the incident without seeing anything unusual. However, they did see a large orange ball sailing across the sky a few mornings later.

“Anyway, we don’t know how long *his* days are,” Hutchins observed correctly.

Of course, we only have their word that this ever happened. But their word seems to carry a lot of weight in Gaffney, and they had nothing to gain by making up such a story. During a conversation with Jack Truelove, managing editor of the Gaffney *Ledger*, I asked him why he didn’t publish more UFO reports.

“Well, those two men (Hutchins and Huskey) took such an awful ribbing with their story,” Truelove said, “that we try to avoid such things.”

I did uncover many other UFO sightings in that immediate area. A few miles to the north, the town of Gastonia, NC had been having an almost continuous UFO flap for two years. Ray Jimison, editor of *The Gastonia Gazette*, said he received two or three UFO reports a day, but only published two or three a month.

This alleged encounter of two police officers in a fairly obscure town may seem quite pointless to those who have not followed UFO incidents closely, but this cast follows all the basic patterns. It may be part of the apparent campaign now going on to impress the general public with the reality of the UFO phenomenon. Similar “pointless” cases are turning up all over the country. It almost seems as if the witnesses are being carefully selected in some unfathomable manner. Police officers, doctors, newspapermen, and other reputable sorts are now going through these experiences. Not many of these many people are willing to expose themselves to ridicule by permitting their names to be used with their stories, however.

In most LGM cases, including those in France and South America, the entities seem to behave in a taut, self-controlled manner. They reportedly deliver speeches in the local languages as if they had carefully memorized them, or as if they were playing back a recording. It may be that these

entities are robots of some sort, or that they are lower animals rigidly controlled by some unseen intelligence.

In many cases, these creatures have behaved in a raw, animal-like way, clawing witnesses and playing childish pranks before leaping into saucers and whizzing off into the unknown. There is even growing speculation that the *saucers themselves* may have intelligence, and that the "little men" may be run by computers onboard, instead of the reverse.

In any case, the mass of observational data now available does seem to disprove, at least partially, the popular theory that "flying saucers" are merely the product of "an advanced technology created by a superior extraterrestrial intelligence." Something far more complicated is involved here.

We can state flatly that some kind of "public relations" program seems to be underway. Exceptionally reputable witnesses are now being slyly approached all over the world. In one remarkable incident, thoroughly investigated by trained researchers from the Aerial Phenomenon Research Organization in Tucson, AZ, a little man less than four feet tall reportedly strolled into the office of Dr. Luis Sanches Vega in Caracas, Venezuela on August 7, 1967. There was a big UFO flap in the area at the time, and the doctor is said to have suffered from a heart attack after the "little man" addressed him in perfect Spanish and warned him about coming earthquakes.

Two weeks earlier, an even more incredible case took place outside a small town in North Carolina. A "little man" not only put in a brief appearance, but he posed for a photograph!

The witness in this case was not a policeman or a doctor. He was a 14-year-old boy. His name is Ronnie Hill, but his family has asked me not to publicize their location. I can only report that they live in a small, isolated community on the edge of a great swamp that covers many square miles. The area is much more bleak and isolated than Gaffney, SC or the forests of northern Michigan.

When I first received this picture in the mail, I was naturally very suspicious, so I did a considerable amount of checking. Ronnie Hill, it turns out, is a rather exceptional young man. He is president of his eighth grade class, president of the local 4-H club, and assistant Patrol Leader in the local Boy Scouts. I have obtained notarized affidavits from his parents, his schoolteachers, and the adult leader of his 4-H club, all testifying that they have seen the photograph and that they believe his story his true. The editor of *SAGA* has examined this file, but the affidavits are not being published here because of his family's request. This material may be examined by all qualified researchers, as is my usual policy.

In addition, I have shown this photograph to several professional photographers for their expert opinion. We have blown the original up to wall size, measured it, and studied it minutely. The figure appears to be exactly as Ronnie described it, and does not seem to be a doll or other hoax. The measurements verify Ronnie's estimates of size and distance.

While it is impossible to state categorically that this photograph is absolutely genuine, we do feel that it most probably is, and that Ronnie's story should be taken seriously. We know that there has been extensive reported UFO activity in the region where the picture was taken, and we must also note Ronnie's description of the "strange odor" that may have somehow prepared the local atmosphere for the creature's brief appearance. This "gas" factor was largely ignored until my recent *SAGA* article on UFO-related gases (July 1968). Ronnie wrote his account of his incident long before that article was published!

On the afternoon of July 21, 1967, young Hill was working in the garden behind his family's home when the incident occurred. Here is how he tells it in his own words:

> I noticed a strange odor in the air that smelled like gas, which caused my eyes to water. Also I noticed a sound – a sound of "silence." Usually there are birds chattering and dogs barking. But that day, I heard no such sound.
>
> After about 15 minutes, I heard a buzzing sound and the increasing smell of gas. When I turned my head, I saw a

> strange thing in the sky. It looked like a black hat. Then my eyes caught a glimpse of something moving [after it dropped from the black hat]. It was a white ball about 9 feet in diameter. It started to fly by itself. I fell to the ground, all sorts of things dashing through my mind. I knew no one would believe me, and I would have to have some proof, so I ran to the house to get my camera (a Kodak "Sabie" 620). When I came into the house, I told no one of what I saw; there wasn't enough time.
>
> When I returned to the scene, I saw the object (the white ball) on the ground. About 5 seconds later, I heard a loud noise that hurt my ears. I was breathless, because a little man about three to four feet tall came from behind the ball-shaped object, carrying with him a funnel-shaped, black object in his right hand. Quickly, he put it near the ground, and then pulled it back up to his hip. Then he turned and went back behind the ball. The loud noise rang again. Then a bright blue flare burst from beneath the ship. Then it took off into the air slowly. Then the big ship reappeared. The round ship connected itself to a rod that pulled it into a hole [in the big ship]. Then the big one took off at tremendous speed, and disappeared over the treetops.

Ronnie says the "little man's" skin-tight suit was silvery and metallic, and its head seemed to be a bluish green. The eyes were "tilting or slanting." It wore a silver helmet, and there was a dark blue belt around the waist.

While all this was happening, Ronnie claims he heard a faint hissing sound. He doesn't know if it came from the object or from the creature. (Such hissing sounds are frequently reported in landing cases.) The little fellow is supposed to have moved "slowly and wobbly," and seemed to have trouble controlling his legs when he turned.

The distance between the young photographer and the creature was about 15 feet. The photo, the only one that came out, is bluish and marred by fogging on both edges. This is actually in Ronnie's favor, since the same

kind of fogging has turned up on many apparently authentic UFO photos. It may be caused by radiation or actinic rays of some kind coming from the object. The “little man” appears to have puffed up or fleshy cheeks with high cheekbones, and wears a helmet that is almost Germanic. The funnel-shaped object is visible in his hand. The spherical object is in the background.

The “loud noise” reported by Ronnie has been a regular feature in landing reports from all over the world. The “blue belts” have been described by witnesses in South America.

In several recent “little men” cases, the ufonauts have apparently realized they were being watched but, instead of approaching the witnesses, they busied themselves with seemingly meaningless tasks – collecting rocks and plants from the ground, or making some kind of measurements. In Ronnie’s case, the creature deliberately stepped into view, poked a “black funnel” into the ground, then turned and re-entered the object. Perhaps if he had attempted to approach the boy directly, the latter would have fled in panic. Maybe the small humanoid was somehow aware of this.

The original negative shot by Ronnie is in a bank vault. No “Men in Black” have turned up to confiscate it, but Ronnie does claim to have received a couple of strange phone calls.

We can only speculate, but it does seem as if an ancient legend is now coming to life. The “little men” of folklore are now bidding for attention. They are taking deliberate steps to be noticed.

“Little men from Mars” were a big joke in the 1950s. But nobody is laughing anymore.

CHAPTER 8

MIB: 1967-68 – *SAUCER NEWS* – SPRING/SUMMER 1969

Speaking before a closed session of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists in New York in June, 1967, I warned that the Men in Black incidents were on the increase, and that we could probably expect to hear even more from these mystery men in the coming months.

Later, in the pages of *Saucer News*, I predicted that more and more UFO researchers would be having direct personal experience with the UFO phenomenon. I stressed that further "silencings" were likely to occur. Take a look at the record…

In the past year, an almost staggering number of longtime ufologists have suddenly quit the scene. Some have stopped answering mail altogether, and at least two refuse to speak to any of their old ufological friends on the telephone. Six important UFO personalities have died. Whole regional UFO-investigating organizations have collapsed, and their leaders have publicly disavowed their interest in the phenomenon. Others are now living in bewildered fear, concerned over disappearing mail and perplexed by the antics of their telephones.

The main topic at the 1968 Congress of Scientific Ufologists, held in Cleveland, Ohio, was the Men in Black. Some researchers were claiming that they had been followed by black Cadillacs, and had even been shot at. Unknown intruders broke into motel rooms, automobiles, and private homes during this hectic year, to steal *only* UFO research papers, documentation, and photographs. There were literally scores of these incidents. Some of the people trapped in these bizarre situations were newspapermen, writers, and independent researchers not known to the ufological mainstream.

A UFO-chasing newsman in Philadelphia was reportedly shot at while in a laundromat. Another reporter in West Virginia was repeatedly harassed. Accounts of identical harassments came in from Canada to Mexico City, and even from Sweden and Germany. No place seemed safe. Even TV producers, writers, and personalities concerned with UFOs have admitted to me, in confidence, that they, too, have been undergoing all kinds of strange experiences. One changed his unlisted home number three times and, still, the harassment continued. Another had his phone taken out altogether.

Those who have been on the outside of this have read the various reports with sarcasm and disbelief. But it has all been horrifyingly real to the hard-working researchers who have been probing into strange and revealing cases in their own areas. The old speculations blaming "the government" for these abusive and senseless tactics may be invalid.

It is abundantly clear that a mysterious third party is involved – a party who seems to be directly related to the UFO phenomenon itself…

If you want to try to understand what is really going on, you must shelve your personal beliefs, and try to base your conclusions upon the obvious implications in all of the events now taking place all over the world. The subject is most complicated. A simple and brief explanation is not possible. You must prepare yourself to understand the complex "big picture."

A knowledge of history is more important than a knowledge of astronomy. Mankind lies at the core of the mystery. Man's past and future are directly involved, and will be affected – seriously affected. So, try to broaden your general knowledge. Base your speculations on the available facts, not upon wishful thinking.

When you are on the right track, you will know it. Your phone will start ringing, but there won't be anybody on the other end. Or, there may come a soft rap on your door in the middle of the night.

And then you'll howl with indignation: "Why didn't somebody tell us that this is what it was all about?"

Somebody *has* been telling you – over and over again – but you haven't been listening.

CHAPTER 9

THE BEDROOM INVADERS: THE FRIGHTENING NEW "UFO PILOT" MYSTERY – *MALE* MAGAZINE – JUNE 1969

Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night with the distinct feeling that someone or something was standing in your bedroom, staring at you in the darkness? Many people have had this uneasy experience, and those mysterious intruders have proven to be not burglars, but bizarre entities that can appear and disappear like ghosts. They are, in fact, the basis for many chilling ghost stories. But there is now mounting evidence that strongly suggests such entities are in some way directly related to the flying saucer phenomenon.

Strange, unidentified persons of unusual stature have been popping up all over the United States – and all over the world – in recent years. Sheriff's posses have pursued them without success. And many of the witnesses have been unwilling to discuss their encounters, fearing ridicule from friends and neighbors.

In many of these cases, these mystery men have been described as wearing capes and hoods – something like a monk's cowl. They are nearly always of unusual size, both in height and girth. At first, ufologists tended to dismiss these stories as being the work of pranksters but, now, identical reports have come in from nearly every state, and from overseas as well. These "prowlers" show a marked tendency for appearing consistently in UFO "flap" areas. (Test studies in non-flap sectors have failed to turn up similar reports.)

Big, broad-shouldered men wearing capes and hoods have been seen all over the globe, usually walking along desolate roads in thinly populated areas. In October 1967, three men were driving along Rt. 2 in West Virginia when they saw a big, caped man walking beside the road – a most unusual sight in that area. They stopped their car and looked back, but he was gone.

There were open fields on both sides of the road, and no place for him to hide.

A group of eight men wearing thick black cowls startled motorists near Caterham, England on July 28, 1963. Witnesses said that the mystery men departed by "running and leaping across the road; their actions were silent and most odd." More than a century earlier, there were repeated appearances of a strange, caped man in England. He turned up during the 1830s, and was able to run with amazing swiftness and leap great distances with ease. He became known as "Springheeled Jack," and extensive searches failed to locate him.

Caped and hooded men have occasionally been reported as the actual pilots of "flying saucers" and unidentified flying objects. Some of these cases go far back in history, long before the first heavily publicized flying saucer scare of 1947. One such pilot was seen by the crew of a Norwegian freighter in 1934. Norway, Sweden, and Finland had a massive wave of sightings of "ghost airplanes" and strange flying objects beginning in 1933. The Air Forces of all three countries tried in vain to track down and capture these "ghostfliers." The witnesses numbered in the thousands.

Late in January 1934, the freighter *Tordenskjold* was on a routine run along the Norwegian coast, between Tromso and Kabelvag, when a "great grayish machine" suddenly appeared in the sky and swooped down over the ship. As it passed low over the freighter, a brilliant beam of light shot from the object and lit up the deck "like daylight." (Such "searchlights" are common in UFO reports from all over the world.) Capt. Sigvard Olsen and his crew reported that the mysterious craft was so close that the pilot was clearly visible in the cabin. They described the pilot as being dressed in some kind of cloak or cape with a hood covering his head. He also wore large glasses or goggles of some sort. (Again, begoggled UFO pilots are mentioned in many reports.)

I have been told of two similar cases in Minnesota. The first incident occurred in April 1966. According to the witness, he and a friend had been driving along the highway at about 11:30 p.m. They were miles from the nearest town, and they could not see any other cars on the road. Since the land in northwestern Minnesota is very flat, their visibility was almost

unlimited. So they were understandably shocked and surprised when, in their headlights, they caught three large men walking abreast and walking toward them. The men were dressed in black cowls that covered the upper half of their faces, and their eyes were slitlike. The strangers, whoever or whatever they were, paid no attention to the car, and continued on as if it had never passed.

The second incident allegedly occurred in Canby, Minnesota several years ago. An acquaintance of Jerome Clark, the ufologist, was taking a shortcut home through an alley, and almost walked into another person in the alley. The stranger seemed quite startled, and turned to stare in surprise. The man was very tall and massive, and was dressed in a black cape that covered the top half of his face. He seemed to be carrying something that resembled a large black bag.

From Cape Cod to the tip of Florida, we have heard of unidentified prowlers roaming the countryside at night. During the UFO flap around Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia in 1966-67, several witnesses told me that giant leering faces had peered into the windows of their homes. On inspection, some of the windows were too high for ordinary men to reach. They described the man's face as being "evil," and that he had silver-gray hair. In the winter of 1966-67, an unusually tall (about 6'6") prowler in coveralls with silver-gray hair caused turmoil among the residents of Provincetown, MA. There had been numerous UFO sightings by fishermen in the area.

More recently, isolated farmers in Delaware County, in upper New York State, have been chasing a mysterious intruder who has appeared around their homes at night, peering into windows and grinning idiotically. Witnesses say that he has silver-gray hair and is dressed in some kind of coverall garment. As in so many other cases, this New York prowler has eluded pursuers by leaping easily over high obstacles and running faster than any of the rugged farmers. There is no known person in any of these areas who answers the basic description.

Our caped giant has also turned up frequently in the state of New Jersey. A family in Cape May, who had reported a number of interesting UFO sightings above the Coast Guard radio installation near their home, told me that a tall man in a long white cape had appeared around their home in

January 1967. The next day, they found fresh, human-like footprints in the snow. These footprints led to a high wall (which would have been hard to climb, let alone jump over) and continued on the other side. They led to the wall of a nearby shed, where they abruptly stopped.

In the spring of 1966, an Air Force WAF returned to her ground-floor apartment on the edge of New Jersey's closely guarded McGuire Air Force Base one evening, and heard a sound in her bedroom. She went to investigate and found her window open. A pair of very pale hands with extraordinarily long fingers was resting on the windowsill, as if a man were about to climb in.

She screamed, and the hands withdrew. She phoned the Air Police and they searched the area. Later, they admitted that they had seen and pursued the prowler, a very tall man "with his sweater pulled up over his head." Even in this uncomfortable state, the man was able to run and leap with incredible agility. This WAF, a master sergeant whom I have known for fifteen years, was puzzled by my interest in this "sweater" detail, and in the long fingers. (Following journalistic tradition, it is my practice to tell witnesses as little as possible and to never ask leading questions.)

In the innumerable "contact" cases now being studied by ufologists, the witnesses frequently described "unusually long fingers" on the ufonauts. This is now such a common description that they are termed "LFs" because of it. This "long fingered" factor is seldom mentioned in print, so there is little chance that isolated witnesses would know of it.

I asked the WAF if she had had any comparable experiences, and she recounted an incident that she had almost completely forgotten. Several years previously, she said, she had been staying in a motel in Mexico when she woke up late one night to find a giant, cowled figure standing over her bed. It extended one arm above her, and she reached out to touch it. The second her fingers touched the arm, the whole entity crumbled and disappeared.

"It felt powdery, like ashes," she explained.

What have powdery ghosts got to do with flying saucers?

Such stories are not unusual; they simply are not widely circulated, not even by the UFO fan magazines, which are more preoccupied with “little men” than with caped monsters and melting forms. In several cases, the objects left behind by UFOs have reportedly disintegrated into metallic powder when struck.

A longtime UFO researcher in New Jersey, Michael J. Campione, thoroughly investigated a case involving a disintegrating UFO substance. On August 18, 1966, a disc-shaped object discharged some pieces of flaming metal directly over some telephone poles near Lions Lake, NJ. The witnesses retrieved some of this substance, and it proved to be a honeycombed, aluminum-like casting with a strong sulfuric smell. Although they stored it carefully in a jewel box, it rapidly melted away in the air, shrinking to the size of a pea. Since a thorough chemical analysis can cost upwards of $1,000, the metal has never been tested.

New Jersey has been a hotbed of UFO reports and strange incidents in recent years. At about 9:45 on the night of October 10, 1966, Sergeant Benjamin Thompson, Patrolman Edward Wester, and several others saw a blazing white object “as big as a car” moving slowly and at low level over Pompton Lakes and the Wanaque Reservoir in New Jersey. (There have been many UFO sightings in that area.) Forty miles south of Wanaque, in Elizabeth, NJ, two 16-year-old boys had a frightening experience that same night, and about that same time. They encountered one of our giant, grinning men.

The boys, James Yanchitis and Martin Munov, were walking home along 4th Street in Elizabeth, when they reached a corner next to the New Jersey Turnpike. The turnpike is elevated, and there is a very steep incline dipping down from the busy highway. A very high wire fence runs along the street, making it impossible for anyone to scramble up the incline to the turnpike. There are bright streetlights on that particular corner. It was on this corner that the two young men noticed “the strangest guy we’ve ever seen.”

Yanchitis spotted him first. “He was standing behind that fence,” the youth told me later. “I don’t know how he got there. He was the biggest man I ever saw.”

“Jimmy nudged me,” Martin reported, “and asked who the guy was that was standing behind me. I looked around and there he was, behind that fence, just standing there. He pivoted around and looked right us, and then he grinned a big old grin.”

Three days later, I visited Elizabeth, accompanied by James Moseley, then publisher of *Saucer News*, and Chuck McCann, an old friend. We interviewed the boys separately, at length, in the home of George Smythe, and they both told the identical story. The man was well over 6 feet tall, they agreed, and was dressed in a “sparkling green” coverall garment that seemed to shimmer in the streetlights. There was a wide black belt around his waist.

McCann, who is a TV star and movie actor (he portrayed the deaf idiot in *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*), is a very big man (about 6’2”), but both boys said the person they saw was bigger than Chuck, and much broader. He had a dark complexion and “little round, beady eyes set far apart.” They could not remember seeing any hair, ears, or nose on this figure, nor did they notice his hands. He was standing in the underbrush behind the fence, and his feet were out of sight.

There had been some violent incidents in the neighborhood, and the boys did not stop to study this character. They ran directly home. Later there were rumors in the area that a “tall green man” had chased a middle-aged resident down the same street that same night. We were unable to track down those rumors.

The big mystery seemed to be how this man got behind that fence, and what he was doing there. We considered the possibility that it might have been a driver whose car or truck was in trouble on the turnpike overhead, but it seemed unlikely that he would have struggled down the embankment and then just stood fixedly behind the fence. He certainly would have called to the boys and asked them to make a phone call for him to get help. But the boys seemed convinced that he was just quietly watching a house across the street.

A giant grinning man standing behind a high fence on a street corner in Elizabeth, NJ on the night of a UFO “flap” hardly proved anything, but I

have heard about the “grinning man” over and over again in my travels.

Less than a month after that peculiar incident, a sewing machine salesman from Mineral Wells, WV, Woodrow Derenberger, 50, was driving home from Marietta, OH on the rainy Wednesday night of November 2, 1966, when an object “shaped like the chimney of a kerosene lamp” dropped out of the sky and landed on the highway directly in front of his truck. Derenberger slammed on his brakes and stared in astonishment as a man clambered out of the object and strolled towards him, his lips fixed in a broad, reassuring grin. Derenberger described him as being a little less than 6 feet tall, with a dark complexion and slightly elongated eyes. He wore a dark coat and blue trousers that were “quite shiny and had a glistening effect.”

As the man neared the door of the truck, Derenberger heard a voice that asked him to roll down his window. The man stepped up to the door with his arms crossed over his chest and his hands hidden under his armpits (perhaps to conceal his fingers). He continued to grin at Derenberger. Although his lips never moved, the salesman claims he distinctly heard a voice, and conversed with this odd man through mental telepathy. Their discussion was brief and rather pointless, as is so often the case in initial UFO “contacts.” The man said his name was “Cold” and that he was from “a country much less powerful” than the United States. He asked Derenberger where he was going, and a few other simple questions. Then he said he would be back, and returned to the object and flew off.

After Woody’s contact became widely known, two gentlemen dropped into the appliance store where he worked and walked directly up to him. “We think you know who we are, Mr. Derenberger,” they said flatly. “We’d advise you to forget all about what you’ve seen.” They left as abruptly as they’d arrived. Woody described them as being short, stocky, dressed in black suits, and having olive complexions. He eventually concluded the Men in Black were really from the Mafia. (There was a rumor going around Pt. Pleasant that the MIB were mobsters of Greek extraction.) No matter where Woody moved – and he moved several times in 1967 – the phone pranksters and black Cadillacs managed to find him.

Meanwhile, his young wife and their two children also met Indrid Cold and his colleagues from the planet "Lanulos." Mrs. Derenberger was frightened of them, and felt they were engaged in something evil. (They often loitered around the Derenberger's farm and at the home of Derenberger's psychiatrist, Dr. Alan Roberts.) Indrid and his "team" were just like us, she told me, and traveled about in ordinary automobiles. According to her, they were probably infiltrating the human race in large numbers.

Mr. Derenberger's story troubled me from the outset. It did not fit the mold of the usual UFO contact tale. While the telepathy element was common enough, the total physicality of his experiences seemed *too real*. They defied easy classification and would not fit into any of the pigeonholes I had constructed. Either he was the world's most convincing liar, and had somehow trained his wife, children, and friends to back up his lies, or he had a very special set of experiences beyond the limits of ufology.

Witnesses to landing and low-level overflights are often singled out for harassment, even when they don't report their sightings. Publicized contactees like Woody Derenberger receive the full treatment. Like many sincere contactees, Woody decided to write a book about his experiences, and he ended up paying for it before he had even finished:

> As I write this book, I keep getting calls warning me to stop. They have even called my wife at her place of employment, telling her to stop me or *they* will. They have also called my friends making the same threat. I have no way of knowing who these people are, yet they are calling too often to be crank calls. Written material has disappeared from my home. Several times, we have found our home ransacked: drawers pulled out, papers strewn all over the floor, valuable tapes missing, and equipment broken. I have mailed many letters that failed to reach their destination.

By March 1967, the saucer-crazed crowds that had once besieged the Derenberger farm had given up in discouragement, and Mr. Cold was able to safely land his spaceship on Woody's land. Woody went aboard, according to his story, and took a flight all the way to the jungles of Brazil

and back. (In another trip, he flew to Iraq and got a tour of the beautiful cities and oilfields there.) The interior of the spaceship was disappointingly normal, with bunks and equipment of obvious terrestrial manufacture.

Later that year, Derenberger would be flown to Lanulos, a pleasant little jungle planet where the people ran around nearly nude. Most contactees usually describe a fantastic, futuristic world. There was something mundane about Woody's descriptions of this nudist colony in outer space – *too* mundane.

In his later adventures, Woody usually met Indrid Cold's spaceships in some isolated spot. (One such place was adjacent to an old German cemetery near Coolville, Ohio.) Often, they would meet near an interstate highway under construction – a seemingly trivial detail, yet one that is most significant (i.e., parts of interstates are often built over old roads that were once "Indian tracks" or "ley lines"). Cold or one of his partners would pick Woody up in a Volkswagen and drive him to the rendezvous point.

Derenberger's world became thickly populated with "space people" named Bueldine, Kletaw, Clinnel, Kimi (Cold's wife), and Demo Hassan and Karl Ardo (Cold's closest henchmen). They assumed real personalities and were very real to Woody. I knew that in most UFO contacts, the entities used names adopted from ancient Greek and from mythology, so I was puzzled by these "fairy" names. (Would "Greek mobsters" use such names?)

However, many of Derenberger's experiences had definite fairytale overtones. Sometimes one group of MIB would steal items from those in Derenberger's circle, while another group – usually Cold, Hassan, and Ardo – would see to it that the items were returned. The contactee lore is filled with episodes like this. The entities serve as "good guys" *and* as "bad guys." Many of our black-suited "silencers" are engaged in similar games.

Woodrow Derenberger, who had never read any UFO literature prior to this experience, thus entered the confusing and growing ranks of the "contactees."

Sixty miles south of Mineral Wells, hundreds of people were quietly and fearfully living in another part of the Twilight Zone, around the little town

of Pt. Pleasant. One family in particular, Mr. and Mrs. James Lilly and their children, have had the full range of inexplicable UFO activities around their home on Camp Conley Road. Brilliant flying lights appeared at treetop level in the area almost nightly in March and April of 1967, and hundreds viewed the objects from the Lilly's front yard. Their television set would act up every time one of the things flew over, and their telephone went wild. Automobiles in the vicinity of the Lilly home began to display an odd tendency to stall without cause.

Their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Doris Lilly, who lived in the south end of the Pt. Pleasant, began to receive strange phone calls early in March 1967. Each evening around 5 p.m., her phone would ring and, when she answered, she heard only a bizarre metallic voice speaking in an incomprehensible language. It was guttural and rapid. These calls came only when she was alone.

"It was as if they knew I had come home," she noted. This same kind of mysterious "hoax" phone call has been reported to me by witnesses in many other areas.

Part of my somewhat unorthodox investigative routine includes a discussion of the witnesses' dreams during the "flap" periods. And one of my carefully phrased key questions is: "Did you ever dream there was a stranger in the house in the middle of the night?" When I directed this question at the Lillys, Mrs. Lilly urged her quiet 16-year-old daughter, Linda, to tell me about the "nightmare" she'd had that March. Linda was reluctant to discuss it but, with a little coaching from the sidelines, she told how she woke up one night and saw a large figure towering over her bed.

"It was a man," she said. "A big man. Very broad. I couldn't see his face very well, but I could see that he was grinning at me."

"Jim was working on the river," Mrs. Lilly added (her husband is a riverboat captain on the Ohio), "and Linda woke me up with a terrible scream. She cried out that there was a man in her room. I told her she was dreaming, but she screamed again."

“He walked around the bed and stood right over me,” Linda declared. “I screamed again and hid under the covers. When I looked up again, he was gone.”

“She came running into my room,” Mrs. Lilly said. “She said there was a man in her room. She has refused to sleep alone ever since.”

When I asked for a full description of this man, Linda said she thought he had been wearing a “checkered shirt.” This was the one detail I wasn’t anxious to hear. I gulped and tried to maintain my detached professional pose. The “man in the checkered shirt *again*,” I thought to myself. I had heard a lot about him in recent months.

“He” turns up everywhere. A young lady in Florida wrote to me to tell me a very strange story about an ex-boyfriend. She that he had confided in her and told her he was a UFO “contactee.” Her well-written, very literate letters reflected a fine, sensitive mind and a good education. I answered her in my usual cautious manner, and asked her a couple of unexpected questions.

Had she ever awakened in the middle of the night and felt the presence of someone in the house?

She replied, “Did I ever!” Then she went on to explain how she had awakened one night a few weeks after breaking up with the young man, and found a very large man standing beside her bed – a man wearing a checkered shirt! She cried out, and he backed quietly to the door and disappeared into the hall. Her door had been locked when she went to bed. She roused others in the house and they searched the premises. Nothing had been disturbed or stolen.

Occult literature is filled with references to “ghosts” wearing checkered shirts, but the occultists tend to skip over this seemingly irrelevant detail.

Completely unknown to my female correspondent, the “man in the checkered shirt” had appeared frequently in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Glines of Pensacola, Florida, starting in 1963. During a hurricane that year, Mr. Glines later reported, “I was lying on the couch in the living

room with just one dim light on. I had the feeling that someone was in the room and, looking up, I saw a heavily built man about six feet tall, wearing a plaid sports shirt.

I got up and took a couple of steps toward him. As I did, it looked like he took a step backward and disappeared. I turned on the light and he was gone. I checked the doors, and they were all locked. I didn't mention it until my son-in-law saw it, because I didn't want to upset my wife."

In the ensuing months, all the members of the family glimpsed the elusive intruder. Poltergeistic activity took place in the house and other witnesses, relatives and friends, heard knockings on the wall, and footsteps when there was no one around. In May 1964, the home burned to the ground.

Burning houses and mysterious fires go hand-in-hand with the UFO mystery. The sudden destruction of UFO witnesses' homes has been so frequent that mere coincidence must be ruled out. In March 1966, a family on Long Island reported a UFO landing near their home. All kinds of rare phenomena broke loose around them, and "serious UFO researchers" dismissed them as "publicity-seeking nuts." A few months after all these things began, their home burned to the ground. Firemen were puzzled and could not determine the cause of the blaze. The lady in the family was part Native American. Her husband had been born in West Virginia.

A contactee in New Mexico, Paul Villa (also part Native American), had his little home burned to the ground soon after he released photographs he had allegedly taken of UFOs hovering low over his land. In West Virginia, an abandoned building a mile or so from the Lilly home burned to the ground in the midst of a pouring rain, much to the bewilderment of the local fire department.

Grass fires often erupt in empty fields hours or days after a UFO has reportedly touched down there. Several barns and old, abandoned buildings have been destroyed by mysterious fires in New York's Delaware County since the "prowler" made his first appearance. There are scores of UFO-related fires on record.

This doesn't mean, of course, that everyone who sees the "man in the checkered shirt" is going to suffer a mysterious fire, but there are many uneasy correlations in the data now coming to light.

In their book *UFOs Over the Americas*, Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Lorenzen cited several heavily investigated South American cases in which ufonauts entered homes and were discovered by witnesses. In the majority of these, the intruders were described as "little men about three feet tall." So we wonder if this planet may be divided into zones of some kind, with "little men" dominating the South American reports, while "silver-haired giants" are busy in North America.

My numerous articles on these subjects have, of course, inspired a lot of mail. On May 25, 1968, a young man reported that he woke up in his girlfriend's bedroom in Superior, Wisconsin and saw a huge shape standing over the bed. "It appeared to be almost 6'6" tall," he said. "A massive head with huge, broad shoulders is the only way I can describe it. It moved from the right side of the bed to the left side, and then disappeared."

Other reliable, non-demented people in New England and the Midwest have told me of experiencing such nighttime visitants. It is remarkable how the children of many UFO witnesses suddenly become obsessed with the notion that someone is lurking in their bedrooms late at night. Perhaps all of the UFO talk in the household merely produces a hysterical reaction, but such mundane explanations are hard to apply in many cases. UFO witnesses rarely relate their "prowlers" with their UFO experiences, and students of supernatural phenomena have always tended to separate and isolate the various fields of interest in the occult, and their widely divergent manifestations.

Professional psychiatrists and psychologists have been hearing these "bogeymen" stories for years, and pigeonhole them as symptoms of hysteria or schizophrenia. But psychiatry cannot pretend to explain the similarities and correlations in these accounts. The usual explanation for schizophrenia (a mental disorder that is not actually fully understood) is that the subconscious somehow moves in and takes control of the conscious mind. However, as we dig deeper and deeper into the UFO mystery, we must ask if it is not somehow possible for an outside influence to do the same thing.

Acute alcoholics sometimes suffer from “Korsakoff’s psychosis,” a disorientation of time and place, and the hallucinations of *delirium tremens* are well known. Usually in such cases, the patient thinks he sees small animals, bats, and grotesque insects. Other kinds of hallucinations among the seriously disturbed might produce sexual symbols, but not grinning men in checkered shirts and caped, hooded giants.

The mystery of the unidentified flying objects has been one of the most discussed and least adequately investigated phenomena of our time. There are hundreds of little-known, little-reported aspects to the overall situation, which demand close scrutiny not only by astronomers and physicists, but also by psychiatrists, psychologists, and students of the occult. Perhaps these mysterious gentlemen in capes and hoods are the same kind of entities that have historically been mistaken for “ghosts.”

All nocturnal visitants may be part of the same bewildering package of surprises. Instead of leading us to the discovery of an “extraterrestrial intelligence with advanced technology,” the study of UFOs (and the manifestations that accompany them) may carry us forward into the unexpected – into a parallel world that has always coexisted with us, but is separated from us by unknown laws of time and space. We may be experiencing random glimpses of that world, and are merely struggling to fit it into the framework of our own environment.

In short, those hooded men walking along the barren plains of Minnesota, and those grinning fellows standing behind fences in New Jersey may merely be passing through – going from our world to theirs. Like tourists visiting a zoo, they occasionally step into bedrooms and darkened streets to get a closer look at the funny *Homo sapiens* in their natural habitat.

CHAPTER 10

THE SECRET TAPE TO THE CONGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC UFOLOGISTS – CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA – 1969

The following is not to be reproduced in any fashion… This tape is intended only for the Closed Session of the 1969 Congress of Scientific Ufologists at Charleston, West Virginia…

This is John Keel in New York City, June 1969. I regret that I am unable to attend this year's convention; but my three-year safari into the never-never land of flying saucers will soon be ended. From here on, my main efforts will be devoted to historical studies and statistical surveys.

Some of the my controversial conclusions have already been published; other basic material that I have collected will soon appear in London's *Flying Saucer Review* and other periodicals… My book, *Operation Trojan Horse*, which fully outlines all of my investigations, evidence, and conclusions, will probably appear late this fall.

I have personally investigated approximately 600 cases in total depth. Now, I am not talking about sightings; I've investigated thousands of those. I am talking about cases where a definite manifestation occurred. I began with the belief that flying saucers were most probably the product of an advanced technology from some other planet. But by the end of 1966, I realized that the evidence I had collected pointed to another, far more complicated answer. I will try to explain here a few of my basic conclusions.

First of all, the quantity, scope, frequency, and distribution of the UFO sightings automatically rule out any possibility that the objects could conceivably be of extraterrestrial origin. They are seen year after year, in the same areas, going back as far as 1896. We can trace the sightings even

further back. If you collect all the known sightings for any given area, you will find that this basic factor is true.

Huntington, West Virginia, for example, has a long history of UFO sightings, going back to the early 1800s. The phenomenon has been consistent throughout the Midwest for centuries. The Indians had many legends about the "Sky People" going back long before the white settlers arrived. This means that the phenomenon has been an environmental factor in those window areas for a very long time.

Countries such as Sweden, Norway, Ireland, China, and Japan have always recognized the existence of unusual aerial phenomena. UFO-type events are mentioned in their earliest historical records. These records indicate that the UFOs did not represent occasional visitants but, in actuality, originated in some manner *in* these areas.

The subject of UFOs assumed no particular importance until 1934, when an enormous flap developed in Scandinavia. Officials in Sweden, Norway, and Finland became concerned because the objects occurred in great numbers over military areas, forts, railways, naval harbors, and other places considered to be of strategic importance. In the past few months, Scandinavian researchers have unearthed hundreds of newspaper reports from 1934. Military spokesmen and officials of that period confirmed the reality of these reports. In 1936 and 1937, there were scores of "weird light" sightings, many of the most sensational nature.

We are now slowly building up a mass of files of those aerial reports, and find that they conform precisely to the modern UFO sightings. Further back, there were intensive flaps in 1846, 1850, 1866, and so on, including numerous contactee events. The deeper we dig into history, the more we find that these things have always been going on.

These events are not governed by the proximity of Mars or some other planet; they are commonplace and consistent throughout history. But they are very rarely recorded, and that is the whole key to our problem. Unfortunately, only a handful of researchers have been willing to undertake the tedious work necessary to locate these early reports in the newspaper files. It will be a long time before we can finally assemble the complete

picture but, at this point, it does look as if UFOs are part of a large pattern encompassing the whole world…

The objects appear to be a complex phenomenon: intelligently controlled, yet paraphysical, comprised of energies of a different order. Some can seemingly defy gravity and travel faster than sound without producing sonic booms.

The majority are merely transmogrifications; they exist only temporarily, as illusions – momentary condensations of energy. They may come from beyond our space-time continuum, but not from beyond our atmosphere or planetary format. They are like ghosts, bound to the earth, but mostly invisible to us. Occasionally, they enter the narrow spectrum of human vision and become temporarily visible.

This is process is fully explained in the Bible and many other ancient references. It is explained again and again to each new contactee. And there are thousands and thousands of contactees that you never hear about. I have reason to believe high officials in the U.S. government ascertained the nature of the UFO phenomenon in 1946, a full year before the events of Maury Island and the Kenneth Arnold sightings. In 1946, Scandinavia experienced another, better known flap, and these appeared in the *very same* areas that had been engulfed 12 years prior, in 1934. A considerable amount of revival UFO data was collected during WWII and in 1946. This data was probably sufficient to lead to the conclusion that the UFO "orb" phenomenon was paraphysical and, thus, practically impossible to explain to the public.

How could any president or general explain to the public that UFOs were invisible emanations from this planet itself? They couldn't, and they didn't try. Between 1950 and 1955, the RAF in England conducted an exhaustive study of flying saucers. In April 1955, an RAF spokesman told the press that the study was complete, but that the official conclusion would not be made public, because that would only create more controversy (and could not be completely proven).

However, Air Marshal Lord Dowding, the man who led the RAF during the Battle of Britain, gave a series of lectures in 1955, in which he announced

that the UFO occupants were immortal, could render themselves invisible to us, and could even walk and work amongst us without being noticed. The UFO organizations of the period ignored his main statements and extracted a few lines out of context, in which he discussed the possibility of extraterrestrial origin. By the time of his death, Lord Dowding had completely *rejected* the extraterrestrial hypothesis. That same year, 1955, Kenneth Arnold issued public statements in which he *also* repudiated the ET Thesis, and suggested that UFOs were really living forms of energy. Was he a nut? He was so nutty that he was actually nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Idaho...

On May 3rd of this year, RAF Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard gave a lecture at Caxton Hall in London. Victor is of cabinet rank, and was involved in the RAF's UFO investigations in the early 1950s. He said, "While it may be that some operators of UFOs are normally the paraphysical denizens of a planet other than Earth, there is no logical need for this to be so. If UFOs are paraphysical and, consequently, normally invisible, UFOs could plausibly be creations of an invisible world more coincident with the physical space of Earth than with any other planets."

He obviously had reasons for believing that UFOs were invisible and paraphysical. Perhaps it was this realization that led President Eisenhower to tell the press in 1954 that flying saucers exist only in the minds of observers. So far as the hard physical scientists are concerned, UFOs do not exist at all. They have never left behind any substantial artifacts.

UFOs have appeared and disappeared suddenly in front of Air Force pilots, astronomers, physicists, and even me. The Russian cosmonauts described them as "marvelous phantasms." That may be as good a description as any. In my travels, I discovered an amazing thing: some people could see these marvelous phantasms, and some could not.

More than once, I have stood with a group of people in an open field, and watched a low-flying UFO glide silently past. Some of us could clearly see the object in great detail.

When we compared notes later, we had all seen the same thing. But others in the group saw absolutely nothing. They thought we were crazy, or were

putting them on. Sir Victor offered the following explanation for this peculiar phenomenon:

> Paraphysicality is observable by people with "second sight" (paraphysical perception) and by people who normally lack that faculty but – through the influence of the [secondsighters] – are "enabled" to sharpen their perception to the point of "seeing." Paraphysicality is imaginable to the point of supposed observation. This tends to frustrate the real validity of both groups.

What he is trying to say there is something I've discovered and have written about. A lot of people didn't understand it. That is, people who see exceptional UFOs close up – contactees, in particular – have all the same characteristics as people who have supernatural experiences (i.e., psychics and transmediums). The two types are identical. The manifestations differ slightly, but the basics – the personal histories of contactees and psychics – are the same. Therefore, we are forced to assume that it takes a special kind of person to perceive these objects close up – to have a genuine experience with them.

Now, if these assumptions are correct, then we must reluctantly concede that the government has been telling us the truth all along, and that UFOs do *not* represent an advanced technology, nor do they come from other planets or pose a threat to national security.

They *do* sometimes pose a threat to individuals. But we cannot say, and will never be able to say – or prove – that they pose a threat to national security. The evidence to support the aforementioned conclusions is overwhelming. It fills whole libraries, but the UFO buffs have been blinded by belief and devotion to a cause. They have not studied the whole, but a tiny part of the whole. They began with a premise that flying saucers were real and were extraterrestrial. The UFO organizations actually censored and suppressed cases that tended to prove otherwise.

We must make a completely fresh start. It is absolutely impossible to prove that flying saucers are real and extraterrestrial; if it were possible, someone would have done it a long, long time ago. What we must do now is

completely reassess the situation and admit all of the previously inadmissible evidence. We must collect all the details of all manifestations that surround UFO events, no matter how "far out" or incomprehensible they seem. We must forget the absolutely fruitless and pointless campaign against the government and Air Force. It has succeeded only in draining our strength, stirring the coals of controversy, and keeping the subject mired in ridicule. It has accomplished absolutely nothing.

We will always be plagued with cults and believers. It is very hard to deny something you think you have seen with your own eyes, or experienced with your own body. Nevertheless, the mounting evidence indicates that such experiences are more psychic than physical, more hallucinatory than real. Instead of condemning those who have the courage to publicly reveal such experiences, we should be studying them, trying to understand the true nature of the experiences.

Most of the Men in Black episodes – and I've investigated a great many that will never be published or publicized – seem to be a variation of the hallucinatory experience. The black Cadillacs vanish suddenly into thin air, as do the MIB themselves. They are nothing but marvelous phantasms…

When you study the occult records of the last few hundred years, you are immediately struck by how many phantom horsemen have appeared over the centuries. Before the invention of the automobile, there were many thousands of cases. Sometimes, groups of people would see a phantom horseman appear out of nowhere, and then disappear into nowhere. With the invention of the automobile and the gradual extinction of the horse, it was almost a logical development that the phantom horse would be replaced by the phantom automobile – automobiles that you can chase and that will disappear into thin air. There were many, many cases of this, and many witnesses have told me of these cases...

You have to see it yourself to believe it. We know that these automobiles exist in a very solid state. On one occasion, a witness actually threw a rock through the window of one of these automobiles and, yet, the automobile later vanished into thin air, in front of their own eyes. So we know that they can seem to be very real, and yet they aren't.

I should make clear to you that I discovered, in 1956, that at least 98% of all the truly important UFO events are never published anywhere, and they are never investigated. Nobody ever hears about them, because nobody ever goes out searching for these cases.

They are simply too weird for most editors to take seriously. This means that the published material is, at best, very superficial and not very useful to research, because it is not giving you the real details. At worst, it means that the real truth has been hidden by diversions, nonsense, and totally meaningless sightings of paraphysical manifestations and materializations.

The real nightmare out there is beyond your belief and comprehension. Until you have taken the time to review the tons and tons of valid, welldocumented religious and occult records, all that I have said here will continue to seem like utter nonsense. Many of you suffer from emotional hang-ups over this subject, and have absolutely no sense of objectivity or responsibility at all. Those few of you will always remain in the dark, waiting forever for the Venusians to land on the White House lawn.

A few contactees eventually figured this out for themselves. Howard Menger finally went on Long John Nebel's TV program and confirmed that he realized he had been the victim of strange hallucinations. George Adamski, in his final years, told friends that he was aware that he had been tricked and misled, and that much of what he had believed and preached was absolutely false. It has cost me three years of my life, and many thousands of dollars, to sort all of this out and arrive at these same conclusions.

Flying saucers are primarily a visual, observational phenomenon. They could be the manifestation of another space-time continuum. We have probably never seen the objects or their occupants in their true form. We see only what they want us to see and, to a large extent, believe only what they want us to believe. It is our tragedy that so many of us have believed so much for so long and, yet, believed so little of the real truth. We have been speculating instead of investigating – settling on a conclusion, and then trying to fit the incoming data into the conclusion.

We can now begin by recognizing the provable fact that most UFOs are paraphysical, and are part of the invisible environment of this planet. They can enter and exit our reality at will. But they have always been beyond our reach, and always will be. We are blind ants trying to comprehend the true shape and nature of an elephant. We have wasted twenty years indulging in fantasies and feuds, nourishing our egos by going on radio and TV to denounce the Air Force, the government, and each other.

Despite our original campaign to make public asses of ourselves, skepticism is almost nonexistent. Millions of people have now seen these marvelous phantasms and accepted their existence as fact. Millions more will be seeing them in the coming years. We must re-evaluate our priorities and establish new goals. We must systematically collect all available data and reduce it to useful form, which will enable us to better interpret the overall patterns of the phenomenon. This is not an easy task, nor is there any glory in it. Today, fewer than 25 people in the U.S. are actually involved in productive UFO research. The rest are all tilting at the same old windmills, collecting the same old clippings and engaging in the same old debates.

I am telling you now, after three years of costly investigation and research, that flying saucers do not exist; but something *else* does. The UFOs are merely static – noise. We must concern ourselves with the signaler that is sending out that noise. The only possible way to do this is to launch a sensible, systematic study. Kenneth Arnold, Ray Palmer, Meade Layne, Ivan Sanderson, Morris Jessup, Lord Dowding, Victor Goddard, and many other intelligent, qualified men have been telling us the truth for years. There are many other prominent people, whose names would astound you, who have told us privately that they accept fully the paraphysical concept, and totally reject the ET fantasy...

We can drop all this nonsense. We can begin deeper, more important and fruitful investigations, in depth, into each individual area. If you live in Ohio, you don’t have to travel to Florida to stare at the sky. Somewhere within a few miles of your home, there is an area that has been a UFO window for centuries; and probably not more than one or two reports a year are actually published in that area. But, if you go there, you will find that things are seen continuously, year after year.

We have to find these areas. I called them "base areas" in one article, and this led to a great deal of misunderstanding; everyone was running around looking for underground UFO hangers. But there are no underground UFO hangars, because there are no UFOs. The UFOs take any shape they want to take: they can be a black Cadillac in one sequence of events, then the same energy can be recomposed to form a cigar-shaped object, or a grotesque monster, or what have you.

It is easy to use the term "hallucination" for these things, but the term really doesn't fit. I've been calling these things "induced hallucinations," because the people seem to see what someone *wants* them to see. Many of these objects that have been seen on the ground, and that have left marks behind, are identical to the black Cadillac whose window was broken with a rock and yet was able to vanish into thin air; that is, it existed temporarily, then it was no more.

We will never be able to get at the source of these objects. They can come to us, but we cannot go to them. We will never be able to communicate with them, except when they want to be communicated with – when they pick out people who have psychic ability to be "contactees."

They also pick people with very interesting religious and racial backgrounds. If you have Indian blood in your veins, you are more apt to be "contacted" than any other type of person. The majority of our contactees have either Native American or Gypsy blood. If you are Jewish, your chances of being contacted are almost zero. We have very few Jewish contactees for some reason. On the other hand, we have a great many ex-Catholic contactees. So, the religious factor seems to be of some significance.

But the Native American factor is the most important of all. If you live near an Indian reservation, and if you have the tact and ability to win the confidence of the Indians, they will tell you a great deal about the UFO phenomenon. They know all about it. A great many of them have been contactees for years and years. But, you will have to go *onto* the reservation… You will have to spend some time there and win their confidence. You couldn't do it in an afternoon.

Also, if you should encounter real Gypsies, and if you should be able to win *their* confidence, you would learn a great deal from them. They, too, know all about the UFO phenomenon. It is no mystery or secret to them at all. They know the whole story. In fact, a great many people know the whole story because, as I said, there are thousands upon thousands of contactees all over the country who never tell anyone about their experiences.

These contactees are usually introduced to the whole "secret" over a long period of time. I have contactees in my files who were first contacted in 1961, but were not fully aware of what was happening until 1965. Gradually, they were trained and "educated" through their contacts, and given some very useful information that could be *proven*. We have received scientific information that has been proven in the laboratories. There is a highly qualified physicist on the West Coast who became a contactee in 1966. He has received information for a metallurgical process that has proven out in the lab. He is now getting a patent for it.

Another man in Florida received valid information for a process involving nuclear energy. Wilbur Smith in Canada received several provable bits of information. He made no secret of it. He wrote and talked about it, and gave lectures on it. These contacts are going on all the time. There are various reasons why people refuse to come forward with these stories.

We *do* have the "public contactees," a very small group of a few dozen people, who seem to be exploited for propaganda purposes. That is, they are given information that is not necessarily valid. They are told to go out and spread the word, which they do, and end up making themselves looking like idiots. They believe it themselves, which nobody else does, and there is no possible way they can prove what they are saying.

So, the whole bag is far more complicated than just sitting around waiting for the Venusians to land on the White House lawn. If they were going to do that, they would have landed at the Vatican in 1600, or they would have landed in London in 1200, or in Jerusalem, or what have you. But while they are always appearing and landing, they never enter into formal contact with governments in a provable way…

I trust that I haven’t blown your minds with all of this... I do hope that you all enjoy the convention. I am sorry I can’t be there. This is John Keel, signing off…

CHAPTER 11

UFOS AND ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: A NOTED AUTHORITY'S WEIRDEST CASES – *MALE* MAGAZINE – OCTOBER 1969

You are driving down a lonely country road late at night, with lively music from your radio helping to keep you alert. You haven't been drinking. You just want to get home to bed. Suddenly, your headlights seem to go dim, and you fiddle with the switch to no avail. Then, heavy static drowns out the music on the radio. You feel an eerie, tingling sensation, and an indefinable fear tickles the back of your head and dries your throat.

Then, a tall figure shambles out of the bushes alongside the road, and steps in front of your fading headlights. It is at least seven feet tall, maybe more, and it seems to be covered with long hair from head to foot. It opens its mouth and screams – a bloodcurdling cry. The face is demon-like, the eyes a fiery red. You are gripped with terror; you jam the accelerator to the floorboards, and speed off without looking back.

Later, when you try to tell your friends about it, they laugh out loud and kid you. So, you don't dare mention it again.

In the past few years, hundreds of people in California, Michigan, Florida, New York, India, Brazil, Argentina, and dozens of other places have had identical experiences with these monsters and freaks, which appear out of nowhere and then disappear again into limbo. Posses using dogs and helicopters have searched in vain for these mysterious creatures. Zoologists and biologists have collected plaster casts of the gigantic footprints they often leave behind.

Early in 1969, two world-famous scientists finally discovered what might have been the actual body of one of these half-human beasts. They examined it and photographed it. *And then someone stole the corpse*. It hasn't been seen since.

Strangest of all, these hairy monsters have a disturbing habit of turning up in areas where flying saucers have been seen. Their brief appearances are often accompanied by manifestations that have long been associated with UFOs, such as the dimming of headlights, radio static, and the stalling of motor vehicles. Ufologists have labeled such phenomena "the electromagnetic (EM) effect," assuming that flying saucers are sometimes surrounded by powerful magnetic fields that wreak havoc with electrical systems.

There are thousands of cases of this. In 1966-68, a team of scientists at Colorado University studied the EM effect carefully as part of an overall UFO investigation financed by the U.S. Air Force. They were completely baffled.

"Of all the physical effects claimed to be due to the presence of UFOs," the Colorado scientists stated in their final report, "the alleged malfunction of automobile motors is perhaps the most puzzling. This claim is frequently made in reports involving multiple, independent witnesses. Witnesses seem certain that the function of their cars was affected by the unidentified object, which sometimes reportedly was not seen until after the malfunction was noted. No satisfactory explanation for such effects, if indeed they occurred, is apparent."

On Sunday evening, May 18, 1969, the lights went out in a small area outside Rising Sun, Indiana. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Kaiser was without power for about two hours. They thought nothing of the incident at the time, although strange lights and weird flying objects had occasionally been sighted along a nearby ridge.

At 7:30 p.m. on the following evening, May 19th, young George Kaiser was walking towards a tractor on the farm, when his dog began to growl and bark. He looked up and saw a grotesque figure standing about 25 feet away. Whatever it was, it was the size of a man, and was covered with black fur.

"I watched it for about two minutes before it saw me," young Kaiser told investigators later. "It stood in a fairly upright position, although it was bent over in the middle of its back, with arms about the same height as a normal human being, I'd say it was about 5'8" or so, and had a very muscular

structure. The head sat directly on the shoulders and the face was black, with hair that stuck out on the back of its head. It had eyes set close together and a very short forehead. It was covered with hair, except for the back of the hands and the face. The hands looked like normal hands, not claws."

George was transfixed with shock and fright for a moment. Then he made a move to get into the family automobile nearby. The creature made a "strange grunting sound," turned, jumped over a ditch, and ran down the road at high speed, quickly disappearing out of sight. Footprints were found in the dirt by the ditch. They showed three toes plus a big toe. Plaster casts were later made of these prints.

A neighbor, Mr. Charles Rolfing, reportedly watched an unidentified flying object for about eight minutes, shortly after 10:15 p.m. on May 20th, as it moved about the area. He studied it through binoculars and described it as being a glowing, greenish white.

So here we have a sequence of interesting coincidences: a local power failure on May 18th; a creature sighting on May 19th; and a UFO sighting on May 20th.

As Ian Fleming's Goldfinger remarked, "Once is happenstance; twice is coincidence; three times is enemy action."

Most of the modern ABSM (Abominable Snowman) sightings in the U.S. have been made by witnesses in automobiles on isolated backroads. It is rare for the creatures to openly approach a house or farm as one apparently did in Indiana. Canada has a long history of ABSM sightings dating back to the middle of the 19th Century. California's "Bigfoot" has been a local legend for decades. The mountainous, heavily forested state of West Virginia has produced a fascinating catalog of hairy bogeymen.

A West Virginian named W.C. "Doc" Priestley claimed that a hairy humanoid ruined the electrical system of his automobile in 1960. That summer, numerous people around Parsons, West Virginia allegedly saw a gruesome eight-foot-tall thing covered with shaggy hair and graced with two huge eyes that "shone like big balls of fire." In October 1960, "Doc" Priestley was driving through the Monongahela National Forest about three

miles north of Marlinton, West Virginia, when his car, which had been "purring like a kitten," suddenly sputtered and stopped.

"Then I saw it," Priestley said. "To my left, beside the road, stood this monster with long hair pointing straight up."

A group of Priestley's friends were driving on ahead in a bus. When they noticed that he was no longer directly behind them, they turned around and drove back.

"I don't know how long I sat there," Priestley continued, "until the boys missed me and backed up the bus to where I was. It seemed the monster was very much afraid of the bus and dropped his hair," (which had been standing on end). "To my surprise, as soon as he did this, my car started to run again. I didn't tell the boys what I had seen. The thing took off when the bus stopped."

Priestley again started to follow along behind the bus, but his car started to act up a second time. "I could see the sparks flying from under the hood of my car as if it had a very bad short," he noted. "And sure enough, there beside the road stood the monster again. The points were completely burned out of my car."

The bus backed up again and, as soon as it appeared, the monster melted into the forest.

Two months later, on Dec. 31, 1960, Charles Stover, 25, was driving a bakery truck along a backwoods road near Hickory Flats, WV, when he rounded a curve and came face-to-face with a 6-foot tall creature "standing erect, with hair all over his body." It was shaped like a man, he said, and he almost collided with it.

He stopped a short distance away and took a brief second look at the thing. That was more than enough. He sped to the nearest filling station and a group of men formed a posse and went back to the spot. They found upturned rocks and strange marks on the ground, but the monster was gone.

Armed posses have been chasing these things without success for years. Back in 1940-41, scores of people saw a huge, hair-covered humanoid

outside of Mt. Vernon, IL. It was said to be able to leap 20-foot wide ditches with apparent ease, and was reported to have killed at least one dog. Large posses of armed men searched the entire area repeatedly, but all they found were gigantic footprints.

Bears and other known animals simply don't fit the descriptions of these mystery monsters. Nor do bears make a habit of attacking people in moving vehicles. The monsters do.

The pattern is always the same. Reliable witnesses report seeing the elusive ABSM. Massive searches are launched. Footprints are found. But the creatures themselves have seemingly vanished into thin air.

In Clanton, Alabama, in 1960, several witnesses observed a giant hairy creature prowling the local woods. It left behind huge tracks.

In Madison, Indiana, in 1962, several farmers glimpsed another hairy humanoid. Footprints were found. Posses were formed. No results.

In Lost Gap, Mississippi, in 1962, there were many reports of a giant nine-foot tall beast with glowing green eyes. Local police were convinced that it existed. Helicopters and bloodhounds were used in a massive search. The creature got away.

In 1964, another enormous "something" was seen by many witnesses near Sister Lakes, Michigan. Mobs of hunters tried in vain to track it down. It came back the next year, appearing in the vicinity of Monroe, MI. Mrs. Rose Owen and her daughter, Christine Van Archer, said that a hairy monster that "grunted and growled like a mad dog," jumped on the side of their car, and grabbed Christine by the hair. The girl suffered a black eye from the incident. Another girl, Shirley Morrin, 18, of Temperance, MI, said that a similar beast had leaped at her car, broken her windshield and scratched her arm. As usual, huge posses covered every square inch of ground in the area and found nothing.

All of these incidents took place near the Enrico Fermi Atomic Power Plant. Flying saucer sightings are commonplace in the region. The famous UFO

flap of March 1966 occurred nearby. UFOs have shown a decided interest in atomic installations all over the world.

The year 1966 was not only a peak period for UFO activity. It also marked a major outbreak of monsters all across the country. On May 21, 1966, a group of young people in an automobile encountered a giant, faceless creature in broad daylight in the Historical Park at Morristown, NJ. They told local police that it was well over six feet tall, had huge shoulders, and was covered with hair. It shuffled up to a parked car and thumped on the back of it. The head was either pulled down into the shoulders, or it was headless. The witnesses did not linger to examine it closely. During the past thirty years, a monster dubbed the "Jersey Devil" has been repeatedly seen all over the state.

In July 1966, a giant hairy monster reportedly prowled the streets of Jessore, East Pakistan. *It killed four people*. Witnesses swore that it was not a tiger or other known animal. The army was called out to search for it. It was never caught.

That same month, five people in a car on a beach on Presque Isle in Erie, Pennsylvania, reportedly saw a brilliantly illuminated flying saucer land on July 31, 1966. They were terrified when a tall figure shuffled up to their car in the dark. Large footprints were later found at the site. A few days later, a tall hairy being appeared near a small lake in Edinboro, Pennsylvania (18 miles from Erie) and a posse of college students went hunting for it. Although they claim to have glimpsed the creature, it got away as usual.

In the fall of 1966, a new kind of monster popped up in West Virginia. From November 1966 to the summer of 1967, more than 100 people had close encounters with a giant winged entity that became known as "The Bird" or "Mothman." It had blazing red eyes, broad shoulders, a ten-foot wingspan, and stood almost seven feet tall. Schoolteachers, ministers, newspaper reporters, and other reliable persons claimed to have seen it. All of their descriptions were identical.

Simultaneously, there was a massive UFO "flap" in the same area of the Ohio River Valley, with flying saucers making nightly appearances before

thousands of witnesses. Dogs and cattle disappeared throughout the region. Mutilated, bloodless carcasses were found in both West Virginia and Ohio.

Is it possible that our hairy (and feathery) humanoids are riding around in flying saucers? There is certainly a considerable amount of evidence to indicate this. The fact that they always manage to elude hundreds of pursuers, including bloodhounds and helicopters, suggests that they must have some means of rapid transportation that enables them to instantly flee an area after staging an enigmatic appearance. A large, hairy animal, no matter how cunning, could hardly enter a fairly densely populated area such as upstate New York (they have been seen near Ithaca, site of a major UFO flap in 1967), and escape again.

Experts have offered various theories and speculations. It has been suggested that the UFOs are planting these creatures amongst us, or that the UFOs are chasing and collecting these creatures every time they appear. One UFO group believes these monsters spring from hidden caves.

It is also possible that this is a dual problem. There is evidence that some of the animals are, indeed, of UFO origin, while others may have always been hiding in our forests and parks, and are rarely seen.

In 1966, somebody somewhere actually shot and killed one of these tall, hairy humanoids. We may never know who did it, or where. But the body was immediately frozen in a huge cake of ice, and eventually found its way into the sideshow of a traveling circus in the Midwest. For two years, thousands of people paid 35 cents apiece to enter a refrigerated van and stare at this wonder.

Finally, a herpetologist named Terry Cullen wandered into the sideshow and became the first to recognize this might be the scientific find of the century. He got in touch with one of America's foremost zoologists and a leading authority on the Abominable Snowman, Ivan T. Sanderson.

Accompanied by Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans, Europe's leading expert on unusual animals, Sanderson tracked the block of ice down to its winter headquarters in Rollingstone, Minnesota (near Minneapolis). There the two men, together with other specialists, huddled in the van in below-zero

temperatures and carefully measured and photographed the body. It was their considered opinion that it was genuine.

The frozen carcass was six feet long and covered with hair two to four inches long. It had apparently been shot in the right eye, and in the chest. The hands were of abnormal size and thickness, measuring seven and one-half inches wide and eleven inches long. The feet were massive and gorilla-like, except for the big toes, which seemed to be manlike. The nose was "pugged" and the lips were very thin, almost nonexistent. It conformed to the descriptions of eyewitnesses that had been published over the years.

The creature was neither man nor ape. It was an unknown animal. Perhaps it was the long-searched for "missing link." Dr. Heuvelmans labeled it *Homo pongoides* ("apelike man").

The experts carefully considered every possibility, including hoax. Professor George A. Agogino of the Paleo-Indian Institute in New Mexico stated, "While it is impossible to rule out fraud, the structure of the ice and the complexity of making a composite animal with scientific continuity makes this unlikely."

Dr. Heuvelmans was even more specific in his report, which was published in the *Bulletin of the Royal Institute of Natural Sciences of Belgium*: "It cannot be an artificial, entirely manufactured object... It cannot be a composite, produced by assembling anatomical parts taken from living beings of different species... It cannot be a normal individual belonging to any of the known races of modern man... It cannot be an abnormal individual, or freak."

It looked as if the long, long trail was ended. The legendary hairy monster had finally been brought to bay. Sanderson contacted the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and they expressed immediate interest.

But Mr. Frank Hansen, the caretaker of the refrigerated van, took a dim view of these proceedings. He expressed concern over the laws that forbid transporting bullet-ridden cadavers from state to state. He also refused to identify the actual owner of the carcass, and could not tell the scientists where or how the creature had been killed.

Sanderson, Heuvelmans, and their colleagues were convinced that the body was genuine. They had photographs and carefully compiled scientific data to back up their opinion. But when other scientists hurried to Rollingstone to view the remains, they found a crude wax effigy!

“The moment official inquiries were initiated,” Sanderson said recently, “the owner came to the place in Minnesota where the specimen was stored, removed it in a refrigerator truck, and substituted some form of copy made in wax.”

The “Missing Link” is again missing! Its whereabouts are still unknown.

So, we are almost back to where we started. Meanwhile, people continue to see these mysterious animals. In the spring of 1969, Don Cox reportedly saw a hairy figure eight to ten feet tall near Beacon Rock State Park, Washington. “I first saw what I thought to be a tree leaning toward the middle of the road,” Mr. Cox said. “I slowed my car and turned my headlights to high beam. It was then that I saw this fur-covered human form with the face of an ape. It ran across the road in front of the car, leaped up a 40-degree slope, and disappeared into the woods.”

In the fall of 1968, a group of hunters encountered an ABSM type near Fremont, Wisconsin. It got away from them, leaving behind the usual giant footprints. Other reports have come in from Montana, Oregon, Georgia, and a hundred other places in between.

It is more probable that these are not actual animals, but are distortions of reality, inserted into our space-time continuum by the mischievous forces of the “superspectrum.” The reported density of some of these creatures indicates they are not flesh and blood, but are composed of highly condensed atoms – comparable with, say, plutonium. And like plutonium, a manmade radioactive metal, these creatures deteriorate at a very rapid rate. Plutonium is very, and it only takes 11 pounds to make an atom bomb.

Since energy masses in the superspectrum can alter their frequencies and move up and down the electromagnetic spectrum, we can assume they can also manipulate atomic structure and enter our plane of reality by creating atoms compatible with our atomic structure.

The ancients called this process “transmogrification.” Heavier, tightly compacted atoms with a dense field of orbiting electrons dissipate their energy quickly. Plutonium is a very unstable element, prone to spontaneous combustion.

Let’s imagine that when energies of the superspectrum vibrate down into our reality, they change into very short-lived atoms of unusual density. In the early stages of creation, the transmogrified entities are relatively harmless to us but, when deterioration begins to occur, they throw off electrons and radiation that can harm humans and animals in the same way that flying saucers harm us.

Another byproduct of atomic deterioration is its curious effect upon electrical apparatus. One of the first devices invented to test radioactive materials was the electroscope. This was simply two pieces of gold leaf hanging from a metal rod in a bottle. The gold conductors were charged with static electricity and repelled each other, spreading apart. When a radioactive substance was held over the rod, the gold leaves fell together, their charges having been instantly dissipated.

This same effect can stall electrical ignitions and disrupt power lines and telephone communications, not because of the electromagnetic effect, but because the energy field of the radioactive monster or UFO interferes with the atomic qualities of the wire temporarily. Electricity cannot pass through the affected wiring until the energy field is removed.

The Kelly family near Mahomet, IL had an encounter with a UFO in October 1967, which resulted in a very peculiar aftermath. Their lights didn’t go out, but their electric bill for the following month went crazy, jumping by 500%. Whatever the thing was, it kept coming back to the Kelly homestead and apparently made their electric meter run wild.

Then, at 4 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1967, Mrs. Maryellen Kelly looked outside to see what was agitating her dog. There, hovering directly above some nearby trees, she saw what she described as a great, glowing, orange-yellowish “thing.” It rose to the northeast and zipped away.

“The next day,” she said later, “my face started to get red. My eyes were bloodshot, my hands were red, and the exposed area between my short slacks and boots I have been wearing turned red, too. My left ear hurt and, when I blew my nose, it bled.”

I have examined dead animals in UFO areas that had blood running from their ears, noses, and mouths. This is almost a sure sign of concussion – a sudden increase in air pressure. An ordinary explosion can cause this, of course, but in many of these cases, *no explosion was heard*. There are cases of unexplained human deaths by concussion going all the way back to 1946.

Some our monsters remain in an area for several days and are seen by many people before they finally disappear. Token attacks on domestic animals occur throughout the period, perhaps because the monster is somehow replenishing its diminishing energies with earthy animal matter. But it is a losing battle, and the monster must ultimately melt away, leaving nothing but a terrible stench behind.

In several cases, UFO lights have appeared above the monsters and cast a powerful beam of light onto them. The monsters vanished leaving only a residue of silicon carbide (SiC), a very hard, crystalline compound that has been found at hundreds of UFO and monster sites all over the world. Often it is mistaken for common furnace slag. It is logically the only remains of the transmogrification process.

The fact that UFOs have been seen “attacking” entities with light beams has inspired theories that the flying saucers are policing Earth and protecting us from monsters. At the Presque Isle sighting, a tall hairy monster approached a group of witnesses in a car. A luminous aerial object appeared, firing beams in all directions, and the monster vanished. Its footprints were found on the sandy beach, and a small quantity of silicon and silicon carbide was found at the spot where the tracks abruptly stopped.

Believers in the extraterrestrial hypothesis have been repeatedly been disappointed by forms of silicon – a fairly common substance – at UFO sites. They would prefer to find some exotic, unidentifiable metal “not of this earth.”

In the prelude to the great 1947 UFO wave in the U.S., the "ghost rockets" that swarmed over Scandinavia in 1946 left large quantities of silicon carbide in their paths. And the most important UFO event of 1947, the complex "Maury Island Affair" in Tacoma, Washington also produced a great heap of "slag."

We cannot name the place where flying saucers and hairy monsters come from, but we do know where they go. They poor slobs literally *melt*.

But clearly, these fellows are nobody to fool with. In many of the dozens of cases I have studied, the creatures approached or even attacked automobiles and their drivers. Animals such as dogs, sheep, and cattle were found killed or mutilated in a significant number of cases.

Throughout 1972, dozens of people in the Pittsburgh, PA area received unwelcome glimpses of a tall, hair-covered monster. While the hardcore UFO buffs howled with derision, local researcher Stan Gordon confirmed findings that I had published years earlier: both UFOs and monsters seemed to zero in on human females undergoing their menstrual period. I also noted that animal disappearance and mutilations were commonplace in UFO/ monster areas. Gordon found that dogs, cats, chickens, and sheep were disappearing or meeting horrible fates in the wake of the monster sightings.

This raises a very important question: If these creatures are real, what do they eat? The obvious answer is anything or anyone they want to. An animal 7 to 10 feet tall and weighing from 300 to 800 pounds (judging from the depth of the footprints) must have a voracious appetite. If they are vegetarians like, say, elephants, they would leave wide path of despoiled foliage. If they are carnivorous, they would certainly require more than the occasional cat or dog. They would be emptying entire chicken coops, gulping down whole herds of sheep, or grabbing dozens of toddlers on their way to kindergarten.

The problem is that the animal disappearances in these areas are *too few*. They seem to be nothing but *token* attacks, perhaps to *support a belief that they are real animals*.

However, thousands of cows do vanish during each big UFO wave, often leading local police on wild-goose chases thinking they are pursuing cattle rustlers equipped with silent airplanes or helicopters. The first known UFO cattlenapping took place during the "airship" wave of 1897. A family reportedly watched a cigar-shaped object swoop over their farm near Vernon, Kansas that April. It was occupied by six strange beings. They jabbered in a foreign language as they lowered a rope, lassoed one of the cows, hauled it aboard, and flew away. This episode has been reprinted in great detail in almost every UFO book out there. There are many modern cases identical to this.

Point Pleasant, West Virginia's winged "Mothman" left behind only a few footprints and droppings (which disappeared soon after I turned them over to a testing facility). Oddly, most of the "Mothman prints" looked like those of a giant dog. Similar tracks have been found at other monster sites around the world.

One morning in April of 1969, Ernest Adkins stepped from his home on a farm near New Haven, West Virginia (very close to Pt. Pleasant), and found his beagle pup dead in his yard. "There was no evidence that the pup died in a fight," Adkins said. "But there was a large, very neat hole in its side, and the animal's heart was lying *outside* the body. It looked as if something had chewed it out. There were no other marks on the body."

But no known animal would, or *could*, neatly tear the heart out of a dog without leaving other marks on the carcass. And any animal that might attempt such a thing would certainly have eaten the heart or some part of the dog.

We investigated the situation in Pt. Pleasant as thoroughly and as carefully as was humanly possible. But after all of our interviews and all of our experiences, we were still left with the basic, disturbing question: What is really on the loose in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other isolated "window areas" of the world?

There is an ancient religious theory that contends that demons and gods need physical matter from this world to aid their own materializations. And once they have materialized in a physical form, they must replenish

themselves frequently to retain that form. This, of course, is found in numerous variations in the vampire lore of Europe. The deaths, mutilations, and disappearances of animals and people during these mysterious invasions have always been carefully explained by some kind of phenomenon acceptable to the people of the period.

We no longer believe in vampires, but millions of us now believe in flying saucers from outer space, and even in giant, red-eyed monsters.

Perhaps one of these days you will come face-to-face with one of these tall humanoids near your own hometown. If you can bring it in – alive or dead – don't sell it to a sideshow. There are several top scientists who will want to talk to you.

But be careful. Wherever these monsters tread, the flying saucers (and the Men in Black) are never very far behind.

CHAPTER 12

PORNOGRAPHY FROM THE HEAVENS – *UFO REPORT* – 1970-1975

In occult lore, there is a well-known historic phenomenon that has been heavily documented for centuries and has involved thousands of people, both male and female. This phenomenon involves the appearance of nonhuman entities that seduce and have sexual intercourse with their victims. An incubus is a male "demon" that attacks sleeping females and fornicates with them. In many cases, these entities return night after night. Such "demon lovers" are discussed in ancient literature, and psychiatrists are well familiar with the phenomenon. It seems to extend beyond mere sexual fantasy. There is sometimes physical evidence that the victim has experienced actual intercourse.

One weird case is fully described in a book titled *UFO Warning*, by New Zealander John Stuart. He became obsessed with the UFO phenomenon in the early 1950s, and was assisted in his research by an attractive young lady he calls "Barbara." After having some close-up UFO sightings in 1954 and receiving anonymous, threatening phone calls ordering them to discontinue their UFO studies, Barbara claimed that she returned home one night to find a foul odor in her apartment. Then she was brutally attacked by a creature she *could not see*. She said that it had skin the texture of sandpaper. It raped her and left her body covered with small scratches. Later, both Stuart and the girl saw a weird, loathsome monster with spindly limbs and covered with hair. "It had no hands; long fingers jutted from the arms like stalks," Stuart wrote.

From time to time, cases of this type receive worldwide publicity. A Reuters dispatch from Pretoria, South Africa examined one such case in April 1968. A widow named Mrs. Anna de la Rovera protested to authorities that her house was haunted. In Feb. 1968, she returned home one evening and found a man dressed in gray sitting on her front porch. When she asked him what he wanted, he "simply stood up and walked into the

house *through* the closed front door." The mysterious stranger appeared frequently after that, often invading her bedroom and "making amorous advances" to her.

"About a month ago, after I had gone to bed one night," she told reporters, "I saw a dark apparition coming out of the kitchen. It was covered with long hair. I particularly remember its long, curved fingernails."

Her children also saw this specter. Mrs. Rovera appealed to the Pretoria City Council for new housing.

The feminine counterpart of the incubus is known as a succubus: a female entity that materializes in the bedrooms of males and seduces them. The succubus phenomena is very real to priests and monks, and there are innumerable instances in which ravishing ladies supposedly materialized in cells and tried to lure the priests into enjoying the sins of the flesh. Often the appearances of these entities are accompanied by ghostlike manifestations. Objects move of their own accord, pictures are wrenched from walls by unseen hands, and doors open and close by themselves. Busy poltergeists also seem to be directly linked to the UFO phenomenon.

If the ufonauts are essentially "alien" but human in form, it might make sense for them to conduct crossbreeding experiments in an effort to produce beings with the full capability of breathing and functioning in the earthly environment. Such experiments have purportedly been going on for several years, although the victims are very reluctant to reveal their identities for perfectly obvious reasons.

In these cases, young men, usually from college campuses, are taken aboard the objects and introduced to "alien" females. A student from a West Virginia college underwent this type of experience in the spring of 1967. Immediately after he was released from the UFO, he went to a local hospital and submitted himself to a thorough examination, which confirmed his claims. Two young men on Long Island also told me the same kind of story in the summer of 1967. One claimed to have performed as a voluntary "breeder" several times. He later suffered a spell of amnesia.

The best-known case of this type occurred in Brazil in 1957 and was carefully investigated. Antonio Vilas Boas, a 23-year-old farmer, claimed that four small men in gray, one-piece suits and helmets took him aboard a saucer-shaped craft late on the night of Oct. 15th. A sample of blood was extracted from him and he was placed in a chamber containing a couch. Smoke came from vents around the ceiling, he said, and created a gaseous mixture that smelled like "burning oil cloth," which made him sick to his stomach. After he had adjusted somewhat to this new kind of atmosphere, the door opened and a nude girl entered. She was very pale, short, had high cheekbones, elongated eyes, a very pointed chin, and very thin lips. Her hands were "very long and narrow."

The healthy farmer did what comes naturally – twice, in fact, he bragged. At the conclusion of the proceedings, his strange mate patted her stomach and pointed towards the sky. Boas came down with symptoms of radiation poisoning after he was released, and these symptoms were still present when he was examined a month or so later. Many of the smaller details of his once utterly preposterous story have now been verified by more recent events in other parts of the world. His description of the entities and some writing he saw on a door in the craft match the descriptions given by Betty and Barney Hill, the New Hampshire "contactees." The Hills could not possibly have ever heard of Boas.

Mrs. Hill recalled under hypnosis that a long needle was driven into her navel by the ufonauts, and Barney complained that some kind of cold instrument was placed over his genitals (he later developed a ring of warts in that region). One of the American males who told me of having an out-of-this-world sex experience said that the female was about five feet two inches tall, spoke little English, and had very thin, silvery hair. No nauseous gas was injected into the saucer boudoir, but he was given something "thick and syrupy" to drink before he was introduced to the girl.

Dr. Jacques Vallee has researched this type of event in depth, burrowing into the records of the Catholic Church and the demonological literature. Incubi and succubae have traditionally been regarded as manifestations of the devil. In Celtic countries, the "little people" have been credited with bizarre sexual activity often accompanied by hallucinations just as intriguing as the modern stories of hanky-panky aboard flying saucers. "The

devil does not have a body," Dr. Vallee writes. "Then, how does he manage to have intercourse with men and women?" All of theologians answer that the devil borrows the corpse of a human being, either male or female, or else *he forms with other materials a new body* for this purpose.

If there is any validity to this theory, then we can speculate that Boas' strange mate was somehow constructed from the blood that the "spaceman" first extracted from him. In studying percipients making similar claims, we have detected factors that indicate that all – or a large part – of what they remembered was a confabulation or dreamlike hallucination. While they had a vivid memory of their experiences aboard a flying saucer, it is probable that they actually had a different kind of experience altogether, the memory of which was somehow erased and replaced by a flying saucer illusion.

Our problem is therefore complicated by the necessity for finding a method to get at the forgotten experience. It is futile to record and the preserve the endless details in the remembered hallucinations. The seemingly strongest UFO evidence – the landing and contact stories – thus become the weakest links in the evidentiary chain.

THE LUSTFUL GIANTS

Early European literature contains numerous references to the "Wild Men of the Woods" who were supposed to have existed hidden away in the dense forests of England, France, Germany, and many other countries. They were described as tall, hair-covered men of remarkable agility, able to leap vast distances and out-run ordinary men. In Irish folklore, according to *The Bestiary*, these *Homines Sylvestris* "used to inhabit inelegant subterranean hovels, lived on vegetables, and refused to have anything to do with other humans. However kindly they were treated, it was impossible to civilize them, because they refused to recognize law and order. There were almost an infinite number of them in Ireland."

In the early literature, the European "Wild Men" purportedly had a lustful nature and would accost lone human females passing through the forests, forcibly engaging them in sexual intercourse. Perhaps these tales are the

basis for the Satyr legends, and artists and *Playboy* cartoonists have misrepresented the Satyrs by giving them cloven hooves. Since the American Indians have similar stories, it is possible that there is some fact to these tales.

Isolated tribes in South America also have legends of racial intermixing with the hairy ones. Some nonscientific speculators have even suggested that the creatures can only reproduce through human females. However, we have yet to uncover many claims from those who have been raped by a hairy monster. If such claims are made, it is unlikely that they will get into mainstream print.

There is steadily accumulating evidence that strongly suggests that the hairy, Bigfoot-type monsters are connected with the UFO phenomenon. The funny flying saucers have produced all kinds of intriguing monster stories, including the alleged UFO transport of a Patagonian giant to Michigan in 1897. It almost seems as if anomalous earthly creatures have somehow been drafted into service by the saucers to carry out some mysterious missions. The UFO evidence, which is now almost overwhelming, indicates that the entire flying saucer phenomenon is an outrageous enterprise that preys upon our gullibility and is meant to inspire a totally false belief in extraterrestrial, interplanetary visitants.

Brad Steiger has received an astonishing journal written by the grandfather of James C. Wyatt of Memphis, TN, detailing an experience with a “Crazy Bear” in the year 1888. A Native American is supposed to have led Grandfather Wyatt to a hidden cave in Tennessee where a hairy, manlike creature was concealed. The indigenous tribesmen fed the “Crazy Bear” at regular intervals, asserting that such creatures were ejected from the “moons” that landed periodically in the valley.

So there is one solution to our mystery. The flying saucers are dumping hairy monsters all over the landscape! Wyatt’s “Crazy Bear” is described as a short-necked, long-armed creature covered with glossy black hair.

It is a curious fact that flying saucers have been repeatedly seen in Bigfoot, Yeti, and Sasquatch-infested territories. A mountain-climbing expedition to Mt. Everest in 1923, headed by Gen. Bruce, not only came across the

classic giant footprints of the Yeti, but also reportedly saw a “great, hairy, naked man running across a snowfield” at around 17,000 feet. Subsequent expeditions had further encounters with the creature.

During the 1933 Everest attempt, mountaineer F.S. Smythe was climbing alone when he observed “two curious-looking objects floating in the sky.” They hovered motionless and seemed to pulsate slowly. Other Himalayan expeditions in the 1920s and ‘30s reported seeing “giant silver discs” and “flying teakettles.” Although the native Sherpas had plenty to say about the Yeti, they shrugged off the aerial objects as religious manifestations. According to them, the discs have *always* flown regular routes over the mountains. The discs belonged there, like the clouds, the natives explained.

In some places the Yeti is greatly feared, and there are numerous accounts of the creatures attacking and killing human beings. In 1949, a Sherpa herdsman named Lakhpa Tensing was reportedly torn apart by a Yeti in the bleak pass of Nanga Parbat, one of the highest passes in the world, far beyond the reach of ordinary animals. Mountain mothers there deal with their misbehaving children by warning that the Yeti will get them if they don’t watch out. Hill farmers in some areas are afraid to work after dark because of this curtain of superstition and fear. They believe that to look at a Yeti means death, and the only protection is to cover your eyes and run downhill. The Yeti’s feet are supposed to be mounted backwards to facilitate mountain climbing, but that makes things damned awkward when it tries to run downhill. An old man in Darjeeling, India, Bombahadur Chetri, claims he saw it with his own eyes when he was a boy, and describes it as being ten feet tall with sharp yellow fangs, cold red eyes, and backwards feet.

Almost every expedition in the past 50 years has seen and photographed the huge Yeti footprints, and have produced reliable reports of having seen the beast at a distance. It has been seen digging up roots with a stick, something no ordinary animal would do. This use of a tool puts it almost into the human class. What could it be? There is some evidence that it might be a survivor of early Neanderthal man, since their footprints match.

In 1948, an ancient cave, long sealed by volcanic lava, was opened near Toirano, Italy, and it was found to contain all kinds of interesting artifacts,

including the footprints of modern-type men, giant bears, and Neanderthals. The latter tracks were immediately recognized as being almost exactly the same as footprints photographed by the various expeditions to Everest.

Of equal interest is the fact that the discovery seemed to indicate that modern man and the Neanderthals existed in the *same* era. In the 1950s, an expedition in the Middle East unearthed relics suggesting that modern man, Cro-Magnon man, and Neanderthal man had all existed at the same time. This was quickly swept under the carpet. After all, if these various human and subhuman personages all lived together in a single epoch, then there is something radically wrong with our long-accepted evolutionary timeline.

The evidence we are summarizing here opens a whole new anthropological bag. Could the "Wild Men of the Woods" (and the "giants" whose skeletons have been found throughout the Americas) have been stray survivors of some ancient time, gradually driven further and further back into the forests and mountains, forced to mate with human females in order to survive at all, and, finally, pressed into extinction when human females were no longer readily available? Could these hairy beings have survived in the remote vastness of the Himalayas, the deep jungles of Brazil, and the thick, mountainous terrain of the Cascade and Appalachian ranges?

Indeed, not long ago, there lived upon this planet a race of human beings who were ten feet tall. They inhabited Africa, Europe, North and South America, and the Aleutian Islands. We know a great deal about them. We know that they had nasty, evil dispositions. Some of them were different from modern man in that their jaws were graced with a double row of sharp teeth, somewhat akin to the double teeth found in some reptiles and fish. We know that large numbers of this fearsome race still existed into the seventeenth century.

We know all these things because giant human bones have been unearthed all over the world, and the tales and legends of many Indian tribes offer extensive detail as to their nature and living habits. But few, if any, scientists have ever bothered to collect and study the enormous amount of available data, perhaps because such giants are supposed to be scientific impossibilities. Or perhaps it is because such a study would explode too many beloved scientific theories and political histories. So, scattered

museums are filled with giant bones, and only fringe scholars are left to contemplate the meaning of it all. Were these giants a race apart, or were they an important but neglected part of mankind?

The book of Genesis states that these giants were "Grigori" or "fallen angels" who mated with human women. In Chapter 18, Enoch asserts that these Grigori "saw the daughters of men – how good they are – and took to themselves wives, and befouled the earth with their deeds, who in all times of their age made lawlessness and mixing, and giants were born and marvelous big men and great enmity."

The legends of many isolated Indian tribes agree that the giants were evildoers, and the world is well rid of them. The Bible and many other ancient records suggest that the giants mated with normal women and produced a half-breed race that was large in size and short in intelligence. If this is true, it is understandable that the giant race would eventually become extinct, wiped out by stupidity.

England has always had extensive legends about giants, backed up by enormous structures of unknown origin, such as Stonehenge, and huge designs carved into the ground, covering many acres. Most of these designs are fully discernible only from the air. The Cerne Abbas giant, for example, was carved into the British hills aeons ago and clearly depicts a huge human carrying a club.

England, Ireland, and North and South America contain thousands of great mounds, artificially constructed of earth, which have apparently survived as the sole evidence of some ancient, forgotten culture. (Although Native Americans are often credited with the building of these mounds, they have nothing in their ancient lore to account for them.)

An old book titled *History and Antiquities of Allerdale* describes a giant, 15 feet tall, which was found in the Middle Ages in Cumberland, England. The giant was dressed in *full battle armor*. His "armor, sword, and battle-axe" were given to "Mr. Sands of Redington, and Mr. Wyber at St. Bees." A true goliath! We have no way of knowing what happened to such interesting finds. The bones and armor may have been scattered among dozens of souvenir collectors.

As soon as Europeans began to explore the distant reaches of the Americas, they encountered a breed of giant men. The southernmost parts of Argentina and Chile were labeled "Patagonia" by Magellan because the giants there wore leather moccasins. "Pata" is Spanish for "hoof." In June 1520, when Magellan's fleet anchored at Port San Julian on the Argentinean coast, a giant appeared on the beach. Pigafetta, a member of Magellan's staff, later wrote: "This man was so tall that our heads scarcely came up to his waist, and his voice was like that of a bull."

Magellan's men managed to capture two of the giants, intending to take them back to Europe, but they died in chains en route.

The British explorer Drake docked in Port San Julian in 1578 and had a skirmish with "men of large stature" who towered at seven feet six inches tall. He lost two of his men in the battle.

Other later explorers came into contact with this race of giants and contributed to the growing documentation. Anthony Knyvet passed through the Magellan Strait in 1592 and reported not only having seen the huge Patagonians, but also having measured several dead bodies at Port Desire ranging from ten and a half to twelve feet tall. In 1598, Sebald de Weert saw natives ten feet tall in the same area. Other captains and crews reported similar experiences. Two French ships reported seeing groups of giants mixing with men of more ordinary stature on the shores of Possession Bay in the 1670s. The giants may have been thinning out or moving further inland to escape the encroachment by the militant Europeans.

In 1764, after anchoring in the Magellan Strait, the crew of the *Dolphin* saw hundreds of giant natives, some of whom *were on horseback* and carried animal skins on their shoulders. One of the Dolphin's officers wrote in the *Annual Register* (1768) that some of them were certainly nine feet tall, if not taller: "The commodore, who is very near six feet, could just reach the top of one of their heads on tip-toe. And there were several taller than that… There was hardly a man there less than eight feet, most of them considerably more. The women, I believe, run from seven and a half to eight feet tall."

In the nineteenth century, the Patagonians began to shrink. Darwin noted that the women were still above six feet tall, however, saying, “They are certainly the tallest race that we anywhere saw.” Stories of giant humans abound in other parts of South America. The Incas told stories of giants descending from the sky and having sexual intercourse with Inca women. An early record by Bernal Diaz del Castillo tells how the Spanish conqueror Cortez shipped the thighbone of a giant back to the king of Spain.

Maybe the giants migrated to the impenetrable jungles of Brazil. On May 16, 1966, the London *Daily Mirror* reported that a ferocious band of savages more than seven feet tall were terrorizing neighboring tribes in the Amazon jungle. The existence of the savages, known locally as the “Krem-Akarore,” was revealed by a group of Brazilian air cadets who went on a course of training in the jungle. As so often happens with these odd stories, they drop off the map and are never referred to again.

In Italy, archaeologists were baffled by the discovery of the bones of fifty tall men in the spring of 1969. Workmen excavating a factory site in Terracina, near Rome, uncovered fifty tiled coffins that bore neither inscriptions nor designs. Each coffin contained bones of men measuring between six and seven feet tall – very tall by Roman standards.

The Delaware Indians believe that their tribe once lived in the west, but migrated eastward. In those days, the land east of the Mississippi was inhabited by a race of giants who built mighty cities and fortifications. They were called the Alligewi. Both the Allegheny River and Allegheny Mountains were named for them. The migrating Native Americans asked for permission to pass through Alligewi country, but permission was refused. The Indians went to war against the giants, and eventually drove them out. The Alligewi fled westward, down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to Minnesota.

The Sioux Indians have another legend. When they lived in Minnesota, a race of giants appeared there, and were exterminated by the Native Americans.

So we have two widely separated legends from two different tribes. One claims they successfully drove the giants westward. The other claims they

were on hand when the fleeing giants arrived. Those giants left their bones in Minnesota to lend credence to the story. The books *Aborigines of Minnesota* and *The History of Geological Surveys in Minnesota* (Vol. 1) give the details on the many finds of monstrous human skeletons.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of June 29, 1888 reported that the remains of seven persons "seven to eight feet tall" were found in a mound. The skulls had receding foreheads and the teeth were "double all the way around, not like those of the present race of men." At the lone mound outside of Warren, Minnesota, ten more bodies of gigantic size were produced in 1882. Near Pine City, several more outlandish skeletons were dug up.

What has happened to all of these bones and relics?

Some are packed away in the basements of local museums. Most have moved, generation to generation, from living rooms to barns to garbage dumps. Since science does not believe in giants, scientists are naturally not very interested in giant human bones. No one can estimate how many hundreds or thousands of these finds have been made over the years. The written records are sparse, and thousands of old newspapers and files must be sifted before we can fully assemble the complete story of the giants.

EVERYONE NEEDS A GOOD LEY

Flying saucer buffs read great significance into the fact that many modern UFO sightings seem to congregate around the old "Indian" mounds. Strange lights, bobbing and weaving and blinking in intelligent patterns, periodically cavort above the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Since UFOs have a tendency to appear in the same geographical locations year after year, it is possible that ancient peoples saw them, too, and erected mounds for them. Some flying saucer writers have borrowed a page from Prof. Agrest's "Baalbek" theory and suggested that the flattopped mounds were intended as UFO airports (or, alternatively, as landing pads for Mothman).

If the great mounds were merely monuments to the dead, as we are often told, they were costly ones. Even with modern bulldozers, it would take

much time and money to construct a mound 130 feet high and five acres square, such as the Silbury mound in England. It is difficult to visualize tribes of prehistoric people engaging in this activity for months or years. It is even more difficult to think of them planning the mounds so that they would present specific symbols when seen from the air (e.g., the Serpent Mound in Ohio). There are many examples of these symbols, all obviously meant to serve as landmarks for unknown pilots cruising the virgin skies. The tradition for making these landmarks survived until at least fifteen hundred years ago, for that is the apparent age of the famous Nazca Lines found in the Peruvian desert. Nobody paid much attention to these lines until the early 1940s. Since then, they have become an important facet of the lore surrounding flying saucers and Atlantis.

The vast "Indian" mounds of the Ohio Valley stand as mute testimony of some earlier culture that constructed the mounds of Great Britain. The latter were joined by straight tracks or "leys" that formed a complicated grid system. A similar ley grid may have once existed in West Virginia. There are tiny traces here and there, but modern farmers and builders have destroyed most of the old remnants, just as they destroyed a great many of the mounds, stone towers, and tumuli that stood on this continent when the first Europeans arrived.

Many modern "creature" and UFO sightings happen along these extended ley lines. For instance, on Nov. 8, 1958, Charles Wetzel was driving home in Riverside, CA and, as he neared the point where North Main St. crosses the Santa Ana River (at near 33rd-degree latitude), something leaped out in front of his car.

"It had a round, scarecrowish head," he said, "like something out of Halloween. It wasn't human. It had a longer arm than anything I'd ever seen. When it saw me in the car, it reached all the way back to the windshield and began clawing at me. It didn't have any ears. The face was all round. The eyes were shining like something fluorescent, and it had a protuberant mouth. It was scaly, like leaves."

Wetzel reached for the .22 pistol he carried in the car and "stomped on the gas." Next, he said, "The thing fell back from the car and it gurgled. The

noise it made didn't sound human. I think I hit it. I heard something hit the pan under the car."

There were long, sweeping scratches on his windshield, but nothing was found at the site. The next night, a six-foot-tall black thing leaped out of the bushes near the Wetzel site and frightened another motorist. The Wetzel story was widely circulated by the wire services and has become a monster "classic."

In 1896-97, scores of mysterious airships appeared suddenly in the skies all over the U.S., often flying along the ley lines. The newspapers of the period were filled with incredible stories of the objects and their peculiar occupants. One of the most amazing of these tales appeared in the Saginaw, Michigan *Courier-Herald* (April 16, 1897). It seems that at 4:30 a.m. on Wednesday, April 14, a strange flying contraption landed in a field near Howard City, MI. *And a naked giant stepped from it*.

"He is about nine and a half feet tall," the report stated, "and his talk, while musical, is not talk at all, but seems to be a repetition of bellowing. One of the braver farmers attempted to go near him, and got a kick that will last him for some time, having got his hip broken. Great excitement prevails here, and lots of people are flocking here from Morley and Howard City to view the strange being at a distance, as no one dares to go near. He seems to be trying to talk to people."

There were no follow-up stories on this alleged incident. Have our giants finally taken to the air?

The whole UFO/ monster phenomenon is like a Chinese nest of boxes. Open one, and you find another inside. Ufologists have long noted that UFOs seem to spend a lot of time around our atomic energy installations and other sites of strategic importance. But it is also true that an equal number of UFO sightings and events seem to be concentrated around gravel pits, garbage dumps, and cemeteries. (In fact, it is probable that many of the early cemetery "ghost" sightings were actually UFO manifestations.) Our strange creatures *also* appear in these same locations. Why?

On the night of July 31, 1966, a glowing object chose to land on a deserted beach in Presque Isle Park, Erie, PA. After it landed, the object projected strange beams of light into nearby woods. Then a tall, dark figure shuffled up to a car and terrified the witnesses, leaving a scratch on the roof of the vehicle. The police vouched for the witnesses, and said that they were sincerely frightened. Scores of other people in Erie reported seeing unusual aerial lights that same night.

When we went to Erie to investigate this case, we found a curious note in the police files. A woman had called them to report another monster sighting. Mrs. Julie Helwig told us that she was awakened by barking dogs at 5:30 a.m. on the morning of Aug. 3rd, 1966. When she looked out the window, she saw a human-shaped being about five feet six inches tall. It was clothed, she said, in a yellow jacket and yellow trousers with no discernible pockets, belts, or other features. The head was huge, moonshaped and, when seen from the side, appeared to be flat. This head was covered with straggly brown hair.

It moved with a stiff, jerky motion, holding its arms close to its sides. The arms did not move at all. Its legs did not bend at the knees. “He moved,” she said, “like a mechanical wind-up toy.” Local dogs were barking at its heels, but it ignored them completely. The creature appeared across from the United Oil Storage Tanks on West Third Street, and then walked stiffly out of view. Another woman said she was driving down Third Street late at night when she saw the creature and stopped her car. The creature came up to it, pounded on the hood, and then moved off into the darkness.

Who or what are all these assorted spacemen, tall monsters, giant beasts, and short troublemakers? It does look as if some of them – perhaps all of them – hitch rides aboard flying saucers. If so, do they all come from a single place, or are we being invaded by a hundred different groups from a hundred different unknown places? Most of these monsters and humanoids obviously breathe our atmosphere without any trouble, and some seem to speak our languages. They even seem to like our women. If they come from another planet, then it must have environmental conditions almost identical to our own. But as our astronomers keep telling us, the odds are against this possibility.

Do all these characters know each other? Could it be that they are working in unison to accomplish some goal, whatever that goal may be?

CHAPTER 13

THE UFO SILENCERS – *SAGA* MAGAZINE – MAY 1975

Planes were a rare sight in 1924. A few hardy airmail pilots were just beginning to blaze trails in rickety old biplanes, and a handful of barnstormers were turning up at county fairs in decrepit Jennies left over from World War I. But most Americans had never even seen an airplane, and when a sputtering engine sounded in the skies over cities and suburbs, people ran into the streets to gape with wonder.

In May of that year, there was great excitement on the isolated farms near Gem, WV, in Braxton County, when a huge aircraft suddenly appeared, bobbing and weaving closer and closer to the ground, until it dipped down into a thick forest and apparently crashed. According to the farmer who watched it go down, it was "as big as a battleship" and didn't seem to have any wings.

In those days, every plane crash was big news commanding headlines around the world, so a local newsman, the late John Cole, eagerly joined the party that went searching for the wreckage. They systematically scoured the woods and, within hours, they found the wreck in a small clearing. "We weren't the first ones there, though," Cole recalled more than 40 years later:

> There were already five or six men in the clearing. Some of them were dressed in black business suits, neckties and all, and that seemed damned silly in that part of the woods. Others were dressed in coveralls of a funny color – some kind of shiny material. They were talking among themselves in a rapid-fire foreign language when we found them. They got real excited when they saw us. The men in coveralls ran into the wreck, like they were trying to hide. Some of our men were carrying guns, and one of

> them said, “By God, they’re spies!” He started to raise his rifle. I told him to put it down.
>
> The strangers were all small, just a little over five feet tall, and they all looked like Orientals. You know, with high cheekbones, “slant” eyes, and dark skin. One of them spoke English with a peculiar accent. He told us nobody was hurt, and that everything was “all right.” He said he would call on the sheriff later and make a complete report. But he never did. There wasn’t much we could do. No crime had been committed. Nobody was hurt.

John Cole was in his eighties at the time of the interview, but his mind was sharp and his memory was clear. He had not read anything about flying saucers, he claimed, and was unfamiliar with the Men in Black lore. He continued:

> Here’s the funny part. While I was looking around, I spotted a little metal thingamajig on the ground. I picked it up and decided to keep it. I put it in my pocket. We all finally went away, leaving the foreigners to fuss with their contraption. It didn’t look like much of a flying machine. In fact, it was a wonder it could fly at all. It was like the fuselage of a modern plane, with windows and all. But it didn’t have any wings, tail, or propellers. And, like the farmer said, it was mighty big. I’d say it was at least 75 feet long. It filled the whole clearing.
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> I went back home. I was living in Weston in those days. I went right to bed. I was pretty tired from all the day’s hiking. About 3:00 a.m., somebody started pounding on my door. I got up and looked, and there was an Army officer standing there. He was dressed in one of those broad-brimmed hats they used to wear, with the leg wrappings and all.

> It was a U.S. Army uniform all right. I was in the Big War. But we didn't see many soldiers in West Virginia in those days. Anyway, except for his clothes, he looked just like those foreigners from the airplane: slant eyes, dark skin, but maybe a little taller.
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> He said, "You picked up something yesterday. We need it back." I was half asleep so, at first, I couldn't think what he meant. Then I remembered that metal thingamajig. It was still in my coat pocket, so I went and got it. I asked him, "Is this what you mean?" He didn't answer. He just took it and walked off, without a word. He didn't seem to have a horse or a car.
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> I shuffled back to bed. But the next day, I started wondering about it. How had he managed to track me down? A couple of days later, I went back to those woods and found that clearing. It was empty. The grass and bushes were all crushed down where the airplane had been, but there was no other sign of anything or anybody. The farmer said he had seen some lights in the sky the next night, and thought the thing had taken off then.
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> You know, I never wrote the story up for my newspaper. After that Army officer came by, I figured that maybe it was a secret Army deal of some kind. I thought I had better leave well enough alone.

Braxton County produced a series of UFO and monster sightings in the 1950s and 60s, and I ran into Mr. Cole while I was investigating some of those more recent events.

Several years later, I received a letter from a man in the Northwest recounting an almost identical incident, which supposedly happened in Oregon in the 1930s. A strange plane had crashed. Local farmers collected pieces of it and, shortly afterwards, Army officers visited them and rounded up the "souvenirs."

Variations of this charade have occurred in England in 1909 and, more recently, in Spain. Modern UFO investigators have vainly tried to link these mystery men with the CIA and the military, accusing them of being part of some massive conspiracy to hide "the truth" about flying saucers from the public. But hundreds of similar episodes have now been reported and closely examined by highly qualified civilian researchers.

It is evident that these Men in Black (so named because they are usually dressed in black suits) do not represent any *known* government, but are actually related to the UFO phenomenon itself. Their basic purpose is to spread confusion and prevent official investigators from learning the truth about UFOs.

They have done their job well. Despite 27 years of controversy and investigation, no real evidence of any kind has fallen into the hands of the authorities. Aside from scorched circles of grass and holes in the ground, no physical debris from a flying saucer has reached official investigators. Even worse, the clever manipulations of the MIB have succeeded in convincing both official and amateur investigators that many true UFO reports were nothing more than pointless "hoaxes." In several instances, witnesses and investigators have even been discredited altogether by such manipulations.

Since most UFO enthusiasts believe that flying saucers are space vehicles from another planet, they cannot fit the apparently very human MIB into their theories. Multi-armed, bug-eyed monsters are more acceptable as UFO pilots than olive-skinned, Oriental-looking gentlemen. There have been monster reports in a growing number of landing and contact cases, but reports of the human-type greatly outnumber them. This is why some leading UFO researchers speculated for years that flying saucers might be coming from behind the "Bamboo Curtain" in Asia.

But in 1967, the Soviet news agency, Tass, openly accused the CIA of controlling the phenomenon and causing the widespread sightings in Tashkent, which is in southwestern Russia. Those sightings somehow inspired a revival of religious beliefs, and Soviet officials viewed such actions as part of some fiendish capitalist conspiracy.

Today, the term “Men in Black” is generic and is applied to any mysterious stranger who appears at the site of a paranormal event. However, they do not always dress in black or look Oriental. Instead of having the classic olive complexion, some appear to be deeply tanned, even during the middle of winter. They often walk unsteadily, like they are drunk, and display other symptoms of “the bends” (a reaction to too much nitrogen in the blood). They speak slowly, parrotlike, as if they are reciting memorized speeches. Their dark eyes are usually described as being “hypnotic.”

Many witnesses have also commented on their hair, which is usually an unnatural color – as if it were dyed. Some have very short hair, like a crewcut just growing back in, with a neatly shaved circle toward the back of the head. They don’t have much of a sense of humor but, when they do laugh, a kind of cackle escapes their lips. Some seem to have difficulty breathing, gasping between words. In a few cases, the MIB seemed perfectly normal in every respect, until they made a small blunder of some kind. When offered a dish of Jell-O, one of these more “normal” types tried to drink it. Offered a cigar, another tried to chew it up and eat it rather than light it.

The majority of the MIB are well-dressed in expensively cut suits, usually black or gray, and made of a glossy, slightly reflective material. In a number of reports, they are seen wearing shoes with unusually thick rubber soles. One odd consistency in these reports is that their clothing usually seems to be brand new. The soles of their shoes look unwalked upon. They look as if they have just left their haberdashers. Yet in a number of instances, their brand-new clothes were strangely out of date. They were wearing styles that had been out fashion for several years or, even more odd, they were dressed in styles that came into fashion several years later! The same peculiar feature is apparent in their vehicles. They have been seen in automobiles that were 20 years old, or older, yet were as perfect as a showroom model. Witnesses who have entered the MIB vehicles reported that they smelled new.

Black Cadillacs with heavily tinted windows seem to be their preferred mode of transportation but, in recent years, they have also appeared in Volkswagens and Fords. One witness in the Midwest claimed he was visited by a tall, extremely thin, cadaverlike man who traveled in a car that seemed

to be assembled from the parts of many makes and models. Phantom campers, station wagons, and panel trucks have also been reported with increasing frequency. Witnesses in several cases have managed to get the license numbers of the mysterious vehicles, but police checks revealed that no such numbers had been issued!

This is not a phenomenon restricted to the U.S. The MIB have been reported in many parts of the world, including Italy, Germany, Spain, Great Britain, and Sweden. In 1973, a young Swedish journalist working on a UFO story was sitting in a restaurant outside of Stockholm, when a stranger walked over to his table and sat down uninvited. "You should give up your interest in flying saucers," he stated flatly in perfect Swedish. Before the startled reporter could ask any questions, the man rose and quickly left the restaurant. The only unusual thing about him was his clothes, the reporter recalled. They didn't seem to fit properly.

There have been countless episodes of this type in the U.S. In 1968, Peter Stevens, a young building contractor near Albany, New York, was sitting in a snack bar when "a tall, tan, saturnine-looking man" sat down on the stool beside him. "There have been people watching the sky every night down by the river in Scotia," the man said suddenly. "People who look for UFOs should be very, very careful." Like the Swedish mystery man, this one then made a quick exit. At my request, Stevens later made some drawings of the man. He sent the best one to me. A few weeks later, he and his wife returned home to find their house had been ransacked. Nothing was missing *except the MIB drawings!* A few months later, Peter Stevens suddenly died.

Flying saucer contactees seem to have more trouble with these mysterious men than any other single group. It is not unusual for a witness to receive unwelcome nocturnal visitors of this type soon after his encounter with a grounded UFO. The standard procedure is to openly threaten the witness, advising him to keep his UFO experience to himself. If the witness has managed to collect any kind of physical evidence, the MIB will demand it in forceful terms. There are almost endless variations to the games they play, however.

Stan Gordon, one of Pennsylvania's most active UFO investigators, has come across several bizarre MIB cases involving not UFOs, but tall, hairy

monsters. (There has been an epidemic of Bigfoot-type "creature" sightings throughout the U.S. in 1973-74.) In one creature case, the monster appeared outside a house trailer and left some sharply defined footprints. The witnesses reported directly to Gordon. The footprints were not mentioned in the local news media, but while they were photographing the impressions with a Polaroid camera, a station wagon with Ohio license plates pulled up.

A man who seemed slightly tipsy climbed out, looked at the footprints, and then grabbed the Polaroid snapshots away from the witness. "You have just taken a picture for us," he announced. Then he kicked at the footprints, smoothing the dirt over them and destroying the evidence. The witnesses became angry and told him they were going to call the police. He leaped into his vehicle and raced away. As in so many cases, his license numbers were unregistered. (Think about this for a moment. There are nearly 100 million vehicle registrations in the U.S. If you tried to invent a false license number, chances are you would come up with a number that is actually in use.)

Sometimes the MIB's tactics are subtler. They are cunning imposters. For years, amateur UFO investigators heard stories about Air Force officers who threatened witnesses into silence. They never bothered to collect descriptions of these officers, but simply assumed that the Air Force was engaged in some kind of conspiracy of silence. Following a wave of such "silencings" in 1967, I discovered that the witnesses had been visited by bogus officers, usually short men with Oriental features, who adopted the names of actual military personnel from nearby bases. For instance, if a Sergeant Snodgrass was stationed nearby, a "Colonel Snodgrass" would drop in on local witnesses.

In February 1967, Air Force headquarters in the Pentagon recognized the problem by issuing a letter to all commands urging security officers to be alert for these phantom airmen. Since impersonating a military officer is a violation of federal law, the FBI was also alerted, and their agents became involved in several UFO episodes. But the MIB remained elusive.

Scores of other investigators, including well-known personalities such as Ivan T. Sanderson, Otto Binder, Brad Steiger, Dr. James McDonald, and Dr. J. Allen Hynek have become involved in MIB cases. All had unwelcome

experiences with mysterious telephone monitors. Sanderson's phone on his farm in the mountains of New Jersey was plagued with harassing noises and interference, and his mail was apparently being closely watched. Peter Stevens and his wife changed their phone number several times, but the harassment persisted, even after they switched to an unlisted number. Stan Gordon recently revealed that "a great amount of mail containing reports from our investigators, and signed affidavits from witnesses, never arrived at our office. One investigator who had detailed information on a very strange case, mailed the report to us three different times, and we still never received any of them."

Disturbingly, investigators who suspected their mail was being screened have suddenly received batches of mail from communist and neo-Nazi organizations. If any government agency were actually watching their mail, it would look as if they were engaged in subversive activities.

These manipulations have contributed to the atmosphere of paranoia that has dominated the UFO field for years. The common conclusion is that only the government – the CIA or the military – has the machinery needed to tap large numbers of phones and intercept the mails. But I learned that these same problems often plagued the official investigators. Official reports and photographs sent by mail, instead of courier, have even been switched en route with doctored documents!

The MIB seem to have an intelligence organization that makes our CIA seem like a bunch of cub scouts. They have often zeroed in on UFO witnesses who have not disclosed their sightings to anyone. It is not unusual for a family to return to their home after watching UFOs cavort above their front yard and have the phone ring immediately, sometimes with nothing but silence on the other end, sometimes with a mysterious voice warning them to keep their mouths shut.

In 1969, a blonde woman visited witnesses in West Virginia and Ohio, winning instant admission to their homes by claiming to be "John Keel's secretary." Somehow, this woman was able to locate people I had interviewed, but had never written about. She carried a clipboard and asked a series of involved, very sophisticated questions – not the kind of questions usually asked by UFO enthusiasts, or even by the Air Force. Over the years,

other pseudo-investigators have turned up claiming to represent nonexistent universities or amateur organizations like NICAP and APRO, while they deliberately acted in strange, suspicious ways, adding to the dissension that has always kept the UFO field in confusion.

Deception and paranoia are the MIB's stock in trade. It becomes impossible to sort the genuine government agents from the frauds. The late Frank Edwards reported the story of a minor official at a large industrial plant, who saw a huge glowing object at 4:30 a.m. one morning in Dec. 1965. The man stopped on his way home and reported the sighting to the state police. A few hours later, two "military officers" appeared at his plant and questioned him for two hours. At the conclusion of the interview, one of the officers said, "We can't tell you what to do, but we can offer a suggestion: Don't talk about this matter to anyone." How had the two officers heard of the sighting and moved so fast? And why would they go through so much trouble over a fairly routine sighting?

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, an astronomer who has been active in UFO research for many years, tells of two men "engaged in work requiring a military clearance" who saw a UFO land in North Dakota on a rainy night in Nov. 1961. Thinking it was a plane in trouble, they stopped their car and ran toward the object. "Their surprise was understandably great when they discovered humanoids around the craft, one of which boldly waved them off in a threatening manner," Hynek says.

The men did not report their sighting, but the next day one of them was called out from work and introduced to two strangers. "They asked to be taken to his home," Hynek reported, "where they examined the clothing he had worn the night before, especially his boots, and left without further word." How had the pair located the witness? And why the interest in his shoes?

When the two men who were allegedly taken aboard a UFO near Mississippi's Pascagoula River in 1973 were examined at a nearby Air Force base, the military doctors carefully examined their shoes and scraped samples from their soles… Betty and Barney Hill, another pair of famous contactees, threw the shoes they had been wearing at the time of their

abduction into the back of a closet. Later, they found the shoes were covered with a powdery fungus…

Some MIB incidents have been the work of mischievous UFO fans – mere hoaxes. For example, shortly before the mammoth flying saucer convention held in New York City in June 1967, many of the well-known UFO enthusiasts in the New York area received phone calls from a lady identifying herself as "Princess Moon Owl." She claimed she had just arrived from the asteroid Ceres. The lady managed to create quite an uproar in UFO circles.

All the speakers at the 1967 convention were taped by a young man who planned to make copies of the speeches for later sale. He lived in an exclusive apartment house in midtown Manhattan, in an apartment cluttered with expensive electronic gear and shortwave radios. Soon after the convention ended, he returned to his apartment one day and found someone had broken in. The convention tapes were scattered around the room, but none of his valuable equipment had been stolen. Whoever had broken in was obviously interested in the tapes only, and the tape of Ivan Sanderson's speech in particular.

Sanderson had studied the UFO phenomenon for years and was convinced that it was a terrestrial-based mystery, not the work of an "advanced technology" from some distant planet. Later, he published a book on that theme, risking the wrath of all those who believed in extraterrestrial intelligences.

In my own investigations into the hundreds of MIB cases and their Watergate-style break-ins, I uneasily recognized a common factor in all of them. Our Men in Black are mainly interested in *retrieving evidence that might point to terrestrial UFO origins*. The earliest MIB incidents back in 1947 revolved around cases in which the witnesses had either recovered earthly substances at UFO sites, or had seen earthmen or normal terrestrial vehicles in conjunction with their sightings. The MIB were concerned with recovering such evidence and discrediting these eyewitnesses.

(Although these cases are usually slighted by UFO investigators who believe in extraterrestrial visitants, there are many episodes – reliably

witnessed – in which UFOs have descended and discharged passengers, who then entered ordinary automobiles and drove off. In some cases, the automobiles themselves were dropped by the UFOs.)

One of the first UFO investigators to be harassed by the MIB had figured out – correctly – that UFOs seemed to originate from some point near the North and South Poles. Other investigators who have discarded the extraterrestrial hypothesis and studied the earthly links with the phenomenon have experienced more harassment, mail, and phone problems, etc., than their colleagues who believe in outer space vehicles. If you collect a piece of unidentifiable metal from a UFO witness, you will have no problems. But if a witness hands you a piece of aluminum, magnesium, or silicon – all common earthly substances – you are very apt to receive a visit from the Men in Black.

Some witnesses who fall victim to these charades do not consciously understand the importance of what they have seen. Nor do the investigators who believe in the ET hypothesis realize the importance of these cases. In fact, it is common practice for the amateur UFO organizations to denounce such cases as hoaxes and brand the witnesses liars (or worse) when they find their "evidence" is plain old aluminum. They can be excused for this, though, since the U.S. Air Force has also labeled many cases "hoaxes" for the same reasons.

If any real suppression exists, it is to conceal evidence of terrestrial origin. Whoever is waging this campaign has agents around the world, and technical facilities surpassing those of any known government. By mid-1967, my own conclusions had changed dramatically. I began to freely discuss and write about the terrestrial origin of UFOs.

During a trip to Washington, D.C., I was invited to record an hour-long tape for "Voice of America." At that time, the late Al Johnson was doing a series of UFO programs that were broadcast throughout the world on VOA. Johnson interviewed me for an hour and I discussed at length the theory of terrestrial origin. A few days later, he phoned me full of apologies. Our tape had inadvertently been placed in "the wrong pile" and had been completely erased before it could be broadcast. It was just one of those things. *Or was it?*

That same year, a team from a German TV station was touring America interviewing UFO witnesses and investigators. They were seasoned, professional technicians. They came to my New York apartment, set up all their expensive equipment, and filmed me for 30 minutes. A few days later, I received a call from their Washington office. Their film of me was unusable. Parts were overexposed, and the magnetic soundtrack was spoiled by inexplicable static. It was just another one of those things.

Variations of these "coincidences" continually happen. Radio and TV transmitters suddenly go dead during UFO discussions. Vital tapes are mysteriously erased. Precious photographs are lost in the mails. Investigators' phones suddenly go dead at the height of a UFO wave. (The line of my phone was physically cut by a pair of wirecutters *twice* in 1967.)

In 1974, *France Inter*, the Paris radio station, aired a series of 39 programs about UFOs, beginning with a pro-UFO talk by Robert Galley, France's Minister of Defense. French broadcasters had spent much of 1973 locating and recording statements by leading authorities in France, England, and the U.S. The list was an impressive one and included such luminaries as Dr. David Saunders, the psychologist at Colorado University who has been entering thousands of UFO sightings into computers; Dr. Jacques Vallee, author of three UFO books; Pierre Kohler, a famous astronomer; and even Cardinal Danielou, a prominent churchman.

The broadcasts were divided into two parts. The first part consisted of statements by witnesses and local French enthusiasts and officials. Hynek, Vallee, and some of the other "advanced" observers of the phenomenon were scheduled for the second part. The second section was never aired. Someone broke into the radio station and *stole the tapes*!

Jean-Claude Bourret sent the following explanation to Gordon Creighton, the distinguished British UFO authority: "Unfortunately, on Monday, March 18, 1974, a mysterious burglar carried off all the tapes that were still waiting to be broadcast. That this was an act of deliberate malevolence is beyond question… There were two piles side by side: those interviews that had already gone out, and those that were still to be broadcast. *Only this second pile was taken*."

What was the gist of the tapes? Like most of the professional scientists and journalists who have undertaken a serious study of UFOs, Dr. Hynek, Jacques Vallee, and their colleagues have found the popular extraterrestrial hypothesis untenable. For some time now, they have been weighing the awesome alternative: that UFOs are earthly in origin, are accompanied by so-called psychic manifestations, and are produced by complex distortions of space, time, and even of reality itself.

"What the theft was designed to prevent," Creighton notes, "was the dissemination to millions of European listeners that similar views about UFOs are held by foreign experts of the caliber of Dr. J. Allen Hynek. It looks as though 'somebody' is mighty anxious that we Earthlings do not learn the truth about 'something' which, I suggest, might relate to the 64-billion-dollar question: *who owns and controls this planet…and us*?"

Who, indeed, has the ability to control the mails, the telephones, and radio and television stations *worldwide*? Are people from some distant planet traveling the backroads of Long Island in black Cadillacs, or was Ivan Sanderson right? Are we dealing with beings that originate on our own planet?

Someone has tried very hard for years to convince us that those strange things in our skies are harmless spaceships from some distant world. So long as we believe it, and believe that they originate from far beyond our pitiful reach, we seem to be relatively safe. But when we look in the wrong direction – towards Earth itself – there comes a heavy knock on our door in the middle of the night.

CHAPTER 14

ELECTROMAGNETIC CAPABILITIES AND INCOMPATIBILITIES – *FORTEAN PRESS* – 1976

Seventy thousand people, many of them crippled and ill, stood in a pouring rain in a field in Portugal in 1917, when a dazzling luminous disc descended through the clouds and maneuvered overhead. Some thought the sun was falling. All felt a wave of heat so intense that it dried their drenched clothes instantly. Infirmed people in the crowd gasped, their pain suddenly relieved by electrical waves surging through their bodies.

This was the miracle of Fatima. But there have been a number of miraculous healings associated with the UFO phenomenon in more recent years.

Usually those who are healed were suffering from nervous disorders, arthritis, and other ailments that respond well to infrared and ultraviolet radiation, and treatment by VLF (very low frequency) and microwaves. We are just beginning to understand the incredible healing powers of the electromagnetic spectrum. For example, we now know that higher frequencies can affect the nervous system in ways that are both good and bad. Radiations from UFOs and seemingly controlled beams of energy from some cosmic source can – and often do – have very beneficial effects.

On the other hand, electromagnetic waves will not only fry vegetation, they can also have bad effects on the brain and blood of living beings. Soviet scientists have found that VLF radiation can give you headaches, insomnia, irritability, and fatigue – all commonly reported symptoms among UFO percipients. Radar waves can be extremely dangerous if you are exposed to them constantly. You can actually hear a humming in your head, and if you stand in the radar beam long enough, your brain will be fried just like the vegetation. These radiowaves can increase the gamma globulin and leukocyte count in your blood, cause deviations in your brain nerves, and even enlarge your thyroid gland.

Humming and buzzing sounds frequently accompany UFO manifestations (they were also heard at Fatima), and are probably a physiological reaction to the radiations from the objects. There are many places around the globe where these sounds are heard almost continuously, like parts of Yellowstone Park and the Pascagoula River in Mississippi (known locally as "the singing river" because of the persistent buzzing sounds).

In the past few years, the omniscient telephone company has erected towers all across the country that fire narrow microwave beams from one hilltop to another, as a substitute for old-fashioned wire and telephone poles. If you live in any large city, you are being constantly bathed in electromagnetic radiation, radio and television waves, and all kinds of VLF waves from power sources.

These radiations cover the whole spectrum and often interfere with each other, producing what engineers term "electromagnetic incompatibility." This is where a bank turns on its computers and all the fuses at the local airport blow out, because the computers are accidentally operating on the same frequency as the airport equipment. A friend of mine had a sound movie projector that was constantly picking up music from a local radio station. In some places, an ordinary tape recorder can astound its user by recording local police broadcasts.

A few years ago, Phoenix, Arizona was in an uproar over a strange epidemic of illnesses that were caused by electromagnetic incompatibility. Radiowaves there were making people sick. And each year, there are several episodes of "mass hysteria" in which scores of people in a school or other public place are suddenly stricken with nausea, dizziness, and itching rashes.

These are all symptoms of electromagnetic radiation. This is a growing problem in our society, and one that has been almost completely ignored by the environmentalists. However, the U.S. Bureau of Radiological Health has quietly been studying the problem, and some engineers are making a career of it. They have found plenty to worry about.

Since 1945, the major powers have detonated over 900 atomic bombs, mostly in the atmosphere. One of the byproducts of an atomic explosion is

“electromagnetic pulse,” a manmade magnetic storm that can spread out for miles, fouling up communications, creating power failures, blowing fuses, and even stalling automobiles and burning out electrical devices. Some of our power problems in the 1960s (and there were many besides the Big Blackout in New York City) can be attributed to Soviet and Chinese atomic tests.

Some worried that the atomic tests might also be tearing holes in our planet’s envelope of protection, enabling the deadly radiation of the sun and stars to leak through. Periodically, whole herds of sheep and cows in the West have simply dropped dead for no discernible reason. And, of course, dazzling nocturnal lights have appeared everywhere in the last decade. Our protective envelope must look like a sieve at this point. If there really is anything out there trying to get in, we have made the task of entry much easier.

Electromagnetic pollution is nothing new, however. It is evident that key manifestations of the supernatural in biblical times were electromagnetic. Men were drawing upon the powers of the electromagnetic spectrum without actually knowing how they were doing it. To help things along, entities materialized before them and gave them instructions for building devices that facilitated reception of VLF waves. The ancient priests talked to metal plates and chunks of crystal connected with strands of gold. Thousands of cults and religious groups centered their rites around great bonfires because, incredibly, the voices of their gods would boom from the flames and address huge congregations.

This is not as silly or as impossible as it might sound. Since the 1920s, radio experimenters have known that fire makes a perfect loudspeaker. You can prove this yourself in your own kitchen. Hook up the output leads of an ordinary hi-fi stereo to a gas burner, and the gas flame will reproduce the VLF waves from your set with excellent fidelity. The bigger the flame, the louder the sound. A blazing bonfire could be made to react to VLF waves by the same principle.

There were other ancient applications. In the Book of Numbers, chapter 21, verse 9, we are told that Moses was instructed to build a metal serpent and set it upon a high pole:

> And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

How could a metal serpent cure a poisonous snakebite?

The deadliest snakes in the Middle East were, and are, members of the cobra family. Their poison is a neurotoxin, meaning it does not travel through the bloodstream like, say, a rattlesnake bite, but travels along the nerves instead. A tourniquet is useless. In fact, once the poison begins to spread into the nervous system, almost everything is useless.

Modern experiments with radiowaves have shown that waves from certain parts of the spectrum do affect the human nervous system. It is possible that a wave on a specific frequency *could* stem the action of a neurotoxin and cure a cobra bite! It is also very possible that Moses could have built a coil of brass which, when mounted high enough on a pole, would be tuned to a specific frequency and would act as a collector of radiowaves, and re-radiate those waves around the base of the pole.

Certain researchers have made quite a bit out of Moses' famous "Ark of the Covenant." Moses was instructed to build a boxlike structure and cover it with gold. The Bible devotes a great many pages to this project, and describes the ark in tedious detail. A gold "mercy seat" was built and put atop this object, along with a pair of cherubim with outspread wings.

Building this artifact was a huge undertaking, and all of Moses' followers were required to contribute their gold and silver trinkets for raw material. To inspire the people, and perhaps to convince them that Moses was not just a crazy old man who sat alone on mountaintops carving stone tablets, a little demonstration was staged. According to Exodus 33:9-11:

> And it came to pass, as Moses entered into the tabernacles, the cloudy pillar descended, and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses.
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> And all of the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door; and all the people rose up and

> worshipped, every man in his tent door.
>
> And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend…

The people set to work with enthusiasm, and the ark was built. Electrical engineers who have studied the biblical descriptions claim it was really a massive condenser capable of collecting and discharging enormous quantities of electricity. Since it was hollow and resonant, it is also possible that the wings of the cherubim acted as antennae and that the whole thing was really just a huge VLF loudspeaker.

As soon as the ark was completed, a luminous cloud settled over the tent in which it was placed. The Israelites hauled it along laboriously as they traveled across the desert, and they talked to it, and supposedly received replies and advice from it. Since Moses was already accomplished at talking with burning bushes and "cloudy pillars," it probably didn't seem too unusual to carry on conversations with a gold box.

The "Ancient Astronaut" buffs assert that the Children of Israel were really conversing with people from outer space. The concept has undeniable charm, but it is an oversimplified solution. For that matter, the religious belief that Moses actually talked to the Lord is also an oversimplification.

The Ark of the Covenant was made of wood, a nonconductor, overlaid with gold and silver. A forerunner of the modern transistor, developed by Julius E. Lillienfeld in 1925, consisted of two thin strips of gold mounted on a nonconductor and separated by a very thin piece of metal. The Bible's descriptions of the ark sound very similar.

The radiations vibrating the gold-covered walls of the ark did not necessarily have to come from some technological transmitter. Modern science is rapidly becoming convinced that intelligent radiations surround us, but they are not being broadcast by "ancient aliens" or some intergalactic Marconi or Edison. They may be a permanent condition of our planet itself.

One of the first messages of the ark, according to the Bible, was a long, involved discourse on the symptoms of leprosy and how to treat those afflicted with the disease – a disease that is similar in some respects to *radiation illness*. Apparently a lot of Israelites were afflicted with this (perhaps *because of* the ark).

The priests were given careful instructions on how to handle the ark safely. It was housed in a tabernacle that was grounded, and the priests were dressed in special costumes to protect them. A couple of fellows named Nadab and Abihu got careless and were electrocuted by the golden box (Leviticus 10:1-2).

Holding chats with a box was not as nutty as it sounds. In those days – the age of magic – priests were talking with statues, jeweled crowns, and a wide assortment of objects. Many generations of Greeks trooped to Delphi to receive predictions and advice from the mysterious oracle. Were all of these people balmy? Or did some mysterious force set up direct lines of communications with mankind to guide us through a difficult period?

REALITY DISTORTION

Dr. Maurice Bucke, one of Canada's most distinguished psychiatrists, experienced cosmic illumination in 1872 (via an encounter with a rosecolored mist), and collected stories about the phenomenon for thirty years, finally producing his classic book, *Cosmic Consciousness*, in 1901. In his analysis of the phenomenon, Bucke stumbled upon the future "thesis" for my book, *The Eighth Tower*:

> It is certain that modern civilization (speaking broadly) rests very largely on the teachings of this new sense of "oneness" with the cosmos. The *masters* are taught by it, then the rest of the world is taught through *their* books, followers, and disciples. If cosmic consciousness is a form of insanity, we are confronted by the terrible fact that our civilization, including all of our highest religions, rests on delusion.

Our world at this moment does, indeed, rest upon delusion, or a series of delusions. The physicality of our universe is directly dependent upon our ability to perceive it. All matter is composed of energy – energy on many different levels or frequencies of vibration. Different lifeforms perceive these vibrations in different ways. There is no one set version of reality to be shared by all lifeforms. The ancient philosophers were right when they described reality as an illusion, even a dream. Our biggest delusion is that we are real and have some significance to the overall macrocosmic universe.

Some of us have always been able to manipulate the energies of our reality through thought. Some of us have always stood on the threshold of the door that joins our reality to scores of others, and a few of us have been able to shuffle back and forth through that doorway, wandering among dimensions, exchanging greetings with entities made of energy different from our own.

Our biggest problem has been the translation of these multiple realities into a single, cohesive universe governed by inflexible laws. But there really are no universal laws. Men like Newton, Crookes, and Einstein merely studied one set of delusions and interpreted the laws that hold up the walls of a single illusion. They vaguely understood that our world is a trick done with mirrors. Like any uninformed audience that can't see the mirrors, they had to invent interpretations of the effects they were witnessing. A rabbit cannot spring from a hat, they reasoned, if it is not first introduced into the hat somehow. They could not grasp the ancient truth that even though the hat always seems empty, it is always full. The rabbit does not come from the sorcerer's sleeve, but only crosses from one delusion to another.

Dr. Bucke peered into the empty hat and found only a rose-colored mist, which he felt *had* to be God. Actually, the mist is the *only* reality. The things woven from that mist are as intangible as dreams. The conventional God is not a part of the mist, but is only a part of the dream – a psychological construct as unreal as the ten-foot, red-eyed, stinking monsters that parade up and down the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

All of our heads are wired to a central switchboard. That switchboard is the only God and the only reality. Illusions and delusions are piped down from it to further confound our perception of reality. When we see the rose-

colored mist, we might suppose God has entered our dimension. Actually the reverse is true. We have briefly exited from the earthly delusion and momentarily savored the real reality.

Few of us are capable of abstract thought. Few of us are able to step back and view the "big picture." We go through life with a carefully measured cadence, counting the trees without ever seeing the forest. It is easy for us to believe, say, that the Black Stone of the Muslims is an ancient computer exerting a subtle influence on the world. We can accept the notion of "extraterrestrial spaceships" as the proper explanation for all those funny lights in the sky more easily than we can accept the obvious truth that most of those lights are animated, intelligent bundles of energy traversing the scale of the electromagnetic spectrum.

It is quite possible – even probable – that the earth is really a living organism, and that it is, in turn, part of an even larger organism. Whole constellations are alive, transmitting and receiving energy to and from other celestial bodies and energy sources. Up and down the energy scale, the whole macrocosm is functioning on levels of reality that will always be totally beyond our comprehension. We are a part of it, just as the microbe swimming on the microscope slide is unknowingly a part of our dismal reality. Like the microbe, we lack the perceptive equipment necessary to view the larger whole. Even if we could view it, we could not understand it.

As Dr. Bucke discovered, however, many men and women in each and every generation are given a glimpse of all that lies beyond the mirrored walls of our delusion. Anyone who bothers to visit his local library will find countless references to the lights and entities beyond the space-time barrier, and how they have influenced us. The late Malcolm X's *Autobiography* describes how he awoke in a prison cell to find a black-suited, Oriental-featured entity watching him benignly before it slowly faded away.

John Fuller's biography of Arigo, the famous psychic surgeon of Brazil, reveals: "Even in his brief school years, he was bothered by a bright light so brilliant it nearly blinded him. He also experienced occasional audiohallucinations in the form of a 'voice that spoke in a strange language.' He learned to put up with them."

Nikola Tesla, one of the greatest inventors of all time, spoke about ultraterrestrial entities he often conversed with, telling a reporter, “We cannot with positive assurance assert that some of them might not be present here in our world – in the very midst of us – for their constitution and life manifestations may be such that we are unable to perceive them.”

During his boyhood, Tesla recalled: “I suffered from a particular affliction due to the appearances of images, which were often accompanied by strong flashes of light. When a word was spoken, the image of the object designated would present itself so vividly to my vision that I could not tell whether what I saw was real or not. Even though I reached out and passed my hand through the image, it would remain fixed in space.” The biographies of many great men contain surprising references to supernatural experiences and brushes with the cosmic consciousness. Caesar, Napoleon, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Edison, and so many more all had brief contacts with the supermind of the universe. Mediocre men have been transformed into great men overnight. Balzac was a pathetic hack writer until he reached the age of 32 and suddenly began to create his classic novels. Military leaders, too, have heard the ages whispering in the cosmos and been transmogrified not by events, but by some force.

Since energy is the key constituent of the universe, it should not be surprising that the supermind is a mass of energy rather than a thing. This supermind has the ability to see well past the limitations of our space-time continuum into a future so distant and so bizarre we might never understand it. It controls present events, sometimes with a heavy hand, so that the future will somehow be served.

Like a great phonograph in the sky, it tirelessly repeats the same information to us, generation after generation, while it guides our philosophies and fosters our pitiful beliefs in ourselves and our worth. (We will do anything to conceal from ourselves the sad fact that we are mere gnats buzzing around a cosmic dung heap.) Often its machinations seem senseless, even insane, because we are obliged to measure it by its manifestations and judge it by human standards – which is like trying to compare King Kong with Donald Duck, from the point of view of Flipper, the TV dolphin.

The phenomenon of cosmic consciousness has belonged almost exclusively to religionists and mystics. Few scientists have bothered to notice it at all. It is more profitable, and perhaps more entertaining, to spend years tediously testing psychics with decks of cards. A parapsychologist will travel halfway around the world to investigate a poltergeist case, but if his next-door neighbor is bathed in a beam of light on a lonely backroad, the scientist will regard it as nothing more than a dinner-table anecdote.

Are we in any real danger? Is the phenomenon a threat to us as individuals? The answer to that is a simple "yes." When you study the history of this whole peculiar business, it becomes evident that the phenomenon is dispassionate, even ruthless. Humans have often willingly surrendered years of their lives to its service, perhaps expecting to be rewarded.

Usually, however, they are snuffed out like irritating fleas the moment their usefulness has ended. Christ's tortured cry on the cross, when he asked why he had been forsaken, is but one example. Key figures in the metaphysical history of this planet have ended their lives in prison or died on the stake, or at the hands of evil torturers and executioners. Ironically, those who have come out of the mess with wealth, position, and a comfortable death in old age were those who seemingly served the forces of evil. The devil is apparently more generous than God!

Charles Fort said it all when he observed, "We are property." We cannot rebel. We cannot change the system. We can only try to understand it and deal with it on our own level as best we can. The puppets cannot possibly rebel against the puppetmaster. Things are better now than they once were, though. For thousands of years, we were overtly controlled by psychic forces, by the gods, by apparitions and reflections of the human psyche. We used to haul giant blocks of stone hundreds of miles through deserts and swamps to erect pyramids and stonehenges to honor "It." We melted our gold – often our life's savings – to build chairs and utensils for "It," and then we turned over our daughters to assuage its lust, and we sacrificed our sons. We even rewrote history to protect ourselves from its vanity.

In the 14th century, three-fourths of Europe's human population was killed off within a few years by the plague. Millions of those who survived were slaughtered in the superstitious witch-hunts that followed. Perhaps history

is about to repeat itself. Perhaps an atomic war will reduce our swelling ranks, or maybe a chunk of debris from outer space will collide with our little planet, crush a continent, and cause the seas to rise up like an overfilled bathtub. The survivors may blame technology, and the men with slide-rules and calculators in their pockets will have to flee underground and form new priesthoods in an effort to preserve whatever has been learned. Perhaps only the believers in extraterrestrial visitants will remain. They will sit on the mountaintops and watch the lights cavorting in the midnight sky, crying, "Why don't they contact us?"

If life exists out there somewhere, thousands of light-years from us, it – or they – are probably also watching strange lights in the sky and staggering entranced from the bright beams that control their consciousness. The delusion of reality is universal. Some of our astronauts claimed religious experiences on the way to the moon, and abandoned technology after they returned to Earth. The superspectrum reaches far beyond the moon, however, because *it* is the totality – the everything of reality. The rest, like Casper the Friendly Ghost, Batman, or Mr. Spock on *Star Trek*, is something we have manufactured in our own madness and our lonely, painful search for meaning.

CHAPTER 15

ARE EXTRATERRESTRIALS BLACKMAILING EARTH? – *UFO REPORT* – MAY 1977

Are alien forces holding the planet Earth for ransom? Are the great nations of our world being blackmailed by some mysterious group from another planet or dimension?

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But when you study all the facts, the "Blackmail Theory" becomes serious. Someone, somewhere, may be making strange demands of our governments. When we are slow in meeting these demands, extraordinary demonstrations are staged to prove the blackmailers mean business. The public, including ufologists and Forteans, view these demonstrations in bewilderment.

Somewhere in the upper echelons of government, however, serious, responsible men examine secret reports grimly, and issue orders to suppress the truth about this incredible interplanetary extortion. For years, private UFO investigators have been uneasily aware of some elusive conspiracy – a conspiracy designed not to conceal the presence of UFOs, but to *confuse their true purpose*.

It began in the late 1940s, when the first U.S. Air Force teams plunged into the study of UFOs and sent their top-secret conclusions to the Pentagon. A brilliant administrator, James T. Forrestal, then Secretary of Defense, became emotionally unstable and ran through the halls of Washington crying that we were being "invaded," and that we "couldn't stop them."

Forrestal was placed in a mental hospital and, a short while later, "leaped to his death" from a high window. Soon afterwards, the Air Force investigators did a complete about-face and blamed UFOs on atmospheric phenomena, hoaxes, and mistaken identifications, turning flying saucers into a national joke. Officialdom managed to maintain this indifference until the 1960s.

Behind the scenes, however, UFOs remained active. They haunted our airspace, pursued our airliners, and mocked our best jet-fighters. In 1949, they staged an incredible two-week demonstration over the little town of Farmington, New Mexico. The Air Force later explained lamely that one UFO was a wandering "Sky Hook" balloon! Three years later, in 1952, the objects buzzed Washington, D.C. itself. The official explainers strained to prove that all the radar sets in the areas had malfunctioned at the same time. Obviously, whoever or whatever is behind the UFO phenomena was playing a game in deadly earnest. Throughout the 1950s, the objects appeared frequently over our nuclear facilities, chemical plants, and secret installations. They swarmed around our stockpiles of atomic bombs and missiles. When our top jet-fighters were launched in pursuit, the objects out-maneuvered them easily. They proved again and again that our "sophisticated" defense systems were worthless. In effect, they proved that we were *at their mercy!*

The 1950s were rife with weird rumors of UFO crashes and landings. The strangest tale of all involved a landing at a western Air Force base. President Eisenhower is supposed to have cancelled a golf match to fly to the base himself and have a chat with the ufonauts. A letter purportedly written by an unidentified newsman is still circulated in UFO circles describing how the base was thrown into a state of panic by the strange visitors.

In other unsubstantiated stories, we hear how Air Force pilots were contacted by UFOs in mid-air and given messages to be relayed to the government. Many ordinary contactees from all walks of life, and in many different countries, were also supposedly given special messages for officialdom. While it is safe to assume that most such stories are pure nonsense, there are so many of them that it is always possible one or two were true. Enigmatic statements by Gen. George Marshall, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, and other top leaders of that era implied that the highest levels of government might have been in direct contact with whoever or whatever is behind the UFO phenomena.

Here's how the Blackmail Theory developed: In the mid-1940s, unidentified flying objects began to appear in droves in the skies over every country on Earth. At first, the military establishment took them very

seriously, but a skeptical press and the extremely conservative scientific community ridiculed and scoffed at the UFO sightings. Military intelligence found it impossible to produce conclusive evidence of their existence. Assuming that flying saucers are real and that the ufonauts have a strong motivation for visiting our world, their 1940s excursions could have been the planned prelude to a long-range program for ultimate contact with us.

The negative stance of officialdom frustrated that plan, and so the UFOs were obliged to become bolder. They may have wanted, even needed, more attention than they were getting. So, in the early 1950s, they began a series of overt actions designed to force the governments of the world to sit up and take notice of them. There were overflights of major cities. Flying saucers deliberately buzzed ships and few alongside crowded airliners. But official policies were firmly established, and the many sensational UFO events of that period were explained away, often ridiculously. A large part of the public did not want to believe in the presence of alien aerial objects and were willing to accept blandly even the silliest explanations (for instance, that airline pilots who reported UFOs were drunk).

Our Achilles' heel (especially rampant in the paranoid 1950s) is the fear of nuclear war and our top-secret preparations for such an eventuality. So, the UFOs cunningly sought out our secret military installations, and buzzed our atomic laboratories and missile sites. (It was the alarmed reports of atomic scientists that caused the Air Force to establish Project Blue Book in 1951.) When new, super-secret planes and weapons were tested, UFOs often appeared at the test sites. When our troops, ships, and planes engaged in massive military exercises, UFOs were often close by, apparently observing the maneuvers.

According to the Blackmail Theory, the UFO activities caused alarm, even outright panic, in the highest government circles, while the weary sergeants and lieutenants of Project Blue Book told us they were nothing but mirages, swamp gas, and hoaxes. Beginning around 1955, military men like Marshall, MacArthur, Twining, and others in the upper echelons were dropping hints that there was grave government concern over the UFO question.

If the ufonauts can communicate with the civilian UFO investigators – and there have been many such communications in the past 30 years – it is reasonable to assume that they could also reach the top levels of government in the same way. Messages could be relayed to government radio stations. Government officials in planes and cars traveling isolated roads could have had experiences identical to those of the controversial contactees like George Adamski and Daniel Fry.

If such messages were passed along to these officials, we can only speculate on their contents. But suppose the UFOs needed something from our world, which only the governments could supply, like fissionable materials, special chemicals, or even human guinea pigs? The UFO demonstrations over our military areas and major cities would then assume a threatening meaning. In a sense, the UFOs were saying: "See what we can do? You'd better pay up!"

Perhaps the UFO demands were so unreasonable that no government could comply. This failure led to the rise of the hostile "UFO attacks" of the late 1950s, such as the famous incident at a fort in Brazil, when two soldiers were severely burned by a hovering UFO. There was also a marked increase in the number of UFO abductions of ordinary citizens. Few of these abductions became public knowledge, partly because the civilian groups strongly resisted publicizing UFO landings during that period. It is very possible that some of the unpublicized "abductees" were later closely examined by the government, and that even more threatening messages were passed along.

The UFOs were not only officially ignored; their threats were also buried in bureaucracy. They had to prove that they not only existed, but that they could also make good on their threats. They had to demonstrate that we were completely at their mercy. Instead of destroying New York City or vaporizing one of our atomic installations, they chose a more subtle way of showing off their power. In the early 1960s, they launched a program of ruthless and senseless slaughter. They began to mutilate farm animals, draining off their blood and removing useless organs.

These mutilations began on a small scale in the northeastern U.S., but were quickly brought to the attention of the local law enforcement agencies,

health officials, and key members of the Dept. of the Interior. UFOs were often sighted in the vicinity of the mutilations. Gradually, the mutilation program was expanded until entire states became involved. In the early 1970s, the mutilations reached unprecedented proportions, far beyond the capabilities of any secret satanic cult or random group of disorganized screwballs.

The message was loud and clear: The UFOs can destroy life wholesale, behind guarded fences, and under the very noses of the police. Local law enforcement quickly discovered that, like the UFO investigators, they were cut off from all information at the top. In fact, it is apparent that there is a concerted cover-up effort at the upper level of government to conceal certain aspects of the cattle mutilations.

This has led some investigators to speculate that the mutilations may be carried out by scientists working on some secret government project. Such speculation hardly seems viable when you realize that identical mutilations are occurring as far away as Sweden and Australia (although it is possible that a transnational corporation – with tentacles in many countries – could be responsible).

Through a process of elimination, blackmail becomes the only tenable motivation for the animal mutilations – a final desperate measure to convince someone in government that the UFOs mean business, and that they have horrifying capabilities. If the government does not concede and give them whatever it is they want, there can be only one more phase to this generations-long operation: the overt destruction of human life and property. The prelude to this final phase would be an increase in the abduction of humans. And there *has* been an alarming increase in UFO abduction cases since 1973. Law enforcement agencies in the past year or two have also become quietly worried over the sharp rise in disappearances. In many areas, particularly where the animal mutilation cases are the most intense, some of these missing people have been found, their bodies mysteriously and savagely mutilated.

Any reader with a few UFO books in his library can easily discern these patterns: random appearances of UFOs in the 1940s; overt UFO overflights featuring pursuits of planes, cars, and ships in the early 1950s;

demonstrations of “hostility” in the late 1950s (including abductions, human injuries, and employment of brainwashing techniques); the introduction of wholesale animal mutilations in the 1960s; and massive human abductions in the 1970s.

None of these events make any real sense unless they are being done to achieve some goal. It is naïve to assume that any extraterrestrial force would waste so much time and effort merely to prove their existence. They could do that with a single landing in a major city. No, there are much higher stakes in this game.

The UFOs are trying to prove they are invulnerable, and that they can do awesome damage. The governments of the world, for their part, have conducted a 30-year program to reassure us that UFOs are harmless or even nonexistent, and that all of those calculated demonstrations are meaningless. But somewhere in the halls of Washington, there must be some very worried officials carefully studying each new mutilation report, haunted by General MacArthur’s repeated public statements that the next world war will be conducted by a unified human race battling “evil beings from outer space.”

CATTLE RUSTLING FROM THE SKIES

In 1897, a farmer named Alexander Hamilton signed an affidavit swearing that he and his family had seen an illuminated “dirigible,” occupied by very strange-looking beings, carry off one of his prized heifers. The animal’s hide was found in a nearby field the next day. This story has been written up in almost every UFO book on the shelf, so we will not linger over it here. But it is a sobering fact that animal mutilations and disappearances occur with disturbing regularity in UFO flap areas, just as they seem to be an integral part of the general “monster” scene. Three farmhands outside of Twin Falls, Idaho, told police that a glowing elliptical machine settled in a field near an isolated steer on Sept. 7, 1956. The men started to run towards it, but it shot upwards and disappeared. The steer apparently went with it, for it was gone. Another case appeared in West Coast newspapers in 1963. A bewildered farmer in Chileno Valley, California, reported that a flying saucer had stampeded his herd of cattle. Aroused by the rumpus, he reached

the scene just in time to see a group of "short men in white coveralls" grab a calf and haul it into the object.

A farmer in Isola, Italy, accused "three dwarves in metallic diving suits" of stealing several of his pet rabbits on Nov. 14, 1954. He claimed he caught the thieves red-handed near his hutches. He said he had seen a bright, cigar-shaped machine land nearby and had grabbed his rifle. But when he confronted the rustlers, the rifle not only failed to fire but also became so heavy he had to drop it. Then he found himself paralyzed, unable to move or speak, while the little men carried his rabbits off to the object and flew away.

In South America, that ufologists' paradise, police officials investigating extensive flying saucer reports in Barcelos, Brazil, in Sept. 1962, learned that seventeen chickens, six pigs, and two cows had all vanished during the UFO wave. A man also disappeared during that flap. His name was Telemaco Xavier, and he vanished late on the night of Sept. 1, 1962. Three plantation workers testified that they had seen a lone man walking down a deserted road that night, when an illuminated circular object spraying sparks swept down from the sky. Three men leaped out, grabbed the lone stroller, and dragged him off. Whether or not Senor Xavier was that man remains unproven. But he was never seen again.

Minutes away from New York City, several pigs reportedly vanished from their well-protected pens at the Agricultural College in Farmingdale during August 1967. There had been repeated power failures in the area throughout the summer, and many flying saucer sightings had taken place there. We visited the college and learned that single pigs had been removed from several different pens. Since the pigs were enclosed by high fences, it would have seemed more reasonable for an intelligent pig thief to confine his activities in one pen. At 10:00 p.m. on Feb. 5, 1968, many people in Farmingdale proper said that a large luminous sphere had appeared over the town.

West Virginia and Ohio have had all kinds of animal mysteries since their UFO flap began in 1966. Shortly after sundown on the evening of Nov. 14, 1966, Newell Partridge of Salem, West Virginia, was watching television when suddenly the set "began to make noises like a generator." As he

decided to take a look outside, his thoroughbred German shepherd, Bandit, "started carrying on something terrible." He flashed a light into a neighboring field and saw what he described as two bright red glowing objects. Bandit growled and ran into the field. The lights vanished, and the dog was never seen again.

A week later, another West Virginian, a man who asked to remain anonymous "because people think those who see this thing are crazy," reported that a cigar-shaped object that "sounded like a Washington time signal" had landed in his yard. His dog ran toward the object and was apparently attacked by something before the object flew off. The animal limped back bloody and badly frightened.

A German shepherd belonging to one William Watson disappeared early in November of 1966, and was found a week later in the center of an isolated field on Georges Creek Road, outside of Gallipolis, Ohio (across the river from Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia). The knee-high grass around the dog's body was pressed flat in a perfect circle twenty feet in diameter. Although there was no sign that the dog had been attacked by any known animal, every bone in its body was crushed, and there was absolutely no blood evidence.

When we visited Gallipolis in December of that year, we discovered that many people had seen unidentified flying objects around Georges Creek Road. Mrs. Marilyn Taylor told us that she had been driving there at 7:15 p.m. on the evening of Dec. 9, 1966, when a circular reddish-orange light appeared in front of her car at telephone-pole-height. It bobbed up and down, she said, and flashed beams of light towards the road.

"It was the size of a helicopter, but it was no helicopter," she declared. She said she followed it for about a mile until she reached a well-lighted area near a transformer installation. Then the object shot into the air and disappeared. Her four children were with her in the car, and her six-year-old expressed great fear of the object.

A nurse who lives on a farm with her two teenaged children outside of Gallipolis sought us out and told us a long and involved story about her experiences with the objects and their occupants. She keeps cows on her

farm, and she claimed that someone was butchering them in her fields. She had seen the "rustlers" on several occasions and had gone after them with a shotgun. "They're tall men in white coveralls," she explained. "And they can certainly run and jump. I've seen them leap over high fences from a standing start."

This woman, whom we will call Mrs. Bryant, had seen large luminous spheres at treetop level around her house. Furthermore, she claimed that an elderly couple that had lived on her property for years had often told her about the strange lights in the area. The sightings went back thirty years. The couple had described them as being like "a lantern on a stick that somebody waves back and forth in the hills."

Mrs. Bryant's troubles with cattle "rustlers" had started back around 1963-64. Her house had burned to the ground during that period, and she built a new one-story ranch house on the same site. The cattle "rustlers," she explained, had ruthlessly butchered a number of her animals very expertly. But they didn't seem to want the choice steak cuts. Instead, they rather pointlessly removed the brains and other organs of little commercial value. And there was never any blood in evidence. She had complained repeatedly to both the police and the FBI.

Her children confirmed that strange things were also happening to their telephone, and Mrs. Bryant was convinced that someone was tapping it. She also said that she had once awakened alone in the house, unable to move, and felt a wave of almost overpowering heat as she heard the kitchen door open. She had double-locked it before going to bed, she assured us. While she lay there helplessly, she said she saw a tall figure walk through the kitchen and apparently go out another locked door on the other side. That door, we discovered when we visited the house, led to nowhere. There were no steps outside it, only a steep drop to the ground.

Other strange sounds pervaded the house, she claimed. She had heard heavy footsteps on the roof, and loud metallic clangs. The house is situated on a hill far back from a narrow dirt road, and commands a good view of the surrounding area. Mrs. Bryant's 12-year-old son told of his own sightings, and he also remarked about the big Air Force "flying boxcar" cargo planes that frequently flew over the area at treetop level.

A year earlier, we would have put Mrs. Bryant down as paranoid. Her story smacked of a persecution complex gone amok. But we had heard too many similar tales in our travels to take her lightly.

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night with the uneasy feeling that there was a stranger in the house? This has happened to nearly everyone at some time or another, excluding, of course, the incidents in which that someone proved to be a real burglar or prowler. But it seems to happen too often with UFO witnesses and "contactees."

On a warm June evening in 1962, Gregory Sciotti, 18, woke up around 11:30 p.m. with that feeling. He was alone in his little house near Turtle Creek, PA, for his mother worked the nightshift in a nearby factory.

"There was a light in the room," Mr. Sciotti wrote to me in 1967. "I quickly tried to get up, and found it impossible to move. I tried to turn my head to see where the light was coming from. This I also found impossible. It seems as though the only control I had was over my eyelids. The feeling I had was something like when you're very tired; you know, just too tired to move. Then I heard something on the steps just outside the door –something like a heavy breathing sound. I heard it moving around. I tried to scream to find out if I was dreaming, but I couldn't do anything but move my eyelids. Then, just like it started, it stopped. The light went out."

He ran down the stairs, badly frightened, grabbed a rifle, and loaded it. He called for his dog, Teddy, a collie. But Teddy was gone. He searched the grounds around the house with a flashlight. He had another dog that was kept tied in the yard. That animal was also gone.

The next night, he was sitting in his car in the driveway, talking with a girlfriend, when a strange object rose up from the woods behind the house. Four windows were visible on a dark oval shape as it passed between the moon and the young couple. It was not an airplane, he declared.

"I feel rather silly discussing this," he concluded, "and I have never mentioned it to anyone but my mother and my wife. My mother sort of laughed at me and told me I was dreaming, but there is no doubt in my

mind that the incident took place. We never did find any trace of our two dogs."

We have collected other animal mutilation cases from Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Ohio, and West Virginia. There have probably been thousands of animal mutilations over the years, but because of their seemingly fragile relationship to the UFO phenomenon, few of them have been directly reported. Such stories rarely make the newspapers. Police often believe they are dealing with a gang of cattle rustlers and deliberately keep complaints buried in their files until they can catch the culprits "red-handed."

One morning in April 1969, Mr. Ernest Adkins stepped from his home on a farm near New Haven, West Virginia and found his 11-week-old beagle pup dead in his yard. "There was no evidence that the dog died in a fight," Adkins said. "But there was a large, very neat hole in its side, and the animal's heart was lying outside the body. It looked as if something had chewed it out. There were no other marks on the body."

No known animal, would, or could, tear the heart out of dog without leaving other marks on the carcass. And any animal that might attempt such a thing would certainly have eaten the heart or some part of the dog.

Who can say how many bloodless carcasses are scattered throughout the hills, forests, and fields of America?

It seems that animal blood is not all "they" are after, either.

Early on a rainy morning in March 1967, a Red Cross bloodmobile, laden with fresh blood collected from human volunteers, was driving along Route 2, next to the Ohio River, en route to Red Cross headquarters in Huntington, WV. The driver, Beau Shertzer, was accompanied by a young nurse.

As they hit a completely deserted stretch of road, a large glowing object lifted from a nearby hill and sailed silently toward the vehicle. Shertzer rolled down his window and looked up. He was panic-stricken to see some kind of arm or extension being lowered from the glistening machine, which was cruising only a few feet about his bloodmobile. The nurse looked out

her window and saw another arm reaching down on her side of the truck. It looked as if the flying saucer was trying to wrap a pincer-like device around the vehicle!

Shertzer opened the engine up wide, trying desperately to outrun the thing. Apparently they were saved by the sudden appearance of headlights from oncoming traffic. As the other cars neared, the object retracted the arms and hastily flew off.

Was this a case of a UFO making a deliberate attempt to pick up a bloodmobile and carry it off to some secret place? We can only speculate, but it all sounds very ominous.

Some ranchers blame mining and energy companies. (They suspect that these companies are "prospecting" on their private lands by a method called "biogeochemistry" – the testing of fresh animal tissue for trace minerals, which leach up from far below ground and collect in the surface vegetation.) The less-pragmatic UFO theorists have speculated that terrestrial animal matter is important to the "extraterrestrial" ufonauts as "raw material" for the construction of solid physical entities.

An alternative to collecting animal matter for the creation of physical beings would be to enlist the aid of terrestrials, sexually, for the purpose of crossbreeding – the creation of a new species that would be neither human nor "alien." There are a number of astounding incidents that seem to suggest that such biological experimentation is actually taking place.

CHAPTER 16

UFOS: THE MEDICAL EVIDENCE – *UFO REPORT* – MARCH 1978

The strongest UFO evidence to date is also the least investigated and the most poorly understood: the bizarre medical affects that often plague witnesses of UFO activity. Few medical doctors have taken an interest in the phenomenon, and fewer still have had an opportunity to examine witnesses immediately after their experiences. So, there is a dearth of solid medical literature on the subject, and most UFO investigators have had to content themselves with the collection of odd scraps of metal, the tedious measuring of mysterious holes in the ground, and the painstaking but often futile study of chance photographs. The witnesses themselves have been largely ignored.

Two of the most common medical effects of close encounters are black eyes (that's right, old-fashioned "shiners"), and strange reddish blotches on the neck, usually just below the right ear. Physical contact with UFO entities can be violent. The witnesses remember being struck about the face and neck before lapsing into a trance or coma. Many recall being pierced by long needles or instruments, particularly around the abdomen, and the puncture marks remain visible for days after the experience. Others recall having samples of blood extracted from their chins or throats, and some have lesions in their skin that can persist for months.

If the ufonauts are conducting medical experiment on unwitting human subjects, a careful, qualified study of these injuries could provide us with strong clues as to the exact nature of those experiments.

Unfortunately, there has been a tendency to speculate without consulting medical specialists, and the appearances of these injuries have inspired all kinds of rumors. The abdominal probes, for example, have been explained as a means for exploring the ovaries of female victims. Actually, thrusting a

long needle into the belly button would not be a very logical way to reach the ovaries, and would run the risk of piercing the intestines and bladder.

Pains in the abdomen have been reported for centuries in tales of witchcraft, encounters with the devil, and occult happenings, so it is possible that these modern UFO events are merely an updated version of a very old phenomenon. The belief that the solar plexus is a vital center of psychic activity in the human body is based on such reports. The solar plexus is, in fact, a center of the nervous system and contains some important lymph nodes. The abdominal probes might be used to drain some fluid from the lymph nodes rather than search the more distant ovaries.

What are the lymph nodes? Basically, they are bean-shaped organs whose main function is to filter toxic and infectious material from the bloodstream and destroy it. When you are ill, the nodes tend to become swollen. This is why your doctor automatically feels under your chin and along your throat, and sometimes in your groin area, when he examines you. Lymph nodes are located in all these areas, as well as in the armpits and several other places. The nodes under the chin and below the ears are especially prone to swelling during illness. The red marks found on the necks of many UFO contactees immediately after their encounters (usually about the size of a quarter) lie exactly over these nodes.

If the entities wanted to remove and examine fluid from the lymphatic system, the easiest method would be to pierce the chin or side of the neck. Since few people know anything about their lymph nodes, they would automatically assume that blood was being extracted from the chin or neck. The procedure would be almost identical to the routine drawing of a blood sample.

We now have hundreds of cases in which the witnesses thought the UFO entities were taking a blood sample. In many of these cases, the witnesses were first exposed to some unknown gas, or were given a pill or asked to swallow a liquid. Thus some foreign substance, maybe even a poisonous substance, was introduced into their bodies. Later, fluid from the lymphatic system may have been extracted, and studied to see how efficiently the human body was able to deal with the toxin.

Another possibility is that the subjects were given some drug, perhaps a hallucinogen. At the conclusion of their experience, the fluid from their lymph nodes was examined merely to make sure that their bodies were responding properly – that they were not going to suffer any serious aftereffects.

In other words, something far more sophisticated than the taking of random blood samples has been going on in these cases. Haphazard blood sampling makes little sense anyway. Even our own medical techniques are now so advanced that a good laboratory needs only a drop of blood to detect all kinds of ailments and diseases.

We mustn't overlook, however, the fact that blood does play a major role in the occult mysteries of the 1970s. Thousands of animals in several different countries have been found mutilated in UFO flap areas in recent years and, in every case, the carcass has been expertly drained of blood. This means that someone has gone to great lengths to collect *several tons* of animal blood for some unknown purpose.

It would be just as easy for the mysterious mutilators to attack isolated human beings and drain their blood (if blood is what they need). But this hasn't happened. Unless, of course, the thousands of people who vanish totally and inexplicably each year have fallen victim to these modern vampires.

The "black eye" syndrome is as perplexing as the lymph node "examinations." It is most often related to the Men in Black phenomenon. People who claim to have been visited by the mysterious MIB often suffer black eyes which, they say, resulted from an unexpected punch. The MIB come in several types and appear to be closely related to the UFOs in some strange manner.

While many contactees driving alone on remote roads during the middle of the night report encountering a grounded UFO and feeling a sharp pain when a ufonaut touches or strikes them on the side of the neck (leaving the reddish mark visible afterwards), the MIB victim is most often hustled into a car where he or she is struck in the face or exposed to some kind of gas or drug. The two kinds of experiences are remarkably similar. Some form of

direct physical contact, often of a violent nature, seems to be a necessary part of such meetings. But why?

We do know that brainwashing plays an important role in UFO contact cases. We also know that many witnesses vividly remember *false* episodes (confabulations) that have been planted into their minds, apparently to cover up what really happened to them. So, their memory of being poked in the eye may be as false as the memory of having a needle thrust into their abdomens. Something physical undoubtedly happens, but it may not be what they remember.

One form of modern brain surgery involves entering the eye socket and reaching the nerves through that cavity instead of boring a hole into the skull. A patient who has undergone this kind of dramatic surgery has a terrific black eye for days afterwards.

Could it be that the witnesses who come out of a UFO or MIB encounters with a big black eye have actually undergone a delicate brain operation? It's a frightening thought, but researchers around the world have now collected a mountain of evidence indicating that many UFO witnesses do suffer sudden changes of personality and lifestyle, and may have experienced some form of radical brain surgery.

For years, ufologists dedicated themselves to the task of trying to prove the reality of "extraterrestrial" UFOs to a skeptical world. For most of those years, the majority of UFO investigators tried to ignore the landing and contact reports, and it never occurred to anyone (except, possibly, the CIA) to carry out in-depth studies of UFO witnesses. The result was that very few people were actively trying to find out what the UFOs were actually doing here. And they must have been doing *something*. Now we are beginning to get an inkling of that "something." They are conducting highly complex medical studies of the human body.

In order to conduct this program without instilling fear, suspicion, or anxiety, they set up a smokescreen of psychological warfare by generating absurd contactee stories and creating contradictory situations that served to confuse military and scientific investigators. They produced hoaxes and

nonsense that served to create dissension among the relatively few civilians who dared take them seriously.

These tacks were enormously successful. If we had considered the medical evidence sooner, and had studied the very people the UFOs seem most interested in (i.e., the "close encounter" witnesses), we might have developed some hard answers to the many questions that are just now beginning to plague us.

If the ufonauts are interested in our lymphatic systems and the other *defense* mechanisms of the human body, we may all have cause to worry about the "offensive" nature of those funny lights in the night sky.

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM

The central problems of chimeralogy (the study of supernatural creatures and objects) are more philosophical and theological than scientific. While the effects of many of these paranormal events are medical, the only reliable investigative approach is *sociological and psychological*. The "Eighth Tower" (i.e., electromagnetic superspectrum) manipulates a few of us through its direct manifestations, but it manipulates great masses of us through our *belief* in those manifestations, and our interpretations of their meanings.

During the 1960s, I wandered dazedly through old cemeteries, garbage dumps, and gravel pits haunted by the strange, seemingly intelligent lights prancing in the skies, often asking myself, "What does this phenomenon want? What is it trying to teach me, and all of us?" These same questions plagued the men of 5,000 B.C., and they plagued Charles Fort. The ancient answer was that the gods owned the earth, and that mankind was placed here to serve them. Fort simplified this to "we are property."

You and I are biochemical robots controlled subconsciously by the powerful radiations broadcast from the Eighth Tower. Our brains are programmed like computers, and many of us are suddenly and completely reprogrammed at some point in our adult life. At birth, our entire lives are planned for us, and as we weave and totter through our allotted three score and ten, we find

ourselves manipulated by “luck,” by strange coincidences and synchronicities, and by sudden changes in ourselves and our environment.

Visualize a mad scientist who needs someone to clean out his secret laboratory in his castle on a forbidding mountaintop. He constructs a mechanical robot for the job and programs it so it can move freely within the lab but, if it should open the door and try to move out of the laboratory, it is programmed to self-destruct.

The robot calls it “slavery.” We call it “free will.” We are free to pursue our life in our own way, so long as we conform to the hidden master plan. If we circumvent that plan by zigging instead of zagging, we self-destruct.

Human history is filled with examples of people who self-destructed when they dared to step beyond the outer limits, when they consciously tried to alter history in ways that did not conform to our hypothetical cosmic plan. Religious and political leaders have frequently been cut down by wild-eyed assassins obeying voices in their heads or following the dictates of the loathsome entities that materialized before them during cultist rites; then historians invent a rational-sounding lie to replace the irrational facts. (This “explanation” usually is *not* that the assassin or cult may have been controlled by those with a vested interest in manipulating politics through hypnotic means.)

Charles Guiteau is remembered as “a disappointed office seeker” who shot President James Garfield. “Serbian nationalists” knocked off Francis Ferdinand and started World War I. Lincoln was murdered by a nutty actor who sympathized with the South. And so on. But if you dig into the original records, you will find some surprising details. John Wilkes Booth, for example, was one of *ten* co-conspirators, all of whom were religious fanatics (as was Guiteau). Francis Ferdinand had something in common with Mohandas Gandhi. Both men were assassinated by fanatical cultists.

Major changes in the flow of history have often been implemented by “fanatics” obeying impulses or mental commands, giving demonologists plenty of ammunition. Self-destruction does not mean suicide or even assassination, however. A minister may resign from his church and be run over by a truck the next day. A scientist may blunder onto a new idea years

ahead of its time, and be fatally bitten by a poisonous spider in his basement a few years later.

Coincidences run amok. Human agencies often intervene, as in the case of poor Wilhelm Reich, whose theories on psychology were twenty years ahead of their time. (Reich was thrown in prison for his theories, where he died, his books burned by U.S. authorities). President John F. Kennedy was making serious plans to pull the U.S. out of Vietnam when he was cut down in Dallas by a "loner" with "communist" leanings.

But the real JFK assassin remains unknown. There was no real evidence linking Lee Harvey Oswald to the assassination of Kennedy. Oswald was, in fact, connected with both the FBI and the CIA, and was a "sleeper agent" being groomed for an attempt on the life of Cuba's Fidel Castro. Oswald's background as a defector to the Soviet Union (and his marriage to the daughter of a leader in the Soviet security apparatus) would have cast suspicion on the Soviets and led Cuba to sever relations with that country had Oswald killed Castro.

The unknown conspirators of the Kennedy assassination were obviously aware of this plan and, by setting Oswald up as the Kennedy "scapegoat," they provided perfect cover for their gunmen. U.S. investigatory agencies were obliged to stumble over themselves and cover up details of the murder in Dallas in order to protect themselves and their own supposed plan against Castro.

Kennedy's untimely death was followed by the pointless deaths of 55,000 other Americans in a war that contributed directly to the rapid deterioration of the worldwide monetary system, among other things. Some things, demonologists are quick to point out, just cannot be changed. Even when psychics have a clear view of some impending disaster, they are helpless to prevent it.

A time may be approaching when visions of the future will be experienced en masse by millions of people simultaneously. Then, we may be able to act collectively to prevent some catastrophes. But it is also possible that the self-destruct factor exists in large groups of people, as well as in

individuals. We may be heading towards massive genocide instead of liberation.

Every religion teaches that all individuals and all human events are directly controlled by some cosmic force. And each religion also teaches that we are doomed – that one day all human life will face what has been variously defined as a Day of Judgment or Harvest, when our souls will be liberated from their physical shells to join the massive forcefield in the sky.

Theologians have managed to view this destruction of our physical world optimistically, as something to be looked forward to – as a desirable condition. The Second Coming of Christ is usually described as the appearance of Christ on a luminous cloud or aerial object, and is based on a curious trait of the ufonauts and religious apparitions: "They" always promise to return.

Our awareness of cosmic consciousness is partially negated by the static from the lower frequencies of the superspectrum, which constantly produce confusing and contradictory manifestations. In modern UFO contacts, the ufonauts claim names adopted from mythology and, occasionally, names manufactured from combinations of terms from several different languages.

The "little people" of the Middle Ages played similar name games. In earlier times, people who encountered the entities believed they were confronting one of the gods, and so the names adopted by the entities (Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, etc.) became accepted as the name of the God-force itself.

The reflective factor occurred when the names were repeated aloud by the haunted percipients, and mysterious manifestations took place. So most cultures adopted a simple rule: The name of the god was never to be spoken aloud. Alternate terms were created, usually further enhanced with euphemisms. The gods were "all-knowing, just, and great," and were granted humanlike vanity by their fearful worshippers. And, in fact, the materializations did display human characteristics, since they sprang in part from the Jungian "collective unconscious." The notion that the gods created man in their image was a twisted version of the *real* truth: We had created the gods in *our* image.

If we are biochemical robots controlled by an anthropomorphic supermind, then the entities that appear are doubly enslaved. They are partially controlled by the superspectrum and partially controlled by us. The phrase, "We are in bondage," has frequently been used by the entities along with "We are one." We all are, indeed, one (with the superspectrum). As individual humans, we are linked together with subtle waves of energy.

Many of us invite total unity with the superspectrum, usually through religion. Others unwittingly expose themselves to total possession through the practice of witchcraft and black magic. Still others have the state thrust upon them when they are caught in the beams of light from UFOs. Like Saul on the road to Damascus, they are reprogrammed.

While interviewing hundreds of UFO contactees scattered throughout the country, I was impressed by a curious similarity in their physical appearances. If we could ever assemble all of these people together in a single auditorium, it would look like some kind of family reunion. The majority of these percipients, both male and female, are slender, of medium height, and have lean faces with high cheekbones. A surprisingly large number of religious fanatics share these same characteristics. There is clearly an unexplored genetic link that separates these people from the rest of us.

Equally fascinating is the fact that a great many UFO contactees are orphans, or their knowledge of their genealogical backgrounds is so vague as to be untraceable. The entities exploit this by assuring them that they are really "hybrids," or even people transplanted here from another planet. A professional geneticist would find this a rich field for study.

Many UFO contactees also develop the glow of the super-religious who have "seen the light" – that inner radiance and outward placidity that are common traits among clergymen, nuns, and mystics. Many of the "Jesus freaks" of the 1960s also acquired this special look. When you carefully examine these people, you find they have surrendered their consciousness voluntarily to an outside force and have, in a real sense, become total robots serving that force.

Countless religious sects make this kind of surrender the central purpose of their ceremonies. They invite the spirit of God (or the devil) to invade their physical bodies and, when it occurs (and it does occur constantly, on a large scale), they slip into ecstatic trances and babble in unknown tongues. This robotizing process is universally regarded as the highest and most welcome of all religious experiences.

All rites, from the frenetic dances of the whirling dervishes and "black Sabbath" witches to the monotonous, brain-numbing chants of the Oriental religions and hymn-singing "holy roller" churches are variations on this theme. Some are consciously trying to attain Godhead – unity with the superspectrum – while others are simply practicing ancient traditions, not consciously aware of the real purposes behind them.

Earlier cultures built their entire lifestyle around their religious ceremonies and this search for Godhead. Various kinds of drugs were used by the Native Americans to speed up the process. The most important buildings in the Pueblo cultures of the Southwest were, and still are, the circular kivas where the men gather for their secret rituals. American Indians, like their counterparts in Africa and the Orient, also believed that the gods attended their rituals disguised in grotesque masks and costumes that made them indistinguishable from the tribe's medicine men (i.e., a kind of doppelganger effect).

For many centuries, the most widely practiced shortcut to unity with the superspectrum was a grisly operation called trephination. This involved cutting a hole in the top of the skull to expose part of the brain. Thousands of trephined skulls have been unearthed in South America and Europe. It was a very delicate operation, and we can only marvel at the skill of the ancient surgeons, who must have performed it with the crudest of instruments. Since many of the skulls show signs of having partially healed, a majority of the patients must have lived long lives after the operation. Trephination is still practiced by cults in Europe, and they claim that it works – that a hole in the head does admit the powerful radiations of the superspectrum and greatly increases psychic ability.

Unfortunately, however, many of the rites performed by modern seekers of truth merely tap the static in the lower reaches of the superspectrum, and

create a backlash of possession and insanity. Sirhan Sirhan practiced self-hypnosis and other mind-tampering rites. He ended up in a hotel kitchen, eyes dazed and unseeing, with a smoking revolver in his hand and Robert F. Kennedy stretched out at his feet. (Kennedy was actually hit from behind by a second gunman, so such practices can, at the very least, be said to position one to become a "patsy"). The first book Sirhan requested in jail was *The Secret Doctrine*, Madame Blavatsky's treatise on controlling the superspectrum.

Persons *without* latent psychic abilities can study metaphysics for years, and practice the rites daily, without ever hoping to pass beyond the possession stage. Many of the UFO investigators of the past 25 years have gone this same, sad route and suffered nervous breakdowns, forms of possession, and suicide.

Psychic ability seems to be inherited, not learned. If your Aunt Tilly was a trance medium, or your great grandfather was known for his prophetic dreams and visions, there is a good chance that you – or one of your brothers and sisters – will have the same abilities. Various polls and studies have indicated that only 10 to 15 percent of the population has some degree of psychic ability. Another 15 percent have latent abilities that may manifest only a few times during their lives.

The rest of the population is cut off from any direct communication with the superspectrum, so they try to establish an open line through religion, or through some other frame of reference. The overpowering urge – or need – to get in touch with supernatural forces is an odd psychosociological phenomenon in itself. And this urge has dominated the affairs of men throughout history.

We are not only biochemical robots responding to signals from the Eighth Tower, but we are strangely eager to be even more subservient to a force that has always done as much harm as good. Some of us submit to such rites as baptism over and over again, and attend religious rallies in the hope of having a real religious experience. We are not satisfied until our eyes turn blank, our heads loll, and our tongues babble. We wish for – and look forward to – the day when Christ will return on a cloud and yank our souls from our tortured bodies like some kind of cosmic dentist.

Flying saucers have given the pragmatists among us a substitute for the old-time religion. The new cultists speak of "The Evacuation" – when great fleets of interplanetary spaceships will sweep down to gather up the chosen ones from the mountaintops, and hustle them off to another planet just before Earth explodes. We are reverting back to the age of the gods once again. We may not be drilling holes in our heads, but several colleges and even some high schools are now offering courses in witchcraft, demonology, and flying saucers.

While UFOs do terrify many witnesses, there are others who find confrontation with a glowing aerial mass to be an ecstatic, almost sexual experience. One woman recently told me about something that had happened to her when she was a child. She and her parents had come across a great luminous sphere in a farm field, and had watched in awe as it rose swiftly into the sky. For days afterwards, her mother sat contentedly in a rocking chair on the front porch, reliving the brief sighting and mumbling over and over, "God loves me. God loves me."

CHAPTER 17

CATTLE MUTILATION FOR BEGINNERS – 1979 LECTURE

Mexico is a hotbed of flying saucer reports, as we all know. But they are also having cattle mutilations down there. And it gets worse…

Did you know that a *human* body was found mutilated in the same way as the cattle? It was cut in half, and some of the organs were missing.

A former Jesuit priest has been investigating this. He came to New York a couple of years ago, and showed me a lot of really horrible photographs and things. It seems that a child *and* a man were involved; *both* were cut in half. There was something else involving an automobile that had hit a man in the road. The driver stopped, and when they got out, they found that the man was long dead. He had been terribly mutilated previously.

This is all very weird. How could he have been standing in the road if he had been so mutilated? Perhaps some Mexican magazines have carried more detailed reports, but I don't know of it. I wish somebody would go down there and really find out what is going on. Now the cattle mutilations are going on in Canada. The cattle are having all their blood drained from their bodies, and their sex organs removed. God knows, but somebody's got a collection of 500,000 cattle sex organs.

Closer to home, in New Jersey, two mutilated humans were found earlier this year. Their bodies were mutilated, and the blood had been drained from their bodies. It was in the newspapers.

There's a Paris, Texas, newsletter devoted to this, called *Stigmata*. There are very good investigators working on this out west. You'll find horrifying Men in Black stories taking place in those areas where the mutilations are going on.

In the Middle Ages, in France, strange flying objects used to appear. Every once in a while, the people of France would catch one of the pilots and, usually, stone him to death. In the Middle Ages, they believed that these aircraft came from a place called "Magonia." They thought Magonia was a marvelous land in the sky…

The cattle mutilations are the only physical evidence we have. We don't have a workable theory for these mutilations. I've run through all the theories and none of them work. We don't know who's collecting all this blood, or why. But because it is the only physical evidence we have, we must go on studying it.

Just recently, the government gave $48,000 to a retired FBI man in New Mexico. He was going to get to the bottom of it. He made a few phone calls, collected his $48,000, and said, "These mutilations are being caused by predators like wolves and such." And that was the end of that big experiment.

Cattle mutilations really started coming back about five years ago. In my newsletter *Anomaly*, Issue 11 (April 1974), I went into some of the specifics:

> The great UFO wave of 1973 began in the northeast in February, and was marked by the reintroduction of phantom helicopters – large, unmarked machines whose configurations and sounds are unmistakable. As usual, when witnesses like Evan C. Williams, mayor of Milton, PA, reported seeing one of the choppers, a thorough check of all airports and military installations drew a blank.
>
> By midsummer, however, the phantom helicopters were being associated with the widespread cattle rustling in the Midwest. Huge military-type helicopters were seen hovering low over cattle herds in several states. Farmers were even taking potshots at them. The whirlybirds were operating at night, without lights, in rural areas.

“We were near Jones’ place southeast of town, and came around a curve, up over a hill,” Rev. Albert Lambeth of Mark, Iowa said in April. “Then this helicopter started to raise out of the field right in front of us. It hovered over our heads a few seconds. When we got out of the car, we could see the tail structure and the fuselage structure. It wasn’t one of those bubble-type copters. It had an enclosed fuselage that I would guess could carry four or five men. And there were not visible numbers on the helicopter.”

Local law officials, the FAA, and FBI all failed to pinpoint the origin of these choppers, although they were apparently the size of military ambulance copters, and would have required a lot of fuel and logistical support.

We had gone through it all before. We had pursued phantom helicopters up and down the East Coast and the Ohio Valley in 1966-67, and cited a number of these cases in our books and articles.

In October, at the height of the UFO flap in the United States, a curious UPI report appeared, describing two “mystery helicopters” seen near Saigon.

An estimated $30 million worth of cattle are rustled in the U.S. annually. Modern cattle rustlers are very professional and very efficient. They drive their trucks into a field, slaughter several choice cows, and butcher them on the spot, loading only the prime cuts into their vehicles. They leave hides, forequarters, etc., behind, along with plenty of foot and tire tracks. It is questionable if several different teams in different states could suddenly acquire expensive helicopters. Our phantom helicopters were turning up everywhere at once this summer.

> As in previous UFO waves, somebody or some thing was wantonly slaughtering cattle, sheep, and dogs across the country throughout 1973. Unlike mundane cattle rustlers, these phantom animal mutilators did not leave any tracks or clues behind, even in mud and snow. The animals were killed with surgical precision, as in many cases described in our books. (Early mutilations in West Virginia involved either precision cuts or no cuts at all, such as with a German shepherd found crushed at a "saucer landing site.")
>
> Most perplexing of all, there was never any blood in evidence. Real cattle rustlers leave plenty of blood behind.
>
> The phenomenon spread across the country, from California to New York. Some lawmen speculated they were dealing with a devil-worshipping cult. But we have seen the results of sacrificial rites in cemeteries and on beaches; the sacrificed animals were always slaughtered crudely, clumsily, bloodily, and were left surrounded by spent candles and other debris.
>
> A news story from Kansas tells us how the destroyed animals had one ear and/or their tail cut off. In some cases, their sex organs were also mutilated. Animals examined in Minnesota bore this same puzzling "trademark."
>
> This mystery is not confined to the U.S. In 1972, there were at least six similar cases in Sweden.

The year 1973 produced an unusual number of tall, hairy monster sightings. And, as usual, dogs and small domestic animals vanished in areas where many of these monster sightings took place. In some cases (i.e., Murphysboro, IL), witnesses claimed the creature they saw was carrying a dead dog under its arm! Yet no one has ever found a half-eaten dog carcass

in one of these places, or even the bones. Do our resident monsters *even* eat meat or bones?

Fortunately, there have not been any verifiable reports of human mutilations in UFO flap areas, but there have been several rather mysterious deaths. Some were apparently caused by lightning, but others resulted from *concussion*, distinguishable by bleeding from the nose, mouth, and ears.

The 1973 UFO wave followed the basic patterns. As in earlier flaps, the key witnesses were schoolteachers. Decoy manifestations (such as the now-famous Pascagoula, Mississippi case involving two fisherman) diverted the press and generated more "outer space" propaganda, just as the sheriffs of the Midwest went hunting for "rustlers" and "devil cultists."

The UFO phenomenon also picked up in other places, such as South America and Scandinavia. Mystery submarines reappeared in the Norwegian fjords in November, driving the Norwegian Navy bananas. New HITI (holes in the ice) turned up in several Swedish lakes in Jan. '74, prompting new official investigations. It was all very hush-hush.

In 1973, there was a sharp increase in cases in which UFO witnesses received mysterious red marks on their neck, on the major nerve just below the ear. Persons suffering such marks usually have absolutely no memory of the period when they acquired it. They simply see a strange light or object approaching their car and then – zap – the next thing they know, they are home in their own bed, wondering if it was all just a dream.

CHAPTER 18

UFO "SLEEPER" AGENTS – *UFO REPORT* – 1979

In the slang of the intelligence community, a "sleeper" is a spy who is deliberately kept inactive for years while living under "deep cover." He or she remains a loyal agent, but doesn't do any actual espionage work until – sometimes decades after being "planted" – the intelligence organization has a special need.

For example, it was recently revealed that an East German spy was sent to live in West Germany and carry out one specific mission. His job was to train his own five-year-old daughter and promote her into a job, after she had grown up, as a secretary in a West German government office. It sounds incredible, but this kind of long-range planning and manipulation is common in the shadowy, "James Bond" world of international espionage.

Sleepers are planted throughout our society. Some live and work in a community for 20 years or more, accepted by everyone as teachers, journalists or businessmen, drawing a monthly check from some agency in addition to their regular income, and waiting for the day when they might suddenly be called upon to break open a safe, take furtive photographs, or even – in extreme cases – shoot somebody between the eyes.

Since the intelligence community is also notoriously ruthless, sleepers are often sacrificed, against their will, to further some larger scheme. There is evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald may have been a sleeper who was being set up as the patsy for a complicated plot to kill Cuba's Fidel Castro. Instead, someone knowledgeable in intelligence maneuvers manipulated Oswald into the role of patsy in President Kennedy's assassination. The agency, or agencies, that were retaining Oswald had to scramble to cover up their own plots. The thing snowballed until there were cover-ups *within cover-ups*. Assassination investigators remain confused and thwarted to this day.

Candy Jones, the famous model and wife of Long John Nebel, the New York radio talk-show star, was a slightly different kind of "sleeper." Through hypnosis and drugs, the CIA turned her into a deep-cover spy. She was sent on missions in a trance state, using a false name and even, believe it or not, a false *personality* given to her through brainwashing techniques. When she returned from these missions, she resumed her own life and personality, and had no memory whatsoever of her escapades as a spy. She was a victim of an intelligence practice that has been in use for many decades.

In the 1960s, I discovered, to my astonishment, that "sleepers" are common in the UFO field. Like Candy Jones, ordinary people are pressed into service for the UFOs. They are used to carry out all kinds of missions, but have no conscious memory of those missions when they return to their normal lives.

In contactee terminology, they are said to have been "used."

Like all contactees, such sleepers have two important characteristics: they have latent or active psychic abilities; and they are very suggestible (that is, they are easily hypnotized). Quite often, as I have pointed out in various articles and books, a contrived memory or fraudulent experience is planted into their minds to account for the period during which they were being used. A person who has no memory of, say, one week, returns with the vivid impression that he or she has been taken to another planet.

The human psyche is such that layers can be laid upon layers in the unconscious mind. The phony experience fills the uppermost layer, while sensory memories of the actual experience are hidden in a deeper layer. An unskilled investigator using hypnosis reaches only the surface impressions, and does not even attempt to reach the layers below. Once the amateur has brought the initial impression to the surface, the hidden layer is buried deeper than ever, and becomes almost impossible to reach.

In a conventional intelligence procedure, like the one inflicted on Candy Jones, the sleeper must first be hypnotized or drugged into a deep trance. Subsequent trances are easily induced by a "trigger."

Triggers can take many forms. A sound at a specific pitch can cause the victim to lapse instantly into a trance. Such sounds can even be transmitted by telephone. Lights flashing in a specific pattern can do the job, or even a simple word or command can be used.

After Dr. Benjamin Simon (who ran an Army hospital that carried out CIA experiments) first hypnotized Betty and Barney Hill, he was later able to put them into a hypnotic state by simply saying, "Trance, Barney." Mrs. Nebel often went into a spontaneous trance when she looked at herself in a mirror.

I have examined contactees who were programmed to fall into a trance when they saw a certain written symbol – usually a Greek letter, or combination of Greek letters. They believed they had seen these letters painted on the side of a spacecraft. It is more probable that the letter were merely shown to them. A post-hypnotic suggestion was then linked to these symbols, along with a surface impression of a spacecraft; their minds blended the two.

Ordinarily, a post-hypnotic suggestion will wear off in a few months or at, most, a few years. Therefore, once a person has undergone a contact experience, the hypnotic episodes must be repeated periodically. This is why eyewitnesses claiming a close encounter with a UFO often have repeated experiences spaced no more than three years apart.

Unfortunately, the subsequent experiences are usually well-buried in the unconscious mind. The witness may have no conscious memory of them. Only the initial experience, with its vivid surface impression, can be recalled.

"Silent" contactees who experienced some form of UFO contact years ago, even as children, can become sleepers. They experience periods of temporary amnesia throughout their lives without ever relating these lapses to their first UFO contact.

The minds of some eyewitnesses cannot adjust to this kind of overt tampering. In some cases, a classic conflict develops between the conscious and unconscious minds. The impressions hidden below the surface work

their way through, and there is an overlap that leads to confusion, anxiety, or even partial insanity. Betty and Barney Hill sought out psychiatric help because they were bothered by horrible nightmares, a standard result of such overlapping.

As the impressions in the lower layers infiltrate the surface layers of the conscious mind, the subsequent blend causes many contactees to become fanatical UFO evangelists. In innumerable cases in UFO annals, we find that the hidden impressions actually took over the conscious mind, causing the contactee to assume an entirely new personality. In extreme instances, the contactee has declared themselves to be a space person! And many, like Candy Jones, find themselves battling dual personalities.

But people who adjust to the "alien presence" without these problems can serve as sleepers in all kinds of ways, too. A mysterious phone call of beeping sounds can send them into a trance, during which they may write and mail a "crank" letter, or carry out some other activity that they normally would not do under any circumstances. After they have performed this action, they return to normal and have no memory whatsoever of what they did.

In one case in New England a few years ago, a young man who was – without his conscious knowledge – a sleeper got into all kinds of trouble for taking a potshot at a "Man in Black in a black Cadillac." Actually, the "MIB" was an ordinary citizen in a hunting outfit, and the "Cadillac" was really an old Ford. The young UFO investigator was hallucinating, while in a semi-trance, triggered by a sound on his car radio! His unconscious mind was projecting material overtly to his conscious mind.

The frightening thing about all this is that each new UFO wave may bring more people under the hidden control of this phenomenon. We have no way of estimating how many sleepers there may be after 30 years of UFO sightings. And we have no way of finding all the triggers in use. We can theorize, with some certainty, that almost every person who develops an obsession with UFOs has been subjected to some form of mental programming at some time in his life.

Who or what is doing this? Is some sinister organization plucking us off highways to hypnotize or drug us? Are invaders from space embarking on a worldwide campaign to brainwash us before landing and taking over our world? This doesn't seem too likely. This phenomenon has always existed, and lies at the root of all our religious beliefs, our myths and superstitions, the ancient arts of witchcraft and black magic, and the fundamental philosophies that have given us most of our social and political ideas.

From the medical symptoms of the contactees, we can deduce that the phenomenon consists of an energy form rather than a solid physical state. This energy, like a type of radiowave, is sometimes visible to us as glowing shapes or beams of bright light.

Years ago, the intelligence community discovered ways to produce the same effects through hypnosis, drugs, and brainwashing techniques. But it is unlikely, if not altogether impossible, that any nation could or would attempt to use these methods on entire populations. Perhaps it was the CIA's studies of UFO contactees (in West Virginia and Ohio, between 1947 to 1952) that gave them the idea of creating sleepers like Candy Jones.

CHAPTER 19

CONTACTEE RUSTLING – 1979 LECTURE

Those of you who've read some of my books know that I'm a growing skeptic. I started out as a great believer, and I've gradually turned into a skeptic as my investigations have progressed. I'm going to try to explain to you today some of those investigations and why they have made me skeptical of the basic flying saucer premise.

That basic premise, of course, is that these things are from outer space. There's no question that there are strange things in the sky, but where they come from and what they're doing here is wide open. We know very little about them after 35 or 40 years of investigation. Our main problem, as I've stated in a number of books and articles, is that the will to believe is much stronger than the will to understand. People are very quick to accept a belief without any evidence. Sometimes with no evidence at all... A lot of our major religions are based on that strange ability of the human mind to accept such beliefs.

Harry Houdini, back in the '20s, became a good friend of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was the creator of Sherlock Holmes. Harry Houdini, of course, was the great escape artist. Arthur Conan Doyle was also a famous investigator of psychic phenomenon in that era. He decided that Harry Houdini was not a magician at all, but a psychic. Doyle believed Houdini wasn't just escaping from these boxes and things; he was dematerializing and materializing outside the boxes.

So he approached Harry Houdini with this theory, and Houdini laughed at him saying, "That's nonsense, I use simple trickery to get out of these boxes." But Arthur Conan Doyle was convinced that Harry Houdini was a medium, and he stated this in some books and magazine articles. Harry Houdini got so mad that he broke off his relationship with Doyle. Doyle refused to believe that these were just ordinary magic tricks…

Now, with flying saucers, we have a similar situation. We have been accepting, at face value, a lot of the things that have been said. I'd say 98% of the literature on flying saucers is absolute garbage. I know because I've had to read all of it over the years. When you try to track down some of these things (especially things that happened some years ago), you either end up at a blank wall or you find that it was much different from what was reported in the flying saucer magazines of that time. There are great dissimilarities.

So after a lot of bad experiences, I decided to investigate only things that hadn't received any publicity and had happened very recently. And that got me into the Mothman mess. I went down to West Virginia many times and tried to find out what was happening there. There were flying saucer sightings galore. In fact, I saw so many myself down there that I actually lost count. To a skeptic, this seems incredible.

Once, in Washington, D.C., I made that statement when the skeptic, Phil Klass, was in the audience. He stood up and said in a very loud voice, "That man is a terrible liar!" And he stalked out of the hall. But when you're in an area where there is a UFO wave going on, you're bound to see them. They were following a schedule in West Virginia. Every night at 8:30, you could go out and look up at the sky and one would go over. There were people with private airplanes chasing the damn things. Of course, they always got away, and we never solved the mystery.

Then I discovered that at 10:00 on Wednesday nights, we seemed to have more activity than any other period of time. I mentioned this on a television station down in West Virginia. The next Wednesday night, half the country was out looking at the sky. Thank God, three of them went over in formation at 10:00 on Wednesday night. I was then considered a great seer, because I had managed to figure this out.

There are a lot of other patterns to the phenomenon, which we can figure out if we lend ourselves to it. Going back through history, I have found that these patterns are continuous. I had to do some research into the Great Plague of the 1300s. I kept coming across references to strange atmospheric phenomena. I kept digging into more and more books trying to find out what kind of strange atmospheric phenomena was taking place while

everybody was dropping dead with the Plague. I finally found some references that described very large bright lights that were flying around these cities, especially where people were dying in droves. At that time, they assumed that it was some kind of religious phenomenon related to all the deaths that were taking place.

The Indians had a belief that these were "sky ships" taking souls away into space after they died… In the 1960s, we had a great many sightings directly over funeral homes and mental hospitals. I could never figure that out. Why funeral homes and mental hospitals? In the mental hospitals, the doctors and the nurses would be reporting these UFOs (not the inmates). Maybe there were inmates there that the UFOs were interested in – inmates who had read some of my books or something… *[laughter]*

I felt that the one thing that had not been properly investigated were the contactees themselves. Since we never managed to catch a flying saucer, our best evidence was the contactee. At that time in the 1960s, contactees were frowned upon. They were ridiculed. They were attacked at every corner. There were 2 or 3 contactees who had gotten rather famous, and this really irked some of the more prominent ufologists (who were very publicity-minded).

There were contactees like George Adamski, who became very famous. He was much slandered and, so, towards the end of his life, he denied everything. He thought that he had been used in some fashion. He didn't know how he had been used, but he thought something very fishy was going on – that many of the things he had believed earlier about flying saucers were wrong. But he couldn't figure out what was really going on.

I started interviewing contactees. And because of my magazine articles about contactees, more contactees would write to me. In fact, I was swamped with letters from all over the country. Some people had had experiences 20 years earlier, and had never told anyone, because they didn't know exactly who to tell. Finally they'd read an article by me about contactees, and decide to get in touch with me. In the end, I dealt with probably five or six hundred people who had had some kind of contactee experience. I lost count. There were hundreds of others that I could never

visit personally, or talk to on the telephone, but with whom I corresponded briefly.

I found that there were certain patterns in the contactee phenomenon, which had been deliberately overlooked by the ET believers. There were medical effects that had been deliberately overlooked or missed, because the average UFO investigation was more of a conversation. Nobody ever examined these contactees physically, or even asked them what kind of physical affects they had suffered after their experience. It was virgin territory at that time. Fortunately, around the country there are quite a few doctors and psychologists now doing the same thing that I was doing then. But it was a long, uphill battle in the 1960s to get anyone to pay any attention to the contactees. They were really scorned, yet they hold many of the keys to the UFO phenomenon.

There are six basic types of contactees. Not just one, as you'd think. There are six types, with a couple of subgroups. I'll try to explain each type and their medical characteristics.

TYPE 1: TRANCE CONTACTEES

The first type, Type 1, is a *trance* subject. This is, I've found, the most prevalent type. Usually this witness claims that he's suffered paralysis – that he was unable to move a muscle or even blink his eyes. This is a sure sign that he was in a trance. We have religious miracles (name any date, they're going on all the time) like the one in 1962 in Garabandal, Spain. Two small children would go out into a field and kneel by a bush for five or six hours. They would be in a complete trance. Hundreds of people would mill around them, watching this. When they came out of the trance, they would tell that they had had a long conversation with the "lady" that was visiting them.

This happens over and over again in religious miracles. People are actually in a trance, but they don't know they're in a trance. They think they're fully conscious. In hypnotherapy, a person will often be hypnotized and be "under" for two hours. When you bring him out of hypnosis, he doesn't think that he's been under for two seconds. If you tell him that he's been hypnotized, he'll argue with you. He'll say, "No, I couldn't have been

hypnotized," until he looks at the clock and realizes that two hours have passed.

We see this over and over again in the UFO cases. People will be driving along a highway (always a secluded highway with no other cars on it) and they will see something in the sky. On rare occasions, it will be a metallic object but, mostly, it's a light, and the light is flashing. Now, some people can be hypnotized very easily with a flashing light if it flashes at a certain number of intervals.

I used to use a strobe light in my investigations. It had an adjustment on it so that it would flash at different frequencies. I would set this up and have the contactee look at it. I would adjust the frequency until the contactee would go off like that, hypnotized. This is what happens with these lights. They're driving along a highway. They see this light. It's flashing, and suddenly they're in a hypnotic trance. Now an hour later, or two hours later, or a day later, they come out of the trance and they find that they're forty miles away from where they had been. Also, they find that it's taken them three hours to travel a distance that normally would take them thirty minutes. They're baffled by it.

In the beginning, the UFO investigators were baffled by it too, because they didn't know anything about hypnosis, or about trance subjects or fairy lore. We have to take the "little people" seriously, because there's an enormous amount of literature on them. More than there is on UFOs... The best minds of each generation have gone out and investigated fairies. There is a newsletter in England devoted to new sightings of the little people. It just goes on and on…

Go to any good bookstore and pick up a book on fairy lore, and you'll find that it is divided into sections just like the UFO books. There will be a chapter on time lapses. There will be a chapter on abductions. There will be a chapter on sexual experiences. And when you read it, you'll think you're reading a flying saucer book, except it's all done in the fairy frame of reference. In the Middle Ages, the belief in fairies was very big. The fairy lights were also mentioned throughout this literature. These lights were, of course, the same thing that we're seeing today: mysterious lights that blink on and off and put you in a hypnotic trance.

When you're in this hypnotic trance and you think you're conscious, you can see almost anything, and you will swear that it's real. When you come out of the trance, you'll swear, "I just saw an elephant walking down Main Street." Of course, there was no elephant. Incidentally, every year we have *dinosaur* reports. In Italy, they turned out the Army a couple of years ago to chase a dinosaur. Of course, they never caught it. I really wonder what would happen if they had come upon this living dinosaur. They wouldn't want to shoot it, and I don't know of any way to catch a dinosaur. I think that the Italian Army would have been in real trouble. *[laughter]*

What fascinates me are the *kangaroo* reports that we get every year from all over the country. We know there are no kangaroos in the United States, but the police are chasing them every year. We have not just Mothmen running around, but we have kangaroos, dinosaurs, and a wide variety of sea serpents. I am very interested in herpetology (snakes). I used to lecture on snakes. People used to come up to me afterwards and tell their snake stories, about the gigantic snakes that had been seen – snakes that we know are not to be found anywhere in the United States.

Anyway, the trance subject is set off by this flashing light. We do not know the source of this light. You can say they're from outer space; you can say they're fairies; you can say they're demons; it doesn't matter. We don't have an explanation for it. We just know that that is how it works. That's the mechanism. And that's only the first one.

TYPE 2: POST-HYPNOTIC CONTACTEES

The second type of subject is the *post-hypnotic* subject. Most of you know about post-hypnotic suggestion. When someone is hypnotized you tell them, "one hour after you wake up, I want you to stand up on a table and crow like a rooster." One hour later, the subject is fully awake and all of a sudden, he doesn't understand why he has this terrible urge to stand up on a table and crow like a rooster.

That is post-hypnotic suggestion. We have it in the flying saucer phenomenon, on a large scale. This is where the witnesses just need a slight trigger. It doesn't have to be a flashing light. It can be something else. It can

be a sound over a radio or telephone that triggers them and puts them back into a trance. During this momentary trance, they will see something that isn't there at all.

One common trigger that's used is Greek letters and Greek words. We don't know why... UFO entities for years have been using Greek names and Greek letters. One of them called themselves "Xeno." This was widely published for weeks before anyone realized that Xeno was the Greek word for "stranger." It's just Greek. Are we being invaded by Greeks from outer space? I doubt it.

In a typical case of this sort, the person will say that he was driving past, say, a billboard. He looked at the billboard and the next thing he knew, he saw this huge saucer directly over the billboard. It was a huge machine with legs sticking out of it and people waving from the windows. Actually, it's the billboard that set him off. There was some word or letter on the billboard that triggered the post-hypnotic suggestion.

In investigating this type of case, I have to go over their whole life history. I do that anyway with every case but, here, you have to try to find some point in the past couple of years where they have lost some time. Usually it was where they had taken one of these drives and discovered it took them two hours to travel a distance that should have taken them thirty minutes. One has to assume that during these mysterious two hours, something happened to them. The post-hypnotic suggestion was implanted in their mind.

Two years later, they come out with this absurd story. This is also a device that's very handy for discrediting witnesses. Suppose someone has had this experience where they lost three hours. They go to me, or Dr. Hynek, or someone else and complain about it. We start investigating it. One day they call up and say, "I just saw this giant kangaroo jumping across the road." The reason they saw the giant kangaroo was that they had been *programmed* to see it. Naturally we say, "Oh, if he's seeing kangaroos, he must be a nut, so I'm not going to waste any more time with him." But it's more and more complicated, the deeper you get into it.

TYPE 3: HALLUCINATORY CONTACTEES

We have a category that really is scary, and this is what I call *induced hallucinations*. This is one I first stumbled across in West Virginia in 1966. I've come across it several times since, including on Long Island and in Ohio, and in some other states. Dr. Vallee has apparently come across it, too. In his book *The Invisible College*, he has one paragraph devoted to it.

In the induced hallucination, you are driving along the highway or hitchhiking or whatever, and you see a light or hear a sound. You go into a trance or you pass out. You are not taken aboard a flying saucer; you are taken aboard a truck or a van. In areas of West Virginia where flying saucer reports were prevalent, in discussing it with people who lived in the area, I learned that there were a lot of mysterious trucks and vans running around. These local people are aware of *everything* because they live on the backroads; they don't see anything *at all* for days and days. Suddenly, they'd see a mysterious van passing back and forth. They would take notice of it.

These vans, as near as we can figure out, are used to examine people. Many of the abduction cases concern medical examinations. People are taken aboard these vans and they are examined. They are probably given some kind of drug, which we've never been able to isolate. A number of contactees have had some strange substance in their blood that we've never been able to identify.

While they're being examined and given these hypnotic drugs, what we call a *confabulation* is placed in their mind. This is done very easily in hypnosis, or with drugs. You simply tell the person that they have been to another planet, and they believe it when they wake up later on. They can fill in all the details. Their mind will fill in all the details. And they will come up with one hell of a good contact story. But the contact story itself doesn't mean anything.

Now it took me a long time to get wise to this tactic. Then I realized that there was another memory *underneath* the confabulation. You have to hypnotize the person many times, over a long period of time, in order to bury a "memory" under a confabulation. The memory is usually much simpler. It's simply that they are being manhandled and thrown onto this table, and that they're being injected with something. Lights are being

flashed in their eyes. They're going through what sounds like a standard medical examination.

Then they're released. But they're released with that memory so buried that they remember only the wonderful trip to another planet. That doesn't mean that *all* of our contactees who claim to have gone to another planet are victims of this, but it means that most of them are.

The keys to this are the physical sensations that they feel. When you're dreaming and a mosquito comes along and bites you in the eye, you may start having a dream that you are being chased by cannibals with spears. They've stuck you in the eye because your mind is translating that feeling into the dream. This works in much the same way in the UFO contact.

The physical sensations are the only important things in these stories. The women, especially, feel that a needle has been thrust into their stomach around the belly button. As you know, Betty Hill claimed that. But there are many other cases of this, and we're baffled by it. One theory is that they're using these long needles to reach the ovaries, and that may be. But I think there must be something else to it, because we find that this "needle in the navel" was important in witchcraft lore, too.

With the men, the physical pains that they feel are often around the fingertips. Needles have been poked into their fingertips. And, by golly, if you look at their fingertips two or three days later, you'll see marks where something has been thrust into their fingertips. Also, with the men, something is placed underneath their chin. There are glands there, and it may be some method of draining substances from these glands.

Again, there's no way to speculate, but they do have marks afterwards under their chin, where something has been definitely poked there. There are those who like to yell, "Hoaxes and liars!" But how would someone go about poking themselves under the chin with a hypodermic needle? I think it's a little grizzly. Most people wouldn't do it just to provide evidence.

We don't know what these "abduction vans" are up to. We don't know where they're from. We know that a couple of years ago in Montana, they did have signs on the sides that said "Smithsonian Institute." We checked

immediately with the Smithsonian, and they didn't have any trucks running around Montana. They didn't know what the hell was going on.

So we're dealing with a human-based group. The deeper you get into it, the scarier it gets. Those of you who read Dr. Vallee's latest book know that he now accepts that notion. He believes that it's an old religious cult, which is maybe a workable idea. But it doesn't make too much sense that anyone would go through all that trouble.

In 1967, Russia had an outbreak of trance-inducing flying saucer attacks like this. Russia immediately issued a very long diatribe claiming that the CIA was doing it to Russian citizens, as a method of reviving religion in Russia…

Type 3 Subgroup: Distortions of Reality

My last book, *The 8th Tower*, was originally titled *Distortions of Reality*. I've had a number of cases where people have suffered distortions of reality. In contactee cases, it's common for the people to say that a UFO landed beside the road and took them aboard and so on. When they go back later to find the spot where the UFO landed, they can't find it, even though they know the road like the back of their hand… Betty and Barney Hill went back again and again to the mountains of Vermont, looking for the exact spot where they had seen this UFO. I don't think they ever found that spot. There are many cases of this, because they're suffering from distortions of reality. There could be a house or a landmark that doesn't exist. You go back; you're looking for "the white house with the red shutters." But there is no white house with red shutters, because it never did exist. Ghost stories are filled with cases like this.

These distortions of reality are well known, in every age. In other ages they were often blamed on witchcraft. They would finger the black magicians, or the "X group." The fairies got a lot of the blame during the Middle Ages. There's case after case of distortion of reality in the fairy cases.

TYPE 4: ASTRAL PROJECTION CONTACTEES

There's a couple of other kinds of contactees which, in many ways, are much more interesting than the space contactees. The fourth type is the *astral projectionist*. We get a lot of this, where people claim to have the ability to project themselves out of their bodies via the "out-of-body experience." They claim that they go to spaceships thousands of miles above the earth that travel to other planets, and so on...

Back in the early '70s, Otto Binder, a science writer, was onto a case with a lady who was a marvelous astral projectionist. I have a file at home that's this thick, of transcriptions of things she said while in this state. She would lie down and go into this hypnotic state, and then she would start to describe where her "alter body" was going, and what it was seeing. It was all very fascinating.

At one point, Otto wanted to do a book about it, but it never materialized. With out-of-body experiences, usually the person doing it has a "guide." As soon as he pops out of his body, this guide shows up and conducts him on a tour of space or whatever. The guide usually is an Indian or a Tibetan. But in modern times, we've got a lot of spacemen acting as guides. They usually fit the classic description you find in many of the UFO accounts. Astral projection has to be recognized as part of the UFO phenomenon.

TYPE 5: COSMIC ILLUMINATION CONTACTEE

Now the 5th type, this is a type that we've known about for thousands of years. It's an integral part of every religion. We don't have any idea how it happens, or why it happens. It's called *cosmic illumination*. This happens to many people who think they're having a UFO experience. They're actually undergoing cosmic illumination. There are libraries of books that will describe it to you in detail.

Basically the person is usually alone, and a beam of light will come down out of the sky and touch this person. For a few minutes, this person will be in a different state of consciousness. He will suddenly be aware of everything. Of everything that's ever happened in human history… Of everything that's ever going to happen… He will be totally aware of his linkage with the entire human race. It's the kind of experience that people

who take drugs want to have, but seldom do. And it's a *total* experience. It happens very briefly, sometimes in only ten seconds.

When the light ceases, the person sits down and tries to remember what just happened. But he can't remember any of it. It's all in his unconscious mind. This happens to millions of people in every generation. It's studied by every great church. As I say, there are libraries of books about this. The person's IQ usually skyrockets immediately after this has happened. Their personality changes; their consciousness changes... Very often they change their whole life. They will quit their job. They'll divorce their wife or their husband. They'll start a whole new life. In many cases, they'll even change their name.

As I say, this is not a rare experience. It's a common experience, except that when it happens to somebody, they usually don't talk about it very much. They don't end up on *60 Minutes* talking about it.

But people today often associate cosmic illumination with UFOs. They may have seen a UFO or a mysterious light earlier that night. Then suddenly, they find themselves bathed in this (usually) reddish light, and they think that the UFOs are doing it to them. But we don't know who is doing it to them. We just know that there is a force on this earth that is constantly manipulating the human race, reprogramming us, changing us for good or bad, directing us towards a destiny that we can't define. It knows what it's doing, but we do not.

TYPE 5 SUBGROUP: FALSE ILLUMINATION

Unfortunately, there is another subcategory called *false illumination*. This is when the contactee goes bananas afterwards. It destroys their life. They become fanatics. They become religious fanatics, or they become political fanatics of one type or another. It's a *reprogramming* process. Their whole mind is reprogrammed. Maybe this false illumination is just an example of the programming "missing" somehow (i.e., an attempt at cosmic illumination doesn't "take"). Or maybe it is caused by some other force.

TYPE 6: THE "GENUINE" CONTACTEE

The last type would be the *genuine* contactee. That is, a flying saucer lands, a door opens, and the contactee walks through the door and is taken for a ride with normal-looking, English-speaking pilots. We have hundreds and hundreds of reports of this from people who claim this has happened to them. We usually have good reason for disbelieving them, but there is a chance that it might happen. If there is any reality to UFOs at all, it must have happened. It might happen tomorrow. So that would be our 6th type, the most rare type.

In the 1950s, the government was very interested in the contactee phenomenon. The so-called "scientific" ufologist wouldn't touch a contactee with a hundred-foot pole in those days, but the Air Force was *very* interested. In 1957, there was a big UFO wave. There was a rash of landings in November of that year, and a rash of contactee stories around the country. The Air Force collected a number of these contactees and put them in mental hospitals, where they were subjected to the very same kinds of tests I subjected them to twenty years later.

In talking to these old-time contactees about their experiences, I discovered that they were in the hospital for 5 or 6 days before being released. When they told the ufologists about it, the ufologists hit the roof, thinking that this was an attempt to discredit the whole situation. But it seems to me that the Air Force, or the government, knew exactly what the hell it was doing (which is more than I can say for it now).

Somebody in the Air Force at that time realized that there was some psychological factor to this, some psychic factor that had to be explored. They were collecting these contactees and putting them through a rigorous testing process to find out just what the hell really happened to them…

The files on all these people are probably long gone, but we do have some evidence. We know that in the early 1950s, around 1949 and 1950, there were mysterious men running around who were definitely from the government. The CIA in those days was just a small organization called the CIG.

In 1952, this kind of government activity suddenly ceased. So we can assume that by 1952, the CIA had found out something either very negative

or very positive and said, “Let’s publicly drop the whole bloody thing.” From 1952 on, the Air Force’s Project Blue Book was a sham. It was run by a Master Sergeant, named Moody, who was very anti-UFO. I don’t want him to sue me, so I’ll just say that he was a bit of a jerk. They had various officers who claimed to be the head of Project Blue Book. They checked in only once a month or something. They didn’t pay any attention to it.

The files of Project Blue Book were in worse shape than any amateur ufologist’s files. You couldn’t find anything in them. There would be missing pages and things that had been torn out and crossed out. It was a mess. Project Blue Book was just a joke. During all of this business in West Virginia, I called the Air Force in Columbus, Ohio, and asked them if they could give us any kind of help, or even send airplanes over. We knew the UFOs were coming over at 8:30 every night. A jet plane ought to be able to chase one of them. The Air Force was strictly disinterested. They didn’t want to be bothered…

Some contactees have claimed the ability to “call” UFOs. Unfortunately, I’ve been present when this has happened. I can only say that it *has* happened. Woodrow Derenberger in West Virginia claimed that he could tell when the UFOs were around, through telepathy. He said that he could call to them telepathically and, by golly, he *did it* in my presence (and a lot of other peoples’)! These lights would suddenly appear in the sky when he would concentrate. It has to be a form of psychic ability. I don’t think that most people can go out and summon a UFO. It would have to be a contactee…

By the way, there are three international holidays that are based on the flying saucer phenomenon. We don’t have much time now to go into that, but the three holidays are:

1. The winter solstice, which takes place around Christmas week, when we have massive UFO waves every 4 or 5 years…

2. The vernal equinox, which is based on the ancient Phoenician goddess of Ashtar, who is now well known in ufology because so many contactees claim to have talked to

Ashtar. This goes way back. Ashtar has been dominating the scene for thousands of years. Ashtar is, of course, Easter. In Europe, the word for Ashtar is Easter, the goddess of fertility. That's why we have the Easter eggs and so forth.

3. The summer solstice, which is around the end of June. That's when the whole UFO thing started in 1947, with the sightings on June 24th. The winter solstice is the shortest day of the month. The summer solstice is the longest day of the month… On the vernal equinox, we have night and day equal.

CHAPTER 20

UFOS, MOTHMAN, AND ME – *HIGH TIMES* MAGAZINE – MAY 1980

Ma Bell hates the FBI. The FBI loathes the CIA. The CIA doesn't get along with Air Force Intelligence.

And none of them is a match for the Great Intergalactic Council headquartered on Ganymede, a satellite of Jupiter, which is out to befuddle, bewilder, betray, and ultimately annihilate the entire human race. While laying their fiendish, long-range plans against us, they have enlisted thousands of screwballs to spread propaganda and convince us that the flying saucer folks are kindly, benevolent, peace-loving humanoids.

If you are one of the millions who have swallowed this cosmic crapola – if you believe that flying saucers are real and that they are of extraterrestrial origin, then you'd better start digging a deep shelter in your backyard, because all of the evidence accumulated over the past 33 years indicates that the Great Intergalactic Council has been engaged in a wholesale brain-raping operation that has our inept bureaucracies totally confused, our military services cringing in cowardice, and our great scientists mumbling to themselves in rubber rooms.

For twenty years, I was an ardent believer in extraterrestrial intelligences myself. I had taken up the holy cause of unidentified flying objects even before an Idaho businessman named Kenneth Arnold made the first nationally publicized saucer sighting in 1947. As a boy, I had already been influenced by the work of Charles Fort, a writer in the 1920s who spent his life burrowing into old newspapers and magazine, dredging up forgotten reports of strange aerial objects and bizarre animals from the 19th century.

The first wave of UFO sightings in the 20th century took place in 1909, anticipating the basic patterns of later waves. In fact, those earlier objects, usually described as dirigibles, followed the same routes as the modern

flying saucers would, from New Zealand to Oklahoma. Mr. Fort puzzled over the early sightings and announced, with some glee, that we were hosting visits from people who lived in the sky. He had no evidence, aside from tattered newspaper clippings, but as a true believer, I didn't need any.

In 1952, I wrote and produced a radio program, "Things in the Sky," which was aired throughout Europe and stimulated an unprecedented amount of mail. Between 1947, the beginning of the modern epoch, and 1966, the year of the greatest UFO wave, many subtle things occurred within the government and among the civilian saucer chasers. The field was in utter chaos, and anyone who tried to make sense of the UFO scene was doomed to frustration. The crazies were in command, particularly in the government, and the civilian UFO buffs and their slaphappy organizations were diligently dedicated to suppressing important UFO cases, because they did not conform to their particular theories.

The U.S. Air Force carried out token investigations from time to time, and issued an annual poop sheet outlining the numbers of sightings and so on. The effort was so shamelessly directed that their columns of figures were incorrectly added, and their basic statistics ruthlessly altered and juggled from year to year. A college professor, hired to find astronomical explanations for sightings, often blamed stars and celestial objects that weren't even in the sky at the time of the event. It was the age of the Big Lie, and the UFO buffs were so diverted by the nonsensical machinations of the ill-managed Air Force public relations factory that they had little time to actually investigate the UFO phenomenon itself.

In fact, we have learned no more in the past 30 years of melodramatics than we knew in the first weeks of July 1947, when Tiffany Thayer and his Fortean Society announced to the world that we were receiving visitors from Venus. (When Thayer founded the Fortean Society in 1932, Charles Fort refused to join, declaring that he would no sooner sign up than he would join the Elks.) Thayer had far-reaching influence, however, and his peculiar political ideas dominated ufology for over a quarter of a century. He believed that the U.S. government was engaged in a massive conspiracy of silence.

I was pushed into the flying saucer fracas in 1966, by a *Playboy* editor who wanted a "definitive" article on the subject. The first logical stop was to seek out experts; I quickly discovered there weren't any. There were people who *called* themselves experts, all wallowing in egocentric delusions of self-importance, all feuding with their fellow "experts." Paranoia was rampant in the field, and every teenager and little old lady in tennis shoes was convinced that the CIA was spending millions to mess up their personal mail and telephones.

There was a big overlap, too, of wild-eyed right-wingers, and many of the more bizarre beliefs of the John Birch Society, and even of the KKK, were absorbed into the UFO lore. The legendary Illuminati (a secret group that supposedly rules the world) replaced the Communists as the favored menace of the right wing in the 1960s and, soon, the ufologists were looking over their shoulders (even though they wouldn't have recognized an Illuminatus if they fell over one).

The Washington-based National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) nearly fell apart at one point when the director of the group rejected a black volunteer.

Only little green men needed to apply.

From 1952 to 1967, the government (including the CIA) supposedly paid only token attention to the phenomenon, even though Air Force Capt. Edward Ruppelt claimed the government was spending a million bucks a year on UFO research. Then he modestly admitted that even *he* had found himself examining a piece of cow dung as evidence of extraterrestrial visitants...

In the late 1960s, half a million a year of your tax dollars were pissed away by the Univ. of Colorado when it began an Air Force-sponsored UFO study that collapsed because of "personality conflicts." The head of the project, Dr. Edward Condon, even sent a brass band to a desert area when he received a tip that a UFO would land there. It was Dr. Condon's finest hour, when you consider all the other silliness connected with this inane project. Later, he had some of his key scientists arrested for allegedly smoking pot.

A Pentagon office once told me that it cost $10,000 to investigate a single UFO sighting. I tried for a long time to get the Project Blue Book budget, but it was buried in the general public-relations budget, and couldn't be extracted. According to a secretary, their biggest task was answering "kiddie mail." However, one day when I was visiting Lt. Col. Maston Jacks, a girl came into the office and put a newspaper clipping into a big red folder marked "Top Secret," so maybe a clipping service was part of their expenses.

My brushes with civilian experts, Air Force apologists, and pot-smoking scientists convinced me that there was only one way to find out what was going on. I would have to go into the field and investigate some fresh sightings firsthand.

In November 1966, people in the towns of Clendenin, Charleston, St. Albans, Dunbar, and Point Pleasant, West Virginia reported chilling encounters with a 7-ft. tall monster with glowing red eyes and a 10-ft. wingspan. The press labeled it "Mothman," and during the next year more than 100 West Virginians would see it. If it had been just another 10-ft. tall hairy monster, I would have ignored the report. After all, Bigfoot sightings were superabundant. But the West Virginia critter had wings, could take off straight up like a helicopter, and was fond of pursuing automobiles at 90 miles an hour. In short, he was *my* kind of weirdie…

I drove some 800 miles that December, and found Pt. Pleasant (where most of the sightings had occurred) to be a quiet little town of 6,300 people, dozens of churches, and no public bars. The Mothman sightings there had taken place in a desolate World War II ammunition dump on the edge of town. More intriguing, there had been countless UFO sightings up and down the Ohio River all year. Eerie, diamond-brilliant lights passed over Pt. Pleasant every night at 8:30, on a regular schedule. I decided to do something the Air Force and the loud-mouthed UFO buffs had never thought of doing. I decided to investigate the situation, instead of just holding conversations with the witnesses.

Within a few days, a much bigger picture began to evolve. The region was not only haunted by strange aerial lights, but the homes of witnesses were plagued with poltergeists and other supernatural phenomena. Television sets

were burning out at an alarming rate. Telephones were going crazy, ringing at all hours of the day and night with no one on the other end. Some people were getting calls from mysterious strangers speaking a cryptic language. Black Cadillacs bearing Oriental-looking gentlemen were cruising the back hills of West Virginia.

I had been investigating psychic manifestations all over the world for years, and I recognized the pattern here. Some UFOs were directly related to human consciousness, just as ghostly apparitions are often the product of the percipient's mind. There are deeply rooted psychic and psychological factors in the UFO phenomenon, and the sudden appearance of a light in the sky triggers and releases the human energy that stimulates seemingly supernatural events.

We cannot define the exact nature of those lights, but we can catalog the many manifestations that accompany them, and we can demonstrate how identical manifestations occur in many different frames of reference. Religious apparitions are close kin with the tall, stately, Michael Rennie types that claim to be from Ganymede, Uranus, Clarion (an as yet unknown planet on the other side of the sun), and a dozen other absurd places. The miracle in Fatima, Portugal in 1917 was undoubtedly the bestdocumented UFO (and Mothman-type) sighting of all time (70,000), and certainly the most thoroughly investigated.

At that time, unfortunately, those interested in flying saucers had no interest at all in psychic phenomena, and vice versa. Those who were busy trying to trap a Bigfoot frowned upon all other forms of the weird and supernatural. Yet sea serpents, abominable snowpersons, poltergeists, frog rainfalls, and UFOs are all interrelated. You can't possibly investigate one without some knowledge of the others.

For example, the Men in Black (MIB) so well known in UFO lore are even better known in the histories of witchcraft and black magic. These mysterious gentlemen have been reported for a thousand years. The UFO buffs decided they were all CIA agents. But another group known as "superbuffs" thinks the whole world is run by a secret league of wealthy men, and that the MIB are their minions. In the Far East, where belief in a "king of the world" still rides high, people think the MIB are agents from

the secret underground cities of the king. In West Virginia, the MIB passed themselves off as everything from bible salesmen to census-takers.

When I returned to New York City from that first trip to West Virginia, my own telephone went berserk. At first, I only had problems when I was speaking with the charismatic Ivan Sanderson, the former British intelligence officer who single-handedly introduced the subject of the Abominable Snowman ("Bigfoot") to the American public.

He was on one of those freak, pseudo-independent phone company lines, and it was common to be drowned out by static or to have the call suddenly cut off. Ivan solved the problem by shouting obscenities into the phone. Strangely, it worked. It was not uncommon to be having a conversation with this dignified Briton when clicks and other noises would cause him to pause and then bellow, "Get off this line, you damned SOB!" The line noises would cease abruptly.

My problems soon escalated. Someone would interrupt my conversations with a sound like a one-string guitar. The sound of an extension being picked up could be clearly heard. The telephone company ignored my complaints, naturally, until I wrote directly to the president of the company. Then fur flew. They checked out my line and happily reported that I did not have one tap on my wire – I had *two!* I demanded that they find out who was tapping my phone, but they said they couldn't do that.

I lived in a large apartment building and there was a telephone room in the basement where thousands of wires converged and connected to underground cables. Somehow, someone had managed to get into this locked room, search out my wires from all the thousands of others, and cut them with pair of pliers. This someone accomplished this not once, but twice. I went with the repairmen when they checked my line, and I demanded that the whole matter be put in writing. So, someone in the main office sent me a letter stating my phone had been out of order because a piece of solder had come loose in the main installation!

Ma Bell wasn't the only member of the flying saucer conspiracy. My mailman was in on it, too. Suddenly my letters were going astray, or were being mysteriously opened. Just so I would know my mail was being

monitored, someone would *photocopy* letters sent to me, keep the originals, and reseal the photocopies in the envelopes. Even letters from my mother were photocopied!

Now I began to understand why so many UFO buffs were paranoid. Obviously, a great deal of money, time, and personnel went into these moronic harassments. A friend of mine who once served in Army intelligence told me how his unit was kept busy tailing and harassing completely innocent victims. I suspect some worthless bureaucratic boondoggle was assigned the UFO beat, not out of maliciousness, but just to give them something to do.

I eventually discovered that another phone was hooked up to my line and had been getting my calls, while *I was getting their bills* – as much as $400 a month. And my mail was going to another address before it was passed on to me. What stunned me was that the other address was in a building housing Ma Bell's long-distance equipment! Proof positive that the telephone company was plotting to take over the world.

Meanwhile, back in West Virginia, Mothman was continuing to chase automobiles. I returned to Pt. Pleasant several times in 1967, learning more about the phenomenon with each trip. Several "contactees" (people who thought they had met the flying saucer occupants) had emerged, and I was studying them carefully. I found these people had two levels of memory.

The first (or surface) level recalled a fascinating adventure, usually of being taken aboard a wonderful flying saucer. But the hidden level, which was difficult to get at and usually took several hypnotic sessions before it could be reached, rejected the false "surface" memory and painted a different picture. Most of these contactees had actually been transported to a van or house where they were subjected to brainwashing techniques and injected with an unknown substance. Then they were given a confabulation (or surface memory) to remember, and were released.

But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't find out who was doing this. The whole contactee syndrome was a fraud, but the contactees were innocent victims. Why was anyone going to all the trouble to create these contactees?

Many people in West Virginia told me of seeing strange, unmarked vans cruising the backroads at night.

Another thing that bothered me was the widespread slaughter of domestic animals during the UFO waves. The animals, usually cows, sheep, and dogs, had all the blood drained from their bodies and their sex organs removed with surgical precision. I saw one cow cut in half as cleanly as if it had been done with a giant pair of scissors. These animal mutilations were at first confined to the Northeast in the 1960s but, in the 1970s, they spread to the Midwest.

Cases are now regularly reported in Sweden, France, Australia, Brazil, and many other countries. Over 1,000 animals are being mutilated each month, and someone somewhere is collecting tons of animal blood. Despite the angry cries of thousands of farmers, the federal government has not shown any interest in investigating the problem. In 1979, Mexico had several cases of *human* mutilations identical to the animal cases.

I spent many miserable days wading around farm fields in West Virginia to inspect mutilated animals, and many cold and scary nights on hilltops watching funny lights cavort in the sky. When I signaled them with a flashlight in Morse code, they actually responded. If I flashed the word "descend," they would drop downward in the falling-leaf motion made famous in so many reports.

Were the spaceships from another world? Not very likely. They seemed like mischievous masses of energy playing simple-minded games with a simple-minded human. As a professional simpleton, I have seen so many of these strange lights that I have actually lost count. The sheer quantity of these objects and the frequency of their appearances negates the extraterrestrial hypothesis (ETH). During UFO waves, they appear in a thousand places around the world simultaneously on a single date.

Would a society on some other planet send thousands of craft to this world to hover around garbage dumps, stone quarries, golf courses, and cemeteries (all favorite UFO haunts) for one night, or one week, and then fly back home across millions of miles of space? These things have been around for thousands of years, and they have been seen in the same places,

century after century. They are part of our environment, like clouds and pollution.

Mothman, like Ivan Sanderson's redoubtable Bigfoot, belonged to that class of beasties known to the ancient Greeks as "Chimeras." The Greeks noted that such animals usually had fiery red eyes, were often surrounded by the smell of "fire and brimstone" (hydrogen sulfide), and often disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come.

In countless UFO cases, we also find all of these characteristics. The UFO is surrounded by a terrible smell, like the smell of rotten eggs (hydrogen sulfide again), sometimes making the witnesses ill. Creatures emerge from the UFO and leave footprints leading to the middle of a muddy field, where they vanish suddenly; or they leave no footprints at all.

Chimeras take many forms. A few years back, there were reliable reports of *dinosaurs* stomping around Italy, France, Africa, and even Texas. Some of them left perfect dinosaur tracks behind. Mothman left tracks that looked like giant dog prints. Such prints have been found in many places where other types of monsters have been seen. Even gigantic snakes – and we have plenty of reports of those – have left giant *dog* prints in their wake.

When you investigate a UFO flap area very carefully, the whole phenomenon begins to seem like a robust practical joke perpetrated by some cosmic jokers. There is no beginning and no end. What happened in West Virginia in 1966 was repeated in Texas in 1976 when a giant bird, identified as a prehistoric pterodactyl by some witnesses, put in a brief appearance.

We know now that many of the things that happen in UFO country are clever diversions. While armed citizenry go chasing after UFOs in one direction, animals in a field in the opposite direction are suddenly mutilated. Mothman kept a whole town sitting in an old ammunition dump for several weeks while animal mutilations and human abductions took place only a few miles away.

Even today, after almost 50 years of ET chicanery, there are only a few men worldwide who have a real grasp of the situation, all of whom cherish their

anonymity. The more visible UFO researchers pursue modern versions of the medieval practice of counting how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. Dr. Jacques Vallee, the French computer specialist who served as the model for Lacombe in the film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, spent 20 years trying to untangle the false leads left behind by the cosmic jokers, and concluded that the whole business was the work of members of the secret "Order of Melchizedek." (There are least 500 separate Orders of Melchizedek scattered around the world.)

In earlier times, the manifestations were blamed on black-magic practitioners, witches, alchemists, the Fairy Commonwealth, the Rosicrucians, and the Gypsies. Now we know that whoever is behind it all has the ability to use advanced techniques of hypnosis and brainwashing. Dr. Leon Davidson, one of the men who gave us the atomic bomb (thank you, doctor), studied the UFO situation for years, and finally decided it was all a Cold War gambit of the CIA. When UFO mania struck Tashkent in the Soviet Union back in the 1960s, the Russian news agency, *Tass*, issued a release accusing the Western imperialists of being behind the whole thing...

The situation is infinitely more complex... If UFOs are real, then all of the patterns indicate that they are totally hostile – *especially* if they are extraterrestrial. If they are real, then the proper government procedure would be to set up a false public relations front to deal with the random reports, while a secret agency made a real effort to cope with the problem. If UFOs are not real but are only part of the wild, wild world of psychic phenomena and Chimeras, then there is nothing that can be done, and no amount of investigation can be expected to be fruitful. So it is a no-win dilemma for the civilian saucer sleuth, with only a straightjacket as a reward.

THE BIRDMAN/UFO CONNECTION

When we first visited Pt. Pleasant in 1966, we were nonplussed to find that the police and local newspapers had not received any flying saucer reports. We quickly discovered that thousands of people up and down the Ohio and Kanawha valleys had been seeing objects all year, but were reluctant to report them. There were various rumors around the town of Cross Lanes,

WV (between Pt. Pleasant and Charleston) that Mothman had been seen there, but we were too busy to track them down.

One case there that we did investigate was that of Tad Jones, the owner of an appliance store in Cross Lanes. At 9:05 a.m. on Jan. 19, 1967, Mr. Jones was driving along Interstate 64 when he came upon a large metal sphere hovering about 4 feet above the road. Since it was broad daylight, and since the object remained in view for about two minutes, he was able to give a very good description. The sphere was about twenty feet in diameter, and was the color of dull aluminum. There were four legs attached to it, with casterlike wheels on the bottom of each one. He could also see a small window, and there was a propeller underneath the object, which was idling when he came upon it. This propeller began to spin rapidly, and then the object rose and disappeared into the sky.

Mr. Jones, a teetotaler with a fine reputation, reported his sighting after thinking it over very carefully, and the local news media carried his story. Soon, two different notes were slipped under the door of his home in Dunbar. One was written in block letters and was singed at the edges, as if burned. It read, "We know what you have seen and we know that you have talked. You'd better keep your mouth shut. You won't be warned again."

I arrived on the scene several weeks later. During my questioning, Jones remembered another incident that seemed unimportant to him at the time. About a week after his sighting, he was driving along that some highway, at the same time in the morning, when he came upon a man standing by the road in approximately the same spot where the sphere had hovered. Thinking the man was hitchhiking and was stranded in this isolated stretch of road, Jones slowed his truck and called out to him. The man did not reply, but merely waved him on. The next morning, this same man was in the same place but, this time, Jones did not slow down.

"He was very tanned," Jones recalled, "or his face was very flushed. He looked normal and was wearing a blue coat and a blue cap with a visor – something like a uniform. He was holding a box in his hand – some kind of instrument. It had a large dial on it, like a clock, and a wire ran from it to his other hand."

When we visited the exact spot of the Jones sighting, we found that the object must have been hovering directly above a major gas line that passes under the road. Later we checked the local gas companies to find out if they had had a man "walking the line" in that area. The answer was negative. I also asked about instruments such as Tad has described. No such instruments were in use.

Furthermore, we found a series of very strange footprints in the mud beside the road. We had found identical tracks behind the abandoned power plant in the TNT Area. These looked like huge dog tracks, except they were not dog tracks, and were so deep that the animal that made them must have weighed from 200 to 300 pounds. Tad made plaster casts of these prints, and none of the local wildlife authorities could identify them. They were *not* dog tracks. Zoologist Ivan Sanderson told me that similar tracks frequently turned up in places where paranormal events had occurred. I have since come across them myself in several separate spots around the country.

In addition, at the Jones site there was one single footprint of what appeared to be a *naked human foot* of unusually large size. This was planted in a muddy section with no other footprints of any kind around it. But a short distance away, I came across a type of footprint that has appeared at many UFO sites around the country. They look like the prints made by ripple-soled shoes, but their spacing is always peculiar. They do not start anywhere, and they do not lead anywhere...

Ripple soles had been in fashion in the early 1960s, and had then faded out. But these phantom prints had an additional ridge around the edges. Years later, when the first men walked on the moon, I realized the prints left by their moon-walking shoes were identical to the footprints I had seen over and over again in my travels. Obviously, the Martians, Venusians, and Lanulosians buy their equipment from the same companies that supply our space program.

Across the river from the Jones site, an elderly businessman found Mothman standing on his front lawn. He stepped outside to see why his dog was barking and confronted a seven-foot-tall gray apparition with flaming eyes. He stood transfixed for several minutes, unaware of the passage of

time. Suddenly the creature flew off, and the witness staggered back into his house. He was so pale and shaken his wife thought he was having a heart attack.

Up the Kanawha River a few miles from the Jones site, five teenagers driving along Campbell's Creek got the shock of their lives when their headlights bounced off a man-sized, birdlike creature standing beside a rock quarry. It turned and scurried into the woods. "Nobody believes us because we are teenagers," Brenda Jones of Point Lick complained. "But it was real scary."

Mothman sightings were reported in Mason, Lincoln, Logan, Kanawha, and Nicholas counties. Everyone was seeing it. Those who saw it vowed they never wanted to see it again. It evoked unspeakable terrors. Like flying saucers, it delighted in chasing cars (a very unbirdlike habit), and it had a penchant for scaring females who were menstruating. Here Mothman had something in common with UFOs and hairy monsters.

One group of witnesses in Pt. Pleasant, including the wife of a police officer, had seen a circular object hovering directly above Tiny's Restaurant in the summer of 1966. Another woman claimed she had seen a large metallic disc hovering over Pt. Pleasant High School in March 1966. She had not told anyone because she knew no one would believe her. She not only saw the object, she said, but the door was open in it and a man was fully visible. He was wearing a tight, silver suit and had long, flowing hair. (Supposedly, he later landed the craft near her backyard, and attempted to interact with her family and neighbors.)

Nearby, an off-duty policeman came upon a large, dark elliptical form hovering a few feet above a small pond. "It was definitely a solid machine of some kind," he later explained. "I could even see what appeared to be windows in it. It rocked like a boat hitting waves, and then it floated silently away over the trees."

As the UFO activity seemed to increase, the Mothman reports dwindled off, although two women swore they saw Mothman *fly up to meet a UFO* on May 19, 1967.

“We were driving past the TNT Area on Route 62 around 10:30 p.m.” Brenda Stone said, “when we saw two bright red ‘eyes’ on a shadowy form high in a tree just off the road. Suddenly this other big red light appeared and approached the tree, and the form rose up towards it and disappeared. Then the big light took off to the north.”

I wish I could report that the Mothman episode had a happy ending, and that the people of Point Pleasant returned to normal, industrious lives. Unfortunately, 13 months to the day after the creature’s first appearance in the little town, a terrible disaster struck. The bridge that joined Point Pleasant with Ohio collapsed laden with rush-hour traffic, and at least 46 people died. Several of them had seen Mothman and/or UFOs.

During Christmas week of 1967, while divers were still searching for bodies in the wreckage, a white station wagon pulled into town and a short, dark-skinned man entered Mrs. Mary Hyre’s office. (Mrs. Hyre received a long line of very strange visitors after her UFO and “Mothman” stories began to appear in the press.) He was dressed in a thin black suit, with a black tie, and looked Oriental with high cheekbones, narrow eyes, and an indefinable accent. He was not interested in the bridge disaster, but professed concern about UFOs. She handed him her file folder filled with UFO clippings, but he did not seem especially interested in them.

That night, he invaded the homes of several different witnesses. All of the people who met him felt very uneasy about him. They all described him exactly the same way, and all mentioned that one of his most striking features were his excessively long fingers – so long that they seemed freakish.

He identified himself as “Jack Brown” from Cambridge, Ohio. But when a reporter from Columbus, OH quizzed him, it became apparent that Mr. Brown did not even know where Columbus or Cambridge was (they are only a few miles apart). It quickly became apparent to all the witnesses that Brown was not at all interested in UFOs or Mothman, but confined most of his questioning to the activities and whereabouts of yours truly. Mr. Brown promised to return to Pt. Pleasant “in about two weeks,” but he was never seen again.

Who or what was Mr. Brown? Some UFO buffs might conclude that he was really a spy from the CIA playing pointless games with honest American taxpayers (a famous U.S. spy from WWII – the first to infiltrate Hitler's high command – was named Jack Brown). But from the general description of his features and his erratic behavior, he sounds more like one of the mischievous idiots who pop out of flying saucers. Mr. Brown expressed rage over various magazines I had written. "The UFOs are not hostile," he had grumbled repeatedly.

During our five lengthy visits to Pt. Pleasant, we interviewed over 100 monster witnesses, plus scores of UFO sighters. We began to suspect that "Mothman" was represented in only a small percentage of the incidents. And it seemed that an Abominable Swamp Slob was *also* on the loose. The witnesses to Mothman never saw any arms on the creatures (just wings), and their descriptions were impressively consistent. Others, however, had been surprised by a giant, hair-covered, "headless" thing with broad shoulders and long arms – something akin to Bigfoot.

Pt. Pleasant is a typical "window area." There are hundreds of others throughout the United States, each marked by continuous UFO activity over long periods of time, bizarre monster sightings, and the mysterious comings and going of unusual persons. It is completely erroneous to blame the collapse of the rickety old Silver Bridge on flying saucers, Men in Black, or Mothman. But the intense UFO activity in the TNT Area on the night of the disaster *does* suggest some tangible relationship.

We investigated the situation in West Virginia as thoroughly and as carefully as humanly possible, but after all of our interviews and all of our experiences, we were still left with the same basic, disturbing question: What is really on the loose in West Virginia? Mothman has been appearing almost *constantly* since the 1960s. Judging from the endless mail and clippings that have poured in to me over the last 25 years, Mothman seems to follow regular routes in several parts of the country. (Perhaps he is ministering to his "flock" – past witnesses who continue to telepathically receive his prophetic messages.)

Things we see only by "accident" occupy our entire planet. They seem to have the ability to boggle our minds and even control our feeble little

brains. I was clearly meant to blunder into West Virginia and learn things that some men have known for centuries but were afraid to ask. I warned Sheriff Johnson and Mary Hyre that this was folklore in the making. Gray Barker did try to turn it into a celestial fairytale, which made me decide to write a Mothman book and tell the truth as it happened. But it has taken 25 years for the whole story to get out.

I cannot accuse the CIA as being the sole source of the weird incidents outlined here. Rather, it appears that *the phenomenon itself is imitative*. This paranormal mimicry is difficult for many to understand, but I come across constant examples.

For instance, a few days after Tad Jones' sighting on Interstate 64, *True* magazine hit the stands with an article of mine about flying saucers. It was illustrated with drawings of all kinds of odd-shaped objects, many of them the pure products of the artist's imagination. It included an exact replica of Jones' sphere, complete with wheeled legs and propeller. An object exactly like this had never been described in the UFO literature before, nor has it been described since. The artist had produced his layout many weeks before the Jones incident. Somehow, the phenomenon had mischievously duplicated the artist's conception for Jones' benefit.

In the end, after returning to New York, I fought Ma Bell to a standstill. My magazine articles on flying saucers brought a flood of mail (which must have swamped their mail intercept operation), but it also brought hordes of unwelcome visitors to my door. One man spent his last cent for a bus ticket from Florida, arriving unannounced with the intention of moving in with me, so he could tell me about his visits with the Virgin Mary.

A surprising number of people came to me with UFO photos they had taken, hoping to sell them for a high figure. Some of the pictures were very interesting. The photographers were most disappointed to learn that ten bucks was the going price at magazines and wire services. Good UFO photos have always been in surplus at the commercial agencies.

The irony is that every five to seven years, a new UFO cycle begins, and new editors and writers turn to the flying saucer clubs and monsterhunting groups, hoping for an instant answer – for "disclosure" about what the

government knows and has been hiding. But such revelations always seem to be “on hold,” and nothing new or substantial is ever learned.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, a retired astronomer and longtime government UFO consultant, once gave a speech in which he predicted that we would be trading with extraterrestrials within 25 years. I don’t know what they would want from us, unless it is more cattle blood, pointlessly stilted conversations in isolated fields, and bizarre hanky-panky aboard the flying saucers. Now that these antics have grown wearisome, perhaps we should demand a little compensation for our time?

CHAPTER 21

MY OWN PRIVATE SAUCER CRASH – 1989 LECTURE

I saw a saucer crash in West Virginia, and I'm going to tell you about it…

There was a town in West Virginia called Point Pleasant. People there were seeing a monster. Now that's right down my alley, because I really like to chase monsters. They were saying it was over six feet tall, shaped like a man, and had wings with a six-foot wingspread. Now if one or two people had reported this, we'd shrug it off. But we had over a hundred witnesses. Some of them were the leaders of the town, like the town banker.

So I would spend a lot of time in Point Pleasant trying to track down this monster. They called it "The Bird" in West Virginia, but the newspapers called it "Mothman." I later wrote a book about it called *The Mothman Prophecies*. The whole situation culminated with the collapse of a bridge (the Silver Bridge) across the Ohio River there. It collapsed at Christmas time, killing about fifty people. Some of those people were key witnesses to the Mothman. It was a very bizarre story.

I didn't have any luck seeing the Mothman, but I decided that it might be smart to pick one of the high spots in the Ohio Valley where I could sit in my car and look over the whole valley. I found the perfect spot on a dirt road on top of a high hill overlooking the river. I started sitting up there, night after night, like an idiot. It didn't take me very long to start seeing things... At that time, there was a lot of traffic on the Ohio River – a lot of boats going back and forth all night long.

These objects would come down and fly around the boats. Now these were bright white, luminous objects. They were lights. You couldn't say that they were metallic objects. You could just say they were very bright lights. They would come down and fly around the boats, and the men on the boats would turn on the searchlights and aim them at these lights. And the lights would

jump out of the way of the searchlights. I thought that was pretty interesting because it went on night after night. I talked to some of the boatmen and they said, “Oh, we’ve been playing those games for years with these lights in the Ohio Valley.”

Then I began to see other kinds of lights from my little hilltop. I would go up to my hilltop every night, usually accompanied by somebody like a local policeman or newspaper person. Sometimes several people would go up with me, because they didn’t believe me about these funny lights. A newspaper columnist named Mary Hyre was with me one night when, on an adjoining hill maybe two miles away from us, there was a very bright light. I knew that hill. I’d been all over that area. There were no roads up there, so it couldn’t be an automobile headlight. At that time, I had a six-cell flashlight that was very bright. I flashed my flashlight at this light on the adjoining hill, and damned if it didn’t flash back at me! Mary Hyre nearly jumped out of her skin.

I know a little Morse code, because I had learned to be a pilot some years ago. I flashed some Morse code at it, and it answered me! Mary later wrote out an affidavit that she’d seen it. While we were discussing whether this light might be just some kind of vehicle sitting on the hill, this thing rose straight up in the air… It went over towards the river, and the searchlights went on – on the boats – and the light played this game with the people on the boats.

It doesn’t stop there. On the same hilltop, I noticed there was an apple orchard set back from the road. I noticed some purple lights in the trees. They were small, like the size of a basketball, or maybe a little bigger (like a beach ball). These purple lights, you could sort of look through them, whatever they were.

I walked into the field and flashed my big flashlight at these things. They jumped out of the way of the flashlight beam. Before you know it, about six or eight of these things surrounded me! They were maybe ten feet above the ground. They just encircled me, and that was it.

After that, whenever I went up there, these things would come to me. God knows what they were. Big purple lights... When people came up the hilltop

with me, they couldn't believe their eyes. And they were scared. They thought the lights were coming to get them. But no, the lights were my "friends," whoever they were.

Then one night, I was sitting up on the hilltop. I looked down. There was a steep ravine on one side, and way down below there was a forest. The whole forest was glowing in this weird purple glow. The entire forest!

The next day, I went to see the farmer who owned that particular piece of property. I told him about the purple glow, and he almost yawned in my face. Oh sure, he'd been seeing those since he was a kid. He told me about a lot of other things that he'd been seeing. He said that on the nights when the forest was glowing purple, he had to lock his dogs up. The dogs would run into the forest and never be seen again. He said you learned as a kid to stay the hell out of that forest. So, it's like a fairy tale come to life.

One night, I happened to be sitting alone up on this hilltop and (as usual) watching the various lights. I said "hello" to my purple friends, and I was sitting there. Suddenly an honest-to-god flying saucer showed up! It was a circular object, just like you've heard about all your life (or since you got into this subject). It was glowing brightly, and it was a bright green. It had red lights around the rim. It came down very close to my car and landed behind some trees.

Also (and this is very unusual for me) it scared the hell out of me. I rolled the windows up, locked the doors, and sat in the car. After all the stuff I'd been reading, I fully expected some 18-foot monsters to come strolling out of the woods to talk to me. Nothing happened... I had a movie camera, operated by battery, sitting on the seat next to me. It never occurred to me to pick it up when the thing was in view. It was only in view for maybe 20 seconds. I thought I heard a hissing sound, but that may be very subjective. It may not have made any noise. My mind may have just supplied the hisses.

So I was in the midst of it. I had *finally* seen a real flying saucer. The next morning when I woke up, my eyes hurt like hell, as if sand had been poured into my eyes. I knew this was a sign of conjunctivitis. I had talked to many

witnesses who had experienced the same thing. This was proof positive to me that I had seen something. It wasn't some kind of hallucination.

I went to the local sheriff and told him exactly what had happened. I asked him to come with me back up that hill in the daytime. We got a Geiger counter, and a whole bunch of people came with us, including the deputy sheriff. Someone came in my car, and the others were in the sheriff's car.

Now the sheriff, in his car, had a radio that you turn on and off with a key. When the key is out of the radio, the radio is naturally turned off. The radio was turned *off* as we drove up the hill. Amazingly, voices started talking in a weird guttural accent, coming out of his radio! All of the people in his car heard it. It was impossible for these voices to be coming from the radio, yet they *were*.

These lights that I was finding in West Virginia… I also saw them out on Long Island. I saw them in many places… Whitley Strieber mentions an incident that happened in Glen Park, Wyoming on February 27th, 1988. The residents there were awakened by a knocking sound – nine knocks in a row.

Now the nine knocks came up in 1950, too. But there are other sounds that are associated with these phenomena. One is a beeping sound. The most interesting sound of all is the sound as if somebody has a broom and they're stroking it. You wake up from a sleep and you hear this stroking sound next to your bed. These sounds are a way of bringing you out of a hypnotic trance. We have quite a lot of information on them...

One of the things that scared me a lot in the 1960s was the *group* abduction. After I started looking into the amnesia cases and the abduction cases, I found out that they were not just happening to individuals. They were happening to groups, too – sometimes large groups.

The climax came in 1969. Ivan Sanderson and I went to a small town in New Jersey where everyone in the town had been awakened by a beep. The problem was that they had lost about 3 hours. The whole town! Coming back from this town, Ivan said, "It's too big. There's nothing we can do about it. We can't even categorize it."

In my encounters around the country, I talked to people who had been in *lines* of cars – 50 cars long – where everybody in all of these cars was in a trance state. It usually happens driving through the countryside.

I happened the other day to be strolling on Broadway, uptown, in New York City. On the sidewalk was a copy of *Parade* magazine from 1949. There was a homeless person selling it. I gave him a quarter. I took this tattered magazine home. There was an editorial by Ray Palmer in this magazine, talking about how the government was harassing the hell out of him. In the course of the editorial, he listed six *deaths* of ufologists. This is in 1949. He seemed to think that these deaths were directly attributable to the UFOs.

I've known a lot of ufologists since then, and it's true that quite a few of them have died rather mysteriously. One fellow was driving his car. He went around a turn and his car door fell off… There's no way for a car door to just fall off. Several things have to disengage before the door will fall off.

While I was worrying about the ufologists, Ivan Sanderson was worrying about the Bigfoot hunters. In the 1960s, they were dying in droves. Some of them were in their thirties, or even in their twenties. They were being hit by trucks; they were falling off cliffs…

In 1970, I listed over *fifty* deaths that were directly attributable to flying saucers in some way or another, and published an article on that. Then my friend of that period, Otto Binder, decided that he would really look into this, and maybe do a book on deaths connected to UFOs. He reported back to me that he'd gone through all the foreign files, and they were in the *thousands*.

It would be very difficult to write a whole book on this, because you'd have to go into each case and get all the details. But, so far, at least ninety people who've gotten close to these mysterious lights have died of leukemia, sometimes a few days afterwards. We have cases where people were fried from the inside out.

I was perplexed with all the deaths by "lightning" in these UFO areas. Death by lightning is a rather rare event, but they kept finding people who

had apparently been electrocuted. They'd say, "Oh, he was killed by lightning," without questioning whether lightning really did it.

These lights I've been describing are so bright that they've blinded at least three people that I know of – permanently blinded them. In 1966, there was a best-selling book called *Flying Saucers, Serious Business*. Frank Edwards, the author, warned that these things could be very dangerous. We have cases where witnesses were urinating black. Their urine was black because their kidneys had been fried.

When I first got into this, the Men in Black were considered to be a legend started by Gray Barker and a few other whimsical ufologists. As I was running around Long Island, I began to hear Men in Black stories from witnesses who had never heard of Gray Barker and the rest of them. These fellows would, in some cases, turn up in Air Force uniforms. The witness would report to the local APRO or NICAP representative that an Air Force officer came around and told them to keep quiet. You'd talk to the witness about the uniform, and they'd say there was something funny about it. The MIB would, say, be in an Air Force officer's uniform, but would also have *naval* insignia on his shoulders.

These guys would leave names with some people. At that time, I had a lot of great contacts in the Pentagon. I was checking these people out. They did not exist in the Air Force. Then the Air Force put out a memo to all of its bases warning everyone to be on the lookout for these guys. Along with my own network of police officer friends, we were all trying to catch these Men in Black.

I went down to West Virginia many times, not just once or twice. I spent almost a year there. After I returned to New York, I got a letter from one of the people I'd talked to. In the course of the letter, this woman wrote, "As I told your secretary the other day..." I said, "What secretary? I haven't got a secretary, unfortunately." So I called this witness up and she said, "Yes, this very nice lady came out and asked a lot of questions. They were very sophisticated questions." Now, the UFO buffs do *not* ask sophisticated questions. And these were very sophisticated questions.

My first question was, “How did this fake secretary know who I had seen in West Virginia?” I gathered reports from other people who had seen this same woman. To this day, I don’t know who this woman was or what game she was playing. She would be in the Men in Black category.

The MIB would show up at a witness’s house, sometimes dressed in black turtleneck sweaters, and ask strange questions, and then leave. A few minutes later, I’d arrive and they’d tell me about it. You could write volumes on this. When I was in West Virginia and Ohio, people would call me up at my hotel. They would say, “Hey, these guys are here; come and get them.” So I’d race there and they’d be gone by ten minutes. We had Air Force and the local police in a lot of towns looking for them. At one time, I had high hopes that we would catch one of these fellows and solve a part of that mystery. But we never caught one.

The Men in Black really are not anything new. There are many references in the Bible that could be interpreted as Men in Black-type incidents because, although they’re called “angels,” they usually were seen in threes – as a lot of Men in Black are. The “angels” and MIB travel in threes, and they get into all sorts of mischief.

Remember the three men who went to Sodom and Gomorrah and warned the few innocent people there? Today, that would be interpreted as an MIB incident. “Man in Black” has become a generic term. It doesn’t cover just the Men in Black in black Cadillacs who arrive at the scene of UFO incidents. There are all kinds of Men in Black. They’re mystery men. We don’t know who they are, where they come from, or who’s supporting them. Some of these people apparently have a lot of logistical and financial support that is really mysterious.

In the Orient, for thousands of years, they’ve had a legend called the “King of the World.” It’s surprising how many people believe in this. In the 1920s and ‘30s, various explorers traveling through the Himalayas, India, and Mongolia heard these legends. There were a lot of books in those days that mentioned the King of the World, who supposedly lives in an underground city somewhere in the reaches of Outer Mongolia. He sends out his agents to control the surface world. These agents are the Men in Black. They’re Orientals. Or at least they *look* Oriental. They’re dressed in black garments,

and they supposedly travel all over the world. These legends are very extensive. Half of the world believes that the Men in Black are from the underground, from the "Agartha."

When I was traveling extensively around the country, I used to carry a lot of photographs with me in my briefcase – photographs of different kinds of objects, and also photographs of different ethnic groups. I was running into Men in Black witnesses all over the country, so I would go through these photographs with them, to ask if they saw any that resembled the Man in Black they had seen. There were photographs of Indians; there were photographs of the various Negroid races from Africa; there were photographs of Eskimos. There was a little mix of all kinds of ethnic groups. But there was one photograph that everybody jumped on. They would stop and say, "That looks just like the guy I saw!"

Believe it or not, it was a photograph of a Laplander from northern Sweden. They have a kind of Oriental look to them. They're small in stature and have a distinctive look. I'm not saying that the Men in Black are all Laplanders, but they certainly look like them and seem to be related to them.

We've had the Phantom Photographers. These were humdingers because these fellows turned up everywhere. They often traveled in pairs. One would be a woman and the other would be a man. They were usually quite well dressed, and they usually would arrive in a black Cadillac – until I started doing articles about black Cadillacs. Then they switched to Volkswagens. Yes, they were driving around West Virginia in their Volkswagens. *[laughter]*

They would drive up to the house of a witness (a UFO witness who had, say, just had a baby) and they would say that they were professional photographers, and wanted to photograph the baby. Of course, new parents would be delighted to have that done, so they would set up their equipment and take pictures of the baby. They would give the people a card with a neighboring town listed on the card, and they would drive away. It would turn out that there was no such company, and they would never come back. They would never try to sell the photographs to these families.

Then we had the Phantom Photographers who took pictures of *houses*. Say you've never seen a UFO before in your life and then, one night, you're out driving late and you see a UFO close up. You live in the suburbs. The next day, you're getting up. It's say 8 o'clock, 9 o'clock in the morning (for me it would be 12 or 1 o'clock in the afternoon). You're getting up and there's a Cadillac parked in front of your house. Some men get out, and they take out a big tripod and a big heavy camera. They set it on the tripod and they take a picture of your house. Then they put it all back in the car and drive away. You figure they're going to come up to the door and offer to sell you a picture of your beautiful house. But they don't do that. They just get in the car and drive off.

People (and some of you probably know all about this) get very obsessed with UFOs. It dominates their whole life, especially if they become UFO investigators in a small town. It takes over their life. All sorts of strange things can happen to them.

We had a UFO investigator in Maine who was driving around an area where UFOs had been seen. He saw a black Cadillac. He had a gun with him. He got out of the car and started shooting at the black Cadillac. This really upset the guy who was driving the black Cadillac because it wasn't a black Cadillac at all. This UFO investigator was hallucinating. He *thought* he was seeing a black Cadillac, but it was an ordinary car, being driven by an ordinary person. It was almost a very serious incident.

The investigator was hauled into jail, and nobody would believe his story. He turned to me, thinking I could get him out of the slammer. But what good would it do for me to go up there and say, "Listen, the man is shooting at black Cadillacs merely because he *thinks* he sees Men in Black?"

CHAPTER 22

THE EIGHTH TOWER'S INFRARED PATROL – 1990 LECTURE

People are always asking me what I expect next, and sometimes the answer is "more of the same."

We had the animal mutilations in the 1960s and '70s that got a lot of attention. And they are *still* going on… We never did catch whoever was doing it. They would remove certain organs from these animals. Sometimes the animal, say a cow, would be tied down right next to the house where the whole farm family was sleeping. They'd wake up in the morning and their cow had been mutilated right next to the house. There was no way this could happen without the cow making noises, because cows (and horses) make a lot of noise if any unknown person starts prowling around them. If someone starts hurting them and drawing blood, there's certainly going to be a lot of racket. These people didn't hear a sound during the night.

These animal mutilations began in the 1960s. I started writing about it, and everybody said I was full of crap. They'd never heard of such a thing. Then as the years went on, it spread all across the country, almost methodically. It became huge in the 1970s. All of the UFO buffs jumped on it and said that the *flying saucers* were doing this to our animals. Occasionally, flying saucers would be seen in the area of these mutilations... I went up into Canada, and the Canadian Royal Police wouldn't release any data on it. But we know there were a lot of mutilations up in Canada…

Now, years later, we've gotten reports from police that there were also *human* mutilations at the same time, which the police kept out of the papers… The police try to blame "devil cults" and so on, but there's really no indication that such a cult exists. There *are* some small cults that practice black magic – that take very small children and use them as sacrifices in their rites – but there are probably not more than 25 people in the whole country that are involved in that kind of ritual magic.

I saw a lot of UFOs in the 1960s, and I tried to take pictures of them. I had some very good equipment. In most cases, what came out on the film was much different from what I saw with the naked eye. I started wondering about this. What was it about UFOs that responded differently on film?

I started a lot of experimentation with photographic equipment around 1968. I had a friend who was a professional photographer. He had a big studio. We set up various kinds of metallic objects and aimed ultraviolet and infrared rays at them. We photographed them to see what would come out. What we got were photographs of rather ghostly-looking blobs. For example, I had an aluminum teakettle that we used in one experiment. We aimed ultraviolet light ("black light" as it's called) on the teakettle and photographed it. It came out looking just like many of the ghost photographs that you've seen over the years.

In 1966, *LIFE* magazine was going to get to the bottom of the whole UFO mystery. At that time, Henry Luce, the founder of *LIFE*, was a big UFO buff. He died shortly after, but he ordered *LIFE* to do something about it. They sent teams of professional photographers to the Croton Reservoir in New York State, where people had been reporting all kinds of UFOs. These photographers used infrared film and various kinds of filters, and they came up with some very interesting and surprising photographs, which I saw myself.

LIFE never did their special issue on UFOs, because *LOOK* magazine beat them to it. *LOOK* came out with a special issue about 3 months before *LIFE*, so *LIFE* gave up their special issue. Then Henry Luce died, and they dropped the whole thing…

Back in the 1950s, amateur radio operators started receiving voices that they couldn't explain on their HAM radio sets. These voices claimed to be from outer space. This created a whole cult. There are tape recordings that are still available, claiming to be voices from outer space…

In the 1960s, I knew a HAM operator in West Virginia who had a VLF set, which is very low frequency. It takes a lot of explanation, but normal frequencies are quite high, while a VLF is below 100 on the Hertz scale. It is used mainly now by submarines, because VLF waves will travel a great

distance and penetrate water. It's a convenient way of communicating with submarines. But because of the nature of VLF, you really can't transmit voices. You can only transmit dots and dashes. And yet on the VLF sets that I listened to, we were getting voices. These voices were talking in a very strange language – a very guttural language like German or Swedish... Yet they *weren't* those languages. We were familiar with those languages. We couldn't identify what they were talking about, or how they were even being transmitted because, as I say, normally you can't transmit the human voice on VLF.

Now, as our technology progressed, people began to get more things on tape recorders. I'm sure you're all familiar with the voices that are picked up mysteriously on brand new tapes on tape recorders. There's a whole cult of ghost-watchers who've tried to identify the voices on these tapes. One friend of mine swore that he had a tape recording made by George Bernard Shaw, who'd been dead for about 30 years at that time. The UFO investigators had all kinds of trouble with their tape recorders. They would record something, thinking it had recorded perfectly. When they got the tape home, there would be nothing but static on the tape.

With the introduction of the personal computer, we now have a rash of cases of "haunted computers." People will have their computer unplugged. They'll get up in the morning and there'll be a message on the computer, even though it wasn't plugged in. There've been a number of these stories in the computer literature. The computer buffs are now becoming ghost buffs, trying to figure out where these strange signals on their computers are coming from.

The truth is that *all* electronic equipment is susceptible to this kind of mysterious interference, whether it's a computer or tape recorder or telephone. Lots of people get telephone messages from the dead. There are books on it, listing these calls. The last step was to get messages from TV. The way they did it was actually very similar to what I was doing in the 1960s. Buffs would aim ultraviolet lights at a mirror, and then turn the video camera on the mirror. When they'd play the tape back, there would be these images. The very first image was of Romy Schneider, the actress, shortly after she died. This became a big sensation in Europe. A lot of people started doing it, because anybody with a video camera can do this.

You need a video camera, a mirror, and an ultraviolet light (which you can buy almost anywhere).

They're making rapid "progress." We're going to find that electronically, we can communicate with whatever this force is. It's a very mischievous force. Don't be surprised if by the end of this decade, we are all going to parties to watch tapes of dead people. *[laughter]*

I'm going to change the subject a little bit and get away from the dead people. Back in 1941, there was a minister in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, who was taking an evening stroll in that town. He stopped to light his pipe. There was a roar in the tree that he was standing next to. This creature jumped out of the tree, knocked his hat off, and knocked the pipe out of his mouth. He said it was like a baboon. It was a large, hairy creature. This is one of the classic stories in our Bigfoot anthologies. Many other people in that particular area also reported seeing this same kind of creature in '41 and '42.

Then in 1966, there was a man in West Virginia, whose name was Wooten. He was sitting by a small creek, fishing. He was smoking a pipe. Suddenly, out of the water of the creek came this huge, hairy monster. It smelled terrible, as hairy monsters often do. That's why they call it the Abominable Snowman (although there's a publicity campaign to change his name to "the sweet-smelling snowman" or something). Anyway this creature came out of the creek, walked up to this very startled fisherman, and knocked the pipe out of his mouth. Then stalked off… That story got into the local press.

In New Jersey in the 1970s, we had several "Bigfoot" cases. In a number of these cases, the Bigfoot would come out of the woods, walk up to the house that was there, pound on the air conditioner, and then stalk off. People in the house would rush out, see this thing, and nearly faint. The monster would simply walk off.

In Erie, Pennsylvania, people were seeing what they thought was a robot. It was walking down the street near the waterfront. As it walked down the street, it would pound on the hoods of some of the cars. It would pick out certain cars and just pound on the hood, and then walk off.

We had a tremendous UFO wave in the 1960s and 1970s. I was collecting information on the UFOs that were chasing automobiles. Many of you have heard of the UFO "abduction" cases that we have now. In those days, we didn't call them abduction cases. We had many cases where these UFOs – these lights in the sky – were coming down very close to the cars, and chasing the cars. The question that I had was, "Why were they picking out certain cars and chasing them?"

So we started collecting all the details we could. We found in a number of cases that women who were having their menstrual period were driving the cars. This is a very curious fact. We also found that they were mainly chasing a car known as the Ford Galaxy. The UFOs were after our Ford Galaxies! Another little interesting fact is that the drivers of many of these cars were teachers. And some of them were teachers of gifted children. It seemed odd that UFOs were able to pick that out. But if you were a teacher of gifted children driving a Ford Galaxy, you were in big trouble. And if you were also having your menstrual period, you were in terrible trouble.

For the last 40 years, we've had a great many sightings around atomic plants, too. All of these disparate sightings have one thing in common, and that is *infrared*. The man's pipe, when he's smoking it, gets very hot and it gives off infrared rays – what you "see" from heat. The air conditioner on the side of a house gives off a lot of heat. It's surrounded by heat, and that shows up on infrared.

We took photographs of a number of different automobiles with infrared film and infrared filters, to see what the infrared characteristics of different cars were. For some reason, the Ford Galaxy was giving off more infrared than most of the other cars. These creatures were being attracted to the air conditioners, pipes, and cars by the infrared that was around them.

Many animals can see infrared. That's how animals are able to hunt at night. A bird flying 2000 feet in the air can't see the rabbit on the ground in the middle of the night. But the rabbit's body is giving off heat, and they can see that infrared. The bird can then come down and pluck the rabbit, as they often do. So Bigfoot and the UFOs, for some reason, are attracted to infrared. Maybe they can't see the object itself, only the infrared around it.

We've known this for many years, but it's very difficult to get people to experiment with this. First of all, the average UFO buff doesn't know what you're talking about when you talk about infrared. And the big companies, they're just simply not interested in this kind of stuff. But if somebody would come up with a couple of million dollars, you could do some very interesting experiments with this.

Our atomic plants, by the way, make electrical energy with steam. We heat the water with the atomic materials. They are nothing more than big steam turbines, and they're generating a hell of a lot of heat. So it's not unusual that these things would hover over atomic plants. In New York State we have a couple of atomic plants. The UFOs are seen all the time around these plants, but I don't think they're interested in our atomic matters at all. They're drawn to it by the infrared around the plant.

What does all this mean? If you study the UFO phenomenon for very long, you realize that the vast majority of these things are bright lights; they're *not* metallic objects. There may be metallic objects out there, but what most people are seeing are bright lights. Bright *red* lights... Again, we're back to infrared. These lights seem to be a compressed form of energy that might even have an intelligence of its own, in the same way that a computer has intelligence. Negative and positive particles are storing information…

We learned several years ago that we are surrounded by an energy field. The entire planet has an energy field around it, which can manipulate all of our electrical apparatus. As I said before, our telephones, televisions, and computers can all be manipulated. We can't believe a damn thing that comes through. If a man's voice appears on a tape recorder and says he's George Bernard Shaw, that doesn't mean it is George Bernard Shaw. It means it's an imitation of George Bernard Shaw.

If a voice comes across on a telephone that sounds like your late uncle (and this has happened many times), the voice will usually sound rather distant on the phone. It may use your uncle's favorite expressions. But it doesn't necessarily mean it's your dead uncle. It means it is this force manipulating the telephone. If a picture of Romy Schneider appears on the television set, it either means you've got an old movie or you've got somebody faking the

image of Romy Schneider. It doesn't necessarily mean that Romy Schneider is on the television set.

I tried to define this energy field in a book about fifteen years ago called *The Eighth Tower*. A lot of people didn't understand the book. A lot of people hated the book. In Europe it's now a cult book. It's practically a new Bible over there. I'm afraid to go to Europe because they're going to start worshipping me. But here in the States, they'll throw rocks at me. This energy field seems to operate outside of our space-time continuum. This is very difficult to explain in a few words, but it knows our future as well as our past. Our future already exists.

A simple way to explain this would be a boy looking through a microscope, watching a microbe on a drop of water. The boy can see where the microbe is going before the microbe reaches it. The boy is therefore outside of the space-time continuum of the microbe. The boy can predict what's going to happen to the microbe. There may be a bigger microbe there, about to eat it. The boy knows this but the microbe doesn't, unfortunately. So whatever this force is (and we've given it a million names throughout history), it knows our future. That's how some people's clairvoyance can tap into this energy field and predict the future.

All of this is testable. We now have the technology to deal with this. But very few people are trying to deal with it. Unfortunately, they're dealing with it only through beliefs. Most of them are trying to prove that there is perpetual life – that we exist after death. That is the wrong approach. We should be studying this field and its affects on *all* of our apparatus. We should learn how to control it.

We have the technology to do this now. It's very predictable that at sometime in the very near future, somebody will come up with the money, the intelligence, and the training to actually interpret all this and learn how to control it. Then, we can literally control the universe. We could predict the future with a machine.

Speaking of which, clairvoyants are *wrong* most of the time. They usually get the time element all screwed up. They'll say something is going to happen next month, but it happens next year, or doesn't happen at all. Those

of you who've read my books know I've had some experience with this. I've received predictions that did come true, but they came true in an awkward way. I received "Mothman" predictions about Martin Luther King's assassination before it happened, but they got the dates wrong. And there was nothing I could do about it.

This is another problem with looking into the future. You can't really change it. But if we have the machinery to do it, and the technology to do it, we may reach a point where we can control the future by changing it. Then we can change the whole destiny of the human race. Of course, human nature being what it is, once we've mastered all this and started controlling the forcefield, we'll probably end up destroying ourselves.

CHAPTER 23

A PLETHORA OF PARANORMAL – 1994 LECTURE

I made Point Pleasant, West Virginia my headquarters in 1966. I then fanned out to the rest of West Virginia investigating all these various things. It's now gotten very expensive to do these kinds of trips. It was my procedure in those days to go up to the police station first and introduce myself, because I'm a Yankee. In those days, I carried a pile of press credentials. I would introduce myself to the police so that they knew I was just another harmless nut.

My second step was to go up to the local newspaper and introduce myself there. They always – large and small – wanted to interview me, and I always turned them down. I didn't want anything in the papers about me. I just wanted to know what was happening there. My third step would be to find the local historian. Every town – even a town of 500 people – has somebody who fancies themselves the local historian of the town. Sometimes it's the local doctor; most often it's the local librarian. Those are the three contacts I would make first, before I would go out and talk to witnesses and such.

I would always ask the police my usual list of peculiar questions. I still do this, and they always act astonished. One of my questions was, "Has anyone been killed by lightning here lately?" This doesn't normally happen very often. It happens only 800 times a year, worldwide. But whenever I asked this to police where they were having a lot of UFO sightings, their mouths would drop and they'd say, "My God, how'd you know? Just last week somebody got killed by a lightning bolt." It's a very unusual occurrence.

In one town in Ohio, I arrived at the police station just as they were bringing in a body that had been killed by a lightning bolt. This apparent link was odd. There was something *electrical* going on in these towns with UFO sightings.

Thirty years ago, somebody was cruising around West Virginia and Ohio in an old automobile, harassing young ladies in their cars, trying to drive them off the road and so on. This is not uncommon today, but it *was* uncommon then. Witnesses described this man (probably a man in his 30s) as wearing a "frightwig." He was always driving what looked like a car that was 10 or 15 years old, but kept in very good condition.

It didn't take me long to figure out that there was some serial rapist on the loose in that area. I would approach my friends at the different police departments and say, "Hey, I've heard these stories. There's a maniac on the loose here." They would always pooh-pooh it. They'd say, "Oh no, Keel, these women are making things up," and they would ignore these stories. I warned them that there was something out of the ordinary going on, and that there was one person in that area who should probably be arrested.

Gray Barker, who lived in West Virginia, also came across some of these stories on his own. In Braxton County, young people were disappearing in large numbers. These were mostly young men below the age of 20. They would be hitchhiking to, say, a local cinema or something, and just disappear off the face of the earth. Again, I told the police that there were too many of these disappearances – that they had a maniac on the loose. The police always assured me that I was wrong. I was an out-of-towner. What did I know?

In November of 1966, four young people in an old broken down car were driving through the local lovers' lane – an area that was called the TNT area. During the Second World War, there was a TNT plant there. Actually, it was more complicated than that. They were making parts for atom bombs there, but that's a long, involved story. Anyway, there was an old building there that they called a "power plant." It was a building that housed generators for these TNT factories. They were driving past this building and saw what looked like a very large man, 6 or 7 feet tall, standing next to this power plant. He scared the death out of them.

The boy who was driving hit the accelerator, and they drove out of there at a high speed. This thing rose up in the air and followed their car. They were going over 60 miles an hour out on the dirt road, and over 100 on the paved

road. Still, this thing was flying right along with them. So they drove straight to the police station.

You have to realize that in small towns, teenagers do not go to the police station voluntarily. But they were so scared that they went to the police and reported this. The police were so convinced by their behavior that they held a press conference the next day. Reporters from the local newspapers, from Charlotte and other cities around there, came to hear this very bizarre story of this flying man. The four teenagers gave a very convincing account of it, and the newspapers labeled this creature "Mothman." That was the beginning of the Mothman "caper." The television show *Batman* was popular at the time…

Some of these people had seen this creature walking around and making strange noises. But it didn't leave footprints in the snow. All of the descriptions pretty much matched, except some people said the eyes were blazing red. Most people said they couldn't see the face at all. It would be dark, and they could just see this giant figure bearing down on them. Then they'd see it fly away.

When I talked to some of the witnesses in depth, it was obvious that they had been in a trance state when they saw this creature. A banker had seen it. The banker heard a noise and went out on his front porch. He stood there for twenty minutes. His wife was inside watching television. Finally, twenty minutes later, he staggered into the house. She said he looked like he had seen a ghost. He was pale and shaking, and didn't realize twenty minutes had passed. He claimed that during those twenty minutes when he was outside, this creature was standing on his lawn, staring at him. And he couldn't move...

My Mothman book came out in 1975. That was the year that the police in West Virginia discovered a cave filled with bodies. All of the animals had been in there, and the bodies had been rotting for a long time. They couldn't tell how many bodies there were. They think there were 20 or 30 bodies in the cave. So I was right about a serial killer being on the loose there.

Now it even gets stickier. The police, after a rather short investigation, *dropped* the whole thing…

The reason our suicide rate in the United States is so high is because they often put murders down as "suicide" in small towns, because they don't want unsolved murders on the books. Very often, they know who committed the murder, but they figure, "Well, the victim deserved getting murdered, so we'll just forget about it." It seemed like everyone in West Virginia *knew* who this killer was. I wouldn't dare give his name here, but he belongs to a prominent family in West Virginia.

The reason that they know he did it is because he was put away for a while in a mental institution. While he was in the mental institution, all of the disappearances stopped. When he was released from the mental institution, they started up again… I don't know if those are still going on – if this fellow is still on the loose. I hope he's not. As I say, for a New Yorker to get involved in West Virginia affairs like that is a pretty sticky wicket. It was smarter of me to stay out of it.

A lot of things are still going on in West Virginia. I still get mail from a lot of people down there, some that I knew 30 years ago. One of the mysteries that I tried to untangle – and found hopeless – was that there were a number of babies born during that period who seemed to be rather unusual. After the babies were born, they were surrounded by poltergeist activity, and other odd "psychic" things…

CHAPTER 24

THE STUDY OF SHIT – 1999 LECTURE

About 35 years ago in West Virginia, people were seeing a giant bird, and I mean a giant bird. This thing was like six feet tall, and it could walk upright. They called it the "Mothman." I was down there. Because there were so many witnesses to this, I said, "This bird must exist, and I'm going to catch it." That's how optimistic I was. I was running around West Virginia searching for this giant bird. I talked with over 100 people who had seen it, including a banker, the mayor of the town, and the pharmacist. A lot of reputable people were seeing this thing that had a giant wingspan of 10 or 12 feet, which – considering its size – wasn't big enough to lift it. But it lifted, and it chased automobiles and things like that.

I quickly realized I probably wouldn't be able to catch this giant bird. And if I did, it would probably eat me alive. So, I started looking for clues. I started looking for footprints and things like that. In the course of this, I realized that if this giant bird existed, it had to take a crap once in a while. So I was going around West Virginia looking at bird shit. I figured it would have to be an enormous amount. I learned to differentiate between pigeon crap and bat guano, and so on, but I never did come across any Mothman shit.

In a way, I'm an expert on this subject because I grew up on a farm. We had two horses and about 15 or 20 cows. In the wintertime of course, they're all in a barn. When you live on a farm, you learn that these animals excrete tons of material every day. This has to be handled frequently. You have to shovel it out of the barn in a pile. Then when spring comes, you shovel it out to the manure spreader. They have a wagon-type thing that spreads manure as you drag it across your fields. Taking care of this shit (there's all kinds) is quite a job. I think one horse can make something like two tons of manure in the wintertime. I was young and stupid and had a pitchfork, and so that was the start of my cryptozoology career.

I've been following this Bigfoot "controversy" for many, many years. In Asia, it's called the Yeti. There are many names for it. This is a 7 or 8-foot tall man-shaped creature, covered with hair. As you know, nobody's ever captured one. We have one picture that's a little bit controversial, but if this thing existed it would have to leave an enormous quantity of excrement as it traveled through the woods.

So I've been waiting all these years for somebody to turn up a pile of this and say, "Here, at last, is proof that Bigfoot exists." But all they've found are the footprints, and an occasional piece of hair stuck in barbed wire. Nobody has turned up the one thing that I'm looking for, which is about twenty pounds of Bigfoot crap.

Mothman has turned up at random over the years. I get a lot of mail from people who have seen him just briefly. If he should turn up in some area like he did in West Virginia, you can be sure that today, everybody would be down there with cameras. The Japanese would be there first. The Japanese go everywhere now. Maybe this time, we'll actually get some footage or proof.

In my extensive research in this arena, I came across something farmers were always finding in their fields. This goes back more than 200 years. The farmers call this "star shit." (The farmers don't waste any scientific terms on it.) They'll go out into a field; the field will be empty. The next morning, there will be big globs of gelatinous material in the field. It would always dissolve or melt away.

And it's still going on. If you follow the Fortean literature closely, you can see that every six months or so, somebody somewhere sees this stuff. We have no idea what it really is. Scientists can come up with all kinds of explanations. "It's some sort of crazy mushroom, some sort of fungus." But after all these years, we don't know what it is. We keep hoping that somebody will collect a sample in a bottle so that we can finally figure out what it is. If it were just plain manure, we would know what it was. I would have gone out there with my trusty microscope and said, "Yep, it looks like manure to me."

And we also have the problem of Loch Ness, as you know. I have never been to Loch Ness, but if you have a creature the size of the Loch Ness monster (a comparable creature might be a whale), this "whale" is going to be excreting what scientists call *morbid excretions*. Something should be coming out of Nessie that would identify the size of the creature.

There are all kinds of creatures in the woods and in the water that live on manure, like beetles. There's a name for those creatures. They're called *stercoricolous*. Now there's a really good word… Most dictionaries don't have that word. I always judge a dictionary by whether or not it has stercoricolous in it, which means "living in dung."

One "Yeti dung" sample was found in the Himalayas, which appears in some of the Yeti books. The serious problem is: how do you know if *this* dung is from *this* animal? You don't know until you have the Yeti. You may know it's not horse, cow, or deer but, until you have a Yeti, you don't know that it is Yeti.

You can also have a UFO wave, but not know that there is UFO wave happening.

In October of 1973, we suddenly had a major UFO wave. For two weeks, the newspapers didn't carry anything but UFO news. It was all very exciting to the UFO buffs and to the Forteans who were following the UFO stuff. Then, the Arabs attacked Israel…

Earlier in 1973, Israel had shot down an Arab airliner filled with over 100 civilians. The Arabs said, "This is the last straw; we're going to get rid of Israel." And so, on Yom Kippur, they attacked Israel, which was a big mistake on their part. It was called the Six Day War. The newspapers and news media here in the U.S. were all zeroed in on UFOs. NBC had teams running around the country interviewing the UFO witnesses.

The war started and, suddenly, they had to divert all of their media to the war. The news on the UFOs stopped cold and, instead, we were reading about the war in Israel. But the UFO sightings continued. Most of the UFO buffs still erroneously say that 1973 was the big year for UFOs. It wasn't; 1975 was the big year. The UFO sightings and other Fortean events

continued to build up in ‘74. Then in ‘75, we had them everywhere. We had everything. We had Bigfoot sightings. We had sea serpent sightings. We had all kinds of UFO sightings and landings and abductions. 1973 was just the start of it – a major pivotal year.

The animal mutilations began in the 1960s. In 1973, the animal mutilations got a lot of publicity in Puerto Rico. In fact, the newspapers there were headlining stories saying that there were vampires loose in Puerto Rico. They were finding all of these animals with the blood drained out of them. Then the animal mutilations continued to spread around the United States. I followed it on a map, state by state.

In 1975, we had a national wave of animal mutilations that we still don’t have a real explanation for, to this day. By 1975, when we had all these Fortean incidents going on, a lot of people had dropped out of the UFO and Fortean scenes. With the big wave of the 1960s, literally millions of people took an interest in UFOs. We had networks all over the country and the world, watching the UFO sightings and other events. But, by 1975, there were only a handful of people who were still interested and still watching. The news media was also rather disinterested. It’s only in recent years that all this stuff has trickled back in.

Now, from what I’ve told you so far, what happens when a global disaster is about to happen? Why, we have a UFO wave! So, maybe in 1994 or ‘95, we will have another major UFO wave. It’ll be very interesting if this comes to pass. As I say, in the 1980s, I was able to predict it all. Before Russia collapsed, they had a major UFO wave there.

The Russians had ignored UFOs up until the 1980s. Then, suddenly, the UFOs were everywhere. The things happening in Russia were very similar, if not identical to, things that happened in the U.S. in the 1950s: the landings, the contacts, the strange monsters getting out of UFOs, the marks on the ground. All of this stuff that had happened in the U.S. in the 1950s – just prior to our involvement in Vietnam – was happening in Russia just prior to the collapse of their whole system.

There are a lot of magazines in Russia now that are devoted to UFOs – UFOs that were laughed at in the 1940s and 1950s. UFOs are suddenly

becoming a significant cultural factor all over the world. If you've read Dr. Vallee's books, you know about the rash of mindbending sightings in South America.

For example in the 1960s, Ivan Sanderson and I talked to a family in New Jersey who had seen a UFO that was about a mile in diameter. They had a good description of it. It had windows in it. It looked like a gigantic flying saucer right out of the movies. This was in an area of New Jersey where if one family had seen this, then hundreds of other people should have seen it. Ivan put articles in the New Jersey newspapers, asking if somebody else had seen something unusual on that day.

We got a number of UFO reports, but nobody had seen anything a mile in diameter. We were able to judge the size of it because the witnesses saw it low between two mountains. The family was attracted to it by the barking of their dog, which is common in a lot of UFO reports. The husband in the family was the president of a fairly large company in New Jersey – a pretty reliable person. They were not about to make up flying saucer stories just to entertain Ivan Sanderson and John Keel.

Now, what was our conclusion from that? Why didn't 3000 other people see this same thing? It had to be some kind of hallucination if only this one family saw it. The family down the road didn't see anything; the families in the next town didn't see anything. And certainly, if something a mile in diameter flew over New Jersey at an altitude of a couple of thousand feet, a lot of people would have seen it. So this is one of the many cases that convinced me that there is a hallucinatory process involved in this. No matter how reliable the witness is, what they see can be questioned.

The same is true in many of our Bigfoot cases and strange monster cases; the people see some image that's *planted* in their mind. The creature itself probably doesn't exist at all – at least, not as what the witnesses "see." The thing may have six arms, instead of eight arms… I know that when I was in India, I was impressed at the number of people who were seeing the multi-armed gods of India. Whatever your belief is, these manifestations are going to assume that form.

Speaking of assuming different forms, the Men in Black are in a whole different category. I get mail all the time from people who have had encounters. It initially seemed illogical to me that the government would spend any money doing this. We *now* know that the government *did* spend millions of dollars tapping people's phones in the 1960s and '70s, doing all kinds of stupid things. They were dressed in black and drove black automobiles, and raised a lot of hell…

Last year, the CIA issued a statement; they confessed to it! Before that, we always thought that it was somehow directly related to the supernatural. Still there *have* been things that are very ghostly – that *do* seem like they're related to something supernatural...

There are a number of UFO investigators who have had really serious encounters with these Men in Black. There was one whose name I forget. He was working at a radio station and black automobiles were following him around. The MIBs finally rented the building across from the radio station and put a movie camera in there. He was asking me what he should do about it. I said, "Late at night, go over there and paint that window black." I haven't heard from him for some time now...

There was a man in New Jersey who was putting out newsletters. He was very serious. He was a professional man, and he had two children. One day, when his children were coming home from school, a black Cadillac pulled up next to them and tried to drag the children into the car. After that, he wouldn't have anything further to do with the subject. He was literally scared to death that they were going to kidnap his children.

So these tactics we hear about, some of them are very real. And there are still people writing to me about their encounters with these men. When I started writing articles publicizing the black Cadillacs, they switched to black Volkswagens. The MIB were reading the crap I was writing! I never got a real book out on it. There is a book out on Men in Black by Jim Keith, who died this last summer in an "accident."

Jim Keith had written quite a number of books. He wrote a book about the black helicopters, which have been seen all over the world. They fly over the homes of witnesses and scare them. Helicopters are very easy to trace

because they're very expensive to operate, and you need a mechanic to go over them practically every trip they take. It should be easy to trace them to an airport, but nobody's ever been able to do that. There have been witnesses to as many as four black helicopters at a time. Also in England, we have a lot of helicopter sightings in relation to the crop circles. Those circles are still going on, by the way, and becoming more complex.

Essentially the phenomenon can be divided into two parts. The first part, the meandering nocturnal light, is the *real* mystery. They still remain unexplained.

The objects and apparitions seen on the ground, or close to it, comprise the second part. These range from complex hallucinations to elaborate transmogrifications, often accompanied by incredible distortions of reality and manipulations of time and space. Such manifestations have been known, and recorded, throughout history, and their true nature was recognized and defined thousands of years ago.

Collectively, American ufologists are ill-informed and poorly educated in history, philosophy, and the behavioral sciences. So, they have failed to recognize what is actually happening. Ufology is essentially a new system of *belief*, not a new system of scientific fact. As such, it is no more substantive than the study of angels and the medieval cataloging of chimeras. Indeed, the deeper one penetrates into the ufological problems, the more one finds himself rediscovering Heraclitus.

ADDENDUM

In 2003, editor Andy Colvin sat down with John Keel amidst the hustle and bustle of the Mothman statue unveiling in Point Pleasant. While there many interesting discussions between Keel and the local investigators gathered that weekend, this is the only one that was videotaped. It appears in "The Mothman's Photographer" film and book trilogy. As far as we know, this is the last interview Keel ever gave on the subject of Mothman.

MOTHMAN & OTHER CURIOUS CONSPIRACIES – POINT PLEASANT, WEST VIRGINIA – 2003

Andy Colvin (AC): Did *The Mothman Prophecies* film come out the way you wanted?

John A. Keel (JAK): Well, they took a lot of stuff out. They especially took out my profound, mind-bending philosophy.

AC: What was that?

JAK: I don't know, just my *usual* mind-bending philosophy. I went through all that so many years ago. Now I'm just concerned with keeping the planet Earth going. I don't think we have much of a future here. I think it's time for us to build a rocket and go to Mars or something.

AC: Do you think that there's something to these stories about the Mayan calendar and 2012 being the end of the world? Are we coming to a turning point?

JAK: Well, they've predicted the end of the earth every few years for all my life, and of course a lot of religions are based on Armageddon. It always seems like we're right on the edge of extinction, yet we keep going. All the things that are happening in the Middle East now are reasonably outlined in the Bible. People who read the Bible carefully get scared to death that these things are coming to pass.

AC: I have a little theory that this *recent* blackout in New York may have been the one that was predicted in 1967, and mentioned by you in *The Mothman Prophecies*. Mothman witnesses were having premonitions of a blackout in New York. And I think a *partial* one did occur at that time, when the president flipped the switch on the Christmas tree.

JAK: Oh, yes, President Johnson… He was having a high-level meeting with the Russians in Glasborough, New Jersey. When he flipped the switch, the lights failed in Glasborough, and they had a lot of trouble with telephones and things. There were a lot of predictions in that book that came to pass, like Martin Luther King's assassination. There were a lot of predictions of the assassination of the Pope. And there *were* assassination attempts. As you know, he got shot, which is not very healthy. Also, a renegade priest tried to stab him. It's tough being the Pope.

AC: The reason I bring it up is because, as I told you, we built a shrine to the Mothman as children. The Mothman showed up, and we had a premonition of 9/11 in New York in 2001. Having had that experience, it seems to me that some of these prophecies were way ahead of their time – maybe 35 years or more. This led me to think that maybe the 1967 prediction, of a big blackout in New York, was actually a premonition of this most recent one in 2003. It just took that long (35 years) to occur.

JAK: Right. Normally if we have a major event, like the assassination of President Kennedy, hundreds of people foresee it. But this thing at the World Trade Center took everybody by surprise – even the psychics. The pundits on television are telling us that London is now next. There have been a lot of predictions about something

happening in London. Of course, that's a major city full of people, and it's pretty hard to protect. But very often, these predictions just lead us astray. While we're watching London, they're doing something in Cairo... The prediction business is very hazardous.

AC: Whitley Strieber talks about this topic in his *Secret School* book. He says that he thinks that these premonitions are warning tools that arise in humanity as we reach cataclysmic times. Premonitions allow for changing the future or a bad outcome, before it gets here. Do you think there's anything to that?

JAK: I don't think we can change the future. If we knew exactly what was going to happen six months from now, we couldn't do anything about it. We're not that well organized – that civilized. If we were, we could have a perfect world. But the world becomes more *imperfect* all the time. I've given a lot of thought to the future. It seems to me that for people to see the future, the future would have to exist in some form. Otherwise, they *wouldn't be able to see it*… I have written about finding a way to tap into this universal mind. *Then* we could see the future. Once we can see the future – the future of the human race – then we are at "childhood's end." And it's all over… We can let the dolphins and the Mothmen have the planet. We don't seem to be doing very much for this planet, anyway. We're systematically destroying it, and everything on it – killing off all the lifeforms. I'm not sure that's a real plan for this planet.

AC: I should clarify that our 9/11 vision showed *greater* damage than what actually occurred, which makes me wonder if there isn't some wriggle room in changing the future. Perhaps events can be changed by the prior awareness of many people? Now earlier, you said that you're trying to keep ecological ideas going – trying to find a way to live more in harmony. Is that what keeps you coming back to Point Pleasant?

JAK: I don't know what keeps me coming back to Point Pleasant. It's pretty much the way they said it in the movies, where Dr. Leek warns Richard Gere *not* to go back to Point Pleasant. I had a lot of

warnings like that. I can't see that Point Pleasant is the center of any universal harmony or whatever. There are other places in the United States where people who are more "attuned" gather with that kind of thing in mind. But the people in West Virginia are just people. I've run into very few psychics here.

AC: In my case, I approached the Mothman from a desire to see him. Most people just stumbled across him. It frightened them. Do you think there's a difference? If you're a person who wants to find the Mothman, like you or me, does that change the way the encounter might play out?

JAK: Well, I know this happens to many people. They want to see a flying saucer. They want to see Mothman – something to confirm their beliefs, whatever their beliefs are. There are people who sit crosslegged in a cave for 30 years to attain Godhead and become part of God. We had this group a few years ago that committed suicide, thinking *that* was the way to join the flying saucers – the Heaven's Gate cult.

AC: My theory on that? I don't know if you remember this, but that was the same day that the Martin Luther King family came out and said that they thought James Earl Ray was *innocent*. They felt that it was *the government* that had killed MLK.

JAK: And they went to court and won! It was too late for James Earl Ray, but they had a big court event claiming that another man was the mastermind behind the whole thing – a businessman who lived in the South. They had the evidence on him, and the jury agreed with them. And it didn't make the newspapers at all! The only press it got in New York was in one of the Harlem newspapers. The other papers just avoided the subject.

AC: Yes, that businessman was Jowers, the owner of the bar across from the Lorraine Motel. He had taken the gun and shuffled it out. Speaking of conspiracies, I was listening to a talk recently by Walter Bowart. He wrote an influential book in the 1970s called *Operation Mind Control*. He is now saying that the cutting edge of mind

control research has to do with UFOs. But he didn't really go into the details of it. I was wondering if that rings a bell with you at all. Do you think that there is manipulation going on within this "phenomenon?"

JAK: I had a friend, Ivan Sanderson, who was a real scientist. He had looked into the UFO stuff and written a lot about it. He kept referring to the "mind patrol." He felt that people's minds *were* being somehow tampered with, and there was nothing we could do about it. As you know, we've seen a lot of people who are obsessed – who go way out on a limb with this stuff. Whitley Strieber is a good example. He started out just wanting to be a writer, and he's ended up with his mind opened up to all kinds of things. He's now back in Texas with a radio program. Did you read his book about the coming storms and strange changes in the weather? It came out two or three years ago. It did *not* become a bestseller. Of course, timing is very important in any book. If you come out with the biggest, best-written book of all time at the same time Hillary Clinton's book comes out, people are going to buy Hillary's book, not yours. That kind of thing happens over and over…

AC: In terms of trying to maneuver through this minefield of paranormal phenomena, I've speculated that it's important for people to look at their own experience, and try to figure out if it was a "natural," bio-energetic event, or if there was some sort of a "synthetic," governmental, or human influence on it. It seems to me that it's important to figure that out – to try and look at your own situation and separate the two.

JAK: Well, the thing that works against all these conspiracy theories is that the government is very stupid. They try conspiracies against each other, but they're very stupid, almost all the time. Mostly, governments consist of either madmen like Adolf Hitler and company, or small-town lawyers who have suddenly talked their way into a big position handling billions of dollars. But they can't even handle their own bank account! And there are other things at work here that we don't understand, like the fact that *somebody runs everything*, yet we don't know who it is. That's what it amounts to...

If you look at the economic situation very closely – the oil situation and all – you see that there's somebody running this thing, and that they had it planned for a long time. *But we don't know who they are*. They're sitting on a mountaintop somewhere, or in a penthouse somewhere, keeping a very low profile. And when they die, they don't even get an obituary. *These* are the people we really have to think about and go after. George Bush spends a lot of his time on his ranch. We have the Arabian countries run by very wealthy men who have no real interest in running countries. They just want to run their oil business, or whatever they are running. There's got to be some guy out there – like a Howard Hughes type – who is really visionary and has knowledge of what he's doing and how he's doing it. For a while I *did* think it was Howard Hughes, because he fit into all of the patterns. He was a recluse; he was a nut; he was filthy rich; and he was capable of almost anything. When he moved to Las Vegas, he got them to *stop the testing of atomic bombs* in Nevada. Not many men have the power to do that. Nobody ever really found out where all of his money went. He did contribute heavily to the CIA. And there must be people in the CIA who are operating on their own or with overseas bankers.

AC: *The Gemstone File* claims Hughes was kidnapped by Onassis and held on an island for 20 years, while being force-fed heroin. Onassis, the CIA, and the Mormons supposedly appropriated Hughes' money. But I wanted to ask whether or not you run into problems with people (like cryptozoologists) who think that if you're both a paranormal witness *and* researcher, your credibility somehow goes down. I was talking to you the other day, and you said that you *started off* as a "ridiculous," low-credibility figure. As a result, did that issue – of their trying to lower your credibility through ridicule – become moot? How does one defang the spooks, dupes, and paid skeptics?

JAK: I spent years of my life writing jokes for television. I wrote Merv Griffin's ad-libs at one point. There are a lot of people writing ad-libs. You see these comedians on television, and you think they're very funny people; they aren't. They've got ten guys behind the

scenes writing jokes for them. Take Regis Philbin and his show *Do You Want to Be a Millionaire*… Regis sits in front of a television set, and they have three or four guys sitting backstage. For every situation that comes up, these guys (who are crack-humorous) immediately type in a joke, and Regis reads it off the TV screen. Everybody says, "That Regis is really fast-witted and funny." Well, the guys who are fast-witted and funny are sitting backstage earning $10,000 a minute. Jay Leno has twenty writers writing all of his monologues and jokes. Johnny Carson used to have a script with him onstage. You'd see him shuffling papers. If you were an outsider, you'd say, "What the hell are those papers?" They were the scripts. He had jokes for all the visitors that came on. The writers had prepared jokes ahead of time. And there would be subjects that people didn't want to discuss. Those would be listed there. Carson would follow the instructions.

AC: If people knew this sort of thing, they'd have more appreciation for what we are doing here today. We are having a real conversation. There are no cue cards here.

JAK: Oh, I wrote cue cards, too. *[laughter]*

AC: Have you talked much about your childhood? I remember reading that you had some paranormal experiences as a child, with some lights in your room.

JAK: Yes. Around the age of 12, I was living in an old farmhouse, upstairs. Everybody else was sleeping downstairs. There came a knocking on the wall. At first I thought it was squirrels in the attic or something. I did my "scientific" investigation of the whole house. I couldn't find anything. This went on for several weeks. I couldn't find any explanation for these knockings. Then I learned that you could communicate with them, just like the Fox sisters had – you know, "knock three times for this, and two times for that." As a 12-year-old, I didn't have many interesting questions to ask, but I was communicating with this thing that was knocking in the wall. This drove me to the public library to find any books I could on psychic phenomenon. They only had about three books. Up until the 1960s,

all of this stuff was really taboo. You don't realize today how taboo it was. It was almost illegal. They'd almost put you in jail for getting into psychic phenomena or parapsychology. There have been like five "New Ages," and each New Age has brought us to another level. Every few years, somebody like Shirley Maclaine starts up again. It's a phenomenon in itself. It's like there's a timetable, and every generation is elevated a little bit. Did you ever read *Childhood's End*? I'm always quoting that. It's an Arthur C. Clarke science-fiction book. Basically, his story was that we eventually evolve into something else. We evolve into a spiritual thing; then we don't need all of the trappings that go with being human beings. We abandon our bodies and just become spirit.

AC: Speaking of spiritual beings, there are stories now that the Sasquatch are psychic. When you were in Nepal, you saw a couple of them, didn't you?

JAK: Well, I saw animals from a distance, and the Natives told me it was the Yeti. At that time, interest in the Yeti was very high, and the publisher asked me about it. I told him, "Probably a bear." And he said, "We'll make it into a Yeti. It'll sell."

AC: Apparently there is an alternate form of bear up there, too, which Reinhold Messner, the great climber, has seen.

JAK: I read his book. He believes in it enough that he *moved* to Tibet. I think he's still chasing it. I don't think he's caught it. But the Chinese and the Russians are very big on this. They have financed big expeditions to go to these areas where they are seeing them. So far, they've turned up very little. Meanwhile in the United States, in the state of Washington, somebody gave five million dollars to one of the Bigfoot chasers. He got helicopters out, and all kinds of expensive equipment. Every time the phone rang, they'd all jump into the helicopter and try to go to the scene. They spent the five million dollars. They lived *very* well while they were chasing Bigfoot, but they never caught Bigfoot.

AC: A fellow named Lapseritis has written a book called *The Psychic Sasquatch*. He claims that you need to go into the forest and quietly meditate for several days. If you follow certain rituals and meditations, the Sasquatch will telepathically contact you. Do you think there's anything to that?

JAK: No, but it just wouldn't apply just to the Sasquatch. It would apply to almost anything. You know, so much energy has been spent on these subjects – writing about them and exploring them. And yet, we've always ended up with nothing. That's not made me sour on these subjects, but I know that we have to take another approach that's entirely different. In the 1960s, we had people sitting in the TNT Area all night long, simply because someone else had seen something there once. They still came, for years afterwards, to the TNT Area. Some of those who are into witchcraft and the black arts were obviously in the TNT Area, because they had put graffiti up in all the buildings. But Mothman may have been a very temporary or sporadic thing, just like most of the Bigfoot sightings there.

AC: In really old Buddhist paintings, they often have the Garuda floating above the Buddha. He's a deity to the Buddhists.

JAK: It may be that when they "saw" the Garuda, they thought it to be a spiritual entity. It was *so* different that they included it in their spiritual drawings and paintings. As you know, in Indonesia they have belief in the Garuda going way back. The American Indians believed in the Thunderbird for generations. In some cases, they thought the Thunderbird was very dangerous and would attack you. This may be true, because if a giant creature attacks you like that, there's not going to be any evidence left of the attack. It's going to carry you away and eat you.

AC: Sort of like that situation in Braxton County, West Virginia that you wrote about, where some teenagers went missing.

JAK: There were a lot of disappearances of teenagers in those days. They were hitchhiking, which used to be legal. That was the way kids got around. They were hitchhiking to the football games and would

never show up. The police tried to keep it as quiet as they could, which they always do. We had things happen here in Point Pleasant that they tried to keep quiet. It especially annoys them when someone like me shows up.

AC: The Men in Black probably weren't happy, either.

JAK: The MIB would show up alongside UFOs and tell the witnesses to shut up. They drove black Cadillacs – expensive antique ones – and they were showing up all over the country. But most people are not going to report this to anybody. If someone gets out of a black Cadillac and takes a picture of your house, you're going to think it's a real estate agent. I thought I would have a better chance of catching an MIB than Mothman, because I can't fly. But the MIB were always one step ahead of me. If I were driving to a small town in West Virginia, they would show up two or three hours before I would get there. And they would take pictures of people's children – especially children *who had seen Mothman along with their parents*. I was concerned for these children. One parent, a dentist, had to deal with the black Cadillacs trying to nab his kids as they walked home from school. This was long before we had all of the perverts and serial killers, so it was really horrible. It stood out. I was also concerned for Mary Hyre, because her office was right next to the Silver Bridge, and the MIB were always coming in there. She hadn't slept for three days when I finally contacted her after the bridge collapse... And there were *female* MIB, too. I have had mysterious encounters, particularly on trains, with very beautiful ladies. They looked like movie stars. They were obviously assigned to talk to me, so I wouldn't tell them anything. When the train got to the station, they would always disappear, even if I had been talking to them for three hours.

AC: We found that the rivers in West Virginia seem to be where most of the Mothman sightings occur – along the Ohio, Poca, Coal, Elk, and Kanawha rivers. Do you think there's something about water that aids the paranormal process?

JAK: Oh yes – water, and also blood. In the Mothman days, the ufonauts seemed to have a real interest in blood. This also is sort of a taboo subject, especially if you're being interviewed for television. They don't want to talk about that. They usually are waiting for me to say something in particular; you never know what. In a two-hour interview, they may only take 30 seconds and put *that* on the air.

AC: Well, *we're* going to use the whole interview.

JAK: We've got so many mysteries on our hands. It's better to be normal and not pay any attention to mysteries.

AC: Are you still actively investigating?

JAK: Not actively... We had a bunch of sightings of Bigfoot up in the Catskill Mountains two or three years ago. The only reason I went up there was that my informant was one of the game wardens. We had very good witnesses. Whatever these things are, they vanished as fast as they came. I've had reports where witnesses have seen a Bigfoot reach down to the ground and catch the hand of another Bigfoot, and then pull it up out of the ground – the solid ground. Then the two of them would walk away. That's a pretty good indication that it's something *other* than a physical animal we're watching. We are watching the behavior of a *paraphysical object*.

AC: A friend and I saw a Bigfoot in the Catskills once, in the early 1980s, while camping after the Anti-Nuke Rally in New York City. Actually we never saw the creature, as it seemed to be *invisible*. The spot was fairly remote, and it came up to us soon after we got out of the car. How did it know where we were going to pull over? We heard the crunching of heavy steps, and I got this frightening chill up my spine. When we saw the tall vegetation parting – with *nothing* there – it was terrifying. Later, I decided it must have been Bigfoot. This was on Bear Mountain.

JAK: I know Bear Mountain. The recent paraphysical activity I mentioned was near there. So you got "the chill," huh? Some people just see two red eyes in the woods, and it scares the hell out of them. These

are experienced people who camp out all the time. These two huge, red eyes, each the size of a dinner dish, will appear in the woods. They don't see any forms besides that. They're terrifying, whatever they are. And with Mothman, they always reported that it had those red eyes.

AC: I have a friend who saw the red eyes in his *bedroom*. He said the bed started shaking violently. He saw the red eyes and then blanked out. He doesn't remember anything that happened after that.

JAK: I went into the old power plant in the TNT Area with one of the early Mothman witnesses. The power plant, you know, was a pretty big place. It had all kinds of steel stairways in it. It was a good place for a Mothman to hide. She volunteered to go with me into this plant, and she became hysterical. I didn't see anything, but she claimed she saw the eyes – just the red eyes. She saw something red in there, that's for sure. We had a policeman standing outside the plant while we were in there. He wouldn't go in. I was such an idiot then – the "fearless John Keel." I was convinced that I was right, and the world was wrong, and therefore nothing was going to happen to me when I faced off with these entities.

AC: Well, that power plant story reminds me of something in Gray Barker's book, *The Silver Bridge*. He has a couple of chapters in there where he describes things from *Mothman's* point of view.

JAK: Well, you have to be very careful with Gray Barker. He was an intelligent, complex person with a very good sense of humor. In his *Silver Bridge*, he has people flying around in flying saucers with Indrid Cold and all that. He was having some fun. If you read his famous book *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* carefully, you can see that there's a point where he sort of gives up and starts fictionalizing. He just says, "To hell with it," and throws in everything. That book was so popular, a copy of it was found in the home of the Heaven's Gate people who committed suicide.

AC: Do you feel the Indrid Cold story is bogus?

JAK: Yes, *but* I think his original story had *some* substance to it, because he was scared enough to go to the police. Nobody's going to go to the police with a bogus story. They might come to you or me with a bogus story, but they're not going to go to the cops. Like Barker, Derenberger was a complex character. His daughter called me a couple of years ago, very upset that some television show had done something about him. He had "given the whole thing up" in the 1970s or '80s, and moved to Ohio. People were always writing to me. They wanted to contact Derenberger, because they wanted to contact Indrid Cold. Indrid Cold became a real entity to them.

AC: What about the other witnesses, who said they saw the "spacecraft" parked in front of Woody's truck? Do you think there may be a *part* of the story that's real?

JAK: Yes, two men who lived outside of Point Pleasant had pretty much the same experience. They were going to report it, but one of their sons came by and talked them out of it. I knew all the details, and was going to use some of it in a book or article I was doing. In short, the witnesses got talked out of it.

AC: Switching gears, it sounds like you have a sense that we need to change direction as a civilization. Do you have a soundbite or a mantra for how to start that process?

JAK: No, and it would take somebody with great leadership ability to have any affect. As you know, the Bible and Nostradamus and everybody are predicting that a man is going to come out of the Middle East and start this process going. So we're over there, now, bumping off all the Arab leaders we can find.

AC: A lot of the old Sumerian tablets over there are being destroyed, too.

JAK: That's another habit we have, of destroying so many of these ancient artifacts. When we finally arrived at Easter Island, they had a lot of writings carved into wood, because all they had were trees there. The early explorers destroyed all of the writings. Of course it would have been a job to interpret them (similar to cracking the Egyptian

hieroglyphs), but those slabs of wood should have been safely stored somewhere.

AC: If you were interviewing a witness like me – who comes up 30 years later and says they had this bizarre Mothman experience as a kid – what would you say?

JAK: I would ask: "Why are you still obsessed with this?" You've got to explore your inner self. This happens to many of the people who get involved, who would never think – in a million years – to get involved in something like this. It suddenly changes their whole lives, and they may not really understand what's happening to them. But it has opened up the minds of many people. I always recommend reading *The Elegant Universe*. Before we can understand the "paranormal," we've got to understand the "normal" universe a little bit. The people who have been chasing the "Bird" (Mothman) are *not* bird experts. The people chasing the Loch Ness Monster don't know a damn thing about fish. I'd study the forms in the ocean before I'd really get serious about Loch Ness. Of course, now the British government has come out with a very firm statement saying that they have spent a lot of money at Loch Ness, and that there is *nothing* there. Well, that only convinces many people that there *is* something there.

AC: Would you say that you got into this originally as part of a self-journey?

JAK: Yes, it started when I was very young. I had a very bad childhood. My mother and father parted when I was about 3 years old. In a sense, I'm an orphan who raised *myself*. I was reading my own books, and reading books on many subjects. When I was a kid, there was a poltergeist in our farmhouse. It was a terrible farm, with an unheated outhouse (fun in the winter) and no electricity. It was so damn primitive. It had no insulation, and we heated it with kerosene lamps. You had to pump the water from a well, and it tasted sulfuric. It was still the Great Depression, and we didn't really realize how bad it was… But I would get these knocks on my bedroom wall. I would tap to it, and it would tap back. Maybe it was Mothman. I

worked out a primitive code and asked it questions like, "Who will win the war?" These interchanges drove me to the public library in town, looking for books on psychic phenomena. They had about three books, so I read those and slowly developed an interest in the paranormal. I was mostly interested in writing jokes, however. I read the works of Will Rogers and so on. Around the same time, I wrote a letter to the editor of the local newspaper, and he thought it was so funny that he asked me into his office. He had inherited the newspaper, and he offered me two dollars a week to write a column. This was a big deal in those days. Some of those columns were really awful – really "scraping the keel" – but I did it for several years. It takes discipline to do that, so it was good practice. I was able to take off from there. I never finished high school, but people assumed I had a doctorate, because of the subjects I was able to write about at such an early age. By the time I was 17, I was really on my own, all by myself. I came to New York with 75 cents. It never occurred to me that this was a very dangerous thing to do. I just knew that I had to be in New York; that was where I was supposed to be. New York has been my home ever since. Even though I've traveled all the time, I keep going back to New York. I've met a lot of fascinating people there…

AC: Well, your *Mothman Prophecies* book certainly is fascinating. When I ran across it in 1993, it put it all together for me. At least, it got me thinking that I wasn't crazy...

JAK: Right, and that was my intention. That was a carefully done book. I really aimed that book at people who had had experiences, whether it was experiences with Big Bird, or small bird, or Loch Ness, or whatever. I've heard from thousands of them since. They know that they're not crazy, and they know that they are learning. It's a shame that the whole world doesn't go through this learning process, but they don't. It's only a small percentage... I did a lot research into parapsychology and psychic phenomena. The Bird was here in the Ohio Valley for at least three weeks. I was convinced at the beginning that the Bird was a real bird – that it physically existed. But the sightings stopped after a month or so, so I figured it had

moved on to another nesting area, or was looking for food somewhere else. However, it has turned up in other areas of the world ever since, so there *is* something to it. But no birdwatchers have ever seen it, and they are always looking. Whatever the hell Mothman is, it put a big scare into a lot of people here in Pt. Pleasant. Nowadays, they argue about it. Some say there is no such thing; others say there is. I am convinced that this thing we call "Mothman" *is* out there, but we haven't learned much about it. We need more specialists on giant birds, or perhaps *interdimensional* birds, since we can never seem to find any Moth-scat or other proof that it is physical.

AC: Even though interdimensionality is proven by quantum physics, many naturalists still tend to doubt it.

JAK: *The Elegant Universe* is heavy reading, but it is the best book on this subject. It defines what we know, in general terms, about our place in the universe. Our home is a bubble of water filled with billions of peculiar lifeforms. They keep telling us they are finding new planets, but usually there is no life on them. If the earth were in just a slightly different position relative to the sun, we would either burn up, or be freezing. We will never be able to settle Mars like we did Virginia. We landed on the moon over 30 years ago – an impossible dream when I was a kid – but we haven't been back for a long time. If we decided to go back again, it would take us ten years to rebuild the equipment, because the blueprints do not exist; they were supposedly "destroyed." We should probably have a plan for getting off the planet, since the earth may eventually be hit by a comet and burn to a cinder.

AC: Is there *really* a way out?

JAK: I've run out of bad advice to give people, because I think so much of it is hopeless. We will never know what's going on. People have been chasing ghosts since the beginning of times – for 5000 years or more – and we still don't know anything about ghosts. There are many theories about "dead people returning" and so on, but we have no proof. What would be rapping on my wall when I was 12 years

old? Maybe it was something inside of me that needed expression – that wanted to come out. We are doing more studies now of the human being than we ever did before. We need to learn a lot more about the human being. Why do young men go off to war? Why do we do these stupid things? This planet has so much on it that still has to be explored, and billions of lifeforms in every shape and form. If I were a young person going into science, I would just pick one of these forms and study it. There are plants thousands of feet below the ocean. The middle of the desert is filled with all kinds of living things. Life can adjust to anything on this planet; it has for a long time. Birds survive by eating all the insects and worms, or by eating each other. Hawks take other birds home for dinner. That's the way nature has worked it out. Today, we go out and hit a cow on the head with a sledgehammer. (We have improved methods now.)

AC: Technology increases efficiency. Where would cattle mutilators be without black helicopters?

JAK: That's why scientists specialize. If you want to study poison ivy, you have to study it for years. There are doctors who do nothing but study one organ. This is the age of specialization. And it is the same with writers, who specialize in all sorts of different things. Mark Twain – whose family was from Point Pleasant, incidentally – would write about everything. But writers today just write about one thing – usually politics. They waste their lives this way. The political writing from two years ago is useless today. Why did they bother? Most of it wasn't true to begin with! We have big problems with education, and thus with logic and reason. If you meet someone who has been investigating UFOs, Bigfoot, and the like for twenty years, they are basically pretty crazy. Like any religious fanatic, they have usually lost all credibility. Some of them go on the lecture tour, because there are people who like to go to these conventions. People go to these lectures like they go to lectures on how to grow flowers. It doesn't amount to much in the end. I have had many offers to do lectures on Mothman, but I rarely do. I have only given three or four lectures on Mothman in 35 years.

AC: That makes this interview all the more special. Thanks. I will take your advice and put a time-limit on my Mothman project, so that I don't go crazy. But I *have* to do it.

JAK: That's okay. The "coincidences" you have found between yourself and the other witnesses are really interesting. Just remember to pay attention to human psychology.